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Miscellaneous WORKS,

Written by His Grace,

GEORGE, Late Duke of Buckingham.

Collected in One Volume from the Original Papers.

CONTAINING

Poems on several Subjects.

Epistles.

Characters.

Pindarics.

The Militant Couple, a Dialogue.

And the Farce upon *Segmoor-Fight*.

With Letters, by and to the Duke of *Buckingham*. By Persons of Quality.

Also *State Poems* on the Late Times, by

Mr. *Dryden*,

Sir *George Etherege*,

Sir *Fleetwood Sheppard*,

Mr. *Butler*, Author of *Hudibras*,

Earl of D—

Mr. *Congreve*,

Mr. *Otway*,

Mr. *Brown*,

Capt. *Ayloffe*, &c.

Never before Printed.

With the late Duke of *Buckingham's* Speeches in the House of Lords, upon Conference with the Commons.

To which is added,

A Collection of Choice remarkable Speeches, that were spoken in both Houses of Parliament, by several Noblemen, and Commoners, in relation to the Government and Liberty of the Subject.

In the Reigns of

K. *Charles I.*

The Usurpation of the Rump,
and *Oliver Cromwell*.

K. *Charles II.*

AND

K. *William III.* &c.

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The Publisher's

P R E F A C E.

THE Duke of Buckingham's name is Panegyrick sufficient to recommend the following Miscellany to all Gentlemen that have a true taste of Pleasure and Wit. His Grace was not only bred up with the politest Prince, that ever sat upon the English Throne, but was the greatest Ornament of his Court, which for refin'd Luxury, for Elegancy, and an exquisite Taste, was little inferiour to that of Augustus. His Speeches in Parliament show how a steady a maintainer he was of his Country's Constitution, and how well he understood it, and the Rehearsal, the justest and truest Satyr the World ever saw, will be an everlasting Demonstration of his Wit.

But because the Testimony of a Foreigner may go farther with some People, than an Encomium, tho' never so just from one of his own Countrymen, it may be convenient to observe what an eminent

* Author of a Neighbouring Nation has said of him.

* Monsieur de Verville in his Memoirs de la Cour d'Angleterre.

The Preface.

“ As for his Person, says he, he was one of
“ the finest Gentlemen, that Europe ever saw;
“ his Conversation was easie and charming, se-
“ rious when occasion requir’d it, but generally
“ Facetious and turning upon Mirth; He had a
“ a Genius that fitted him for the highest Posts
“ of the State; but Pleasure, which was his
“ predominant Passion, made him ridicule all
“ manner of business, and as ill Habits are not
“ easily left off, this at long run, made him in-
“ capable of it. So strange a neglect of himself and
“ Affairs expos’d him to the Villany of the City
“ Usurers, who cheated him of the greater part
“ of his Estate, and made an incredible Ad-
“ vantage of his careless Temper. In his youn-
“ ger Days no Nobleman of England had ven-
“ tured more for the Service of his Prince,
“ whom he accompanied in the fatal Batle of
“ Worcester, as at the Restauration, and some
“ Years after no Man appear’d with more Warmth
“ and Zeal for the Prerogative. In the latter
“ part of his Life he alter’d his Conduct, and
“ was a vehement asserter of the Priviledges o
“ of Parliament, and liberty of the Subject
“ Whether this new Change in him was owin
“ to any real Alteration of his Sentiments, o
“ whether it proceeded only from his being di
“ gusted with the Court, ’tis certain he suffer
“ himself to run into the contrary Extreme, an
“ oppos’d the King in some Junctures, when
“ he ought not to have appear’d. This reflect
“ ed severely upon his Gratitude, no Man h
“ vii

The Preface.

“ *ving such personal Obligations to the Royal*
“ *Family, as himself, since King Charles I*
“ *run the risk of disobliging his Parliament,*
“ *so fatal afterwards to his Affairs, rather than*
“ *abandon his Father to his Enemies of the*
“ *lower House, who were resolved to ruine him.*
“ *But Gratitude is too tender a Plant to flou-*
“ *rish in the English Climate. At His Majesty's*
“ *happy Return, the Duke found himself possess'd*
“ *of one of the most considerable Estates in the*
“ *Kingdom, which he ruin'd by his profuse way*
“ *of Living, tho' his Negligence and the vast*
“ *Confidence he repos'd in the Integrity of his*
“ *City-Friends and Servants, ruin'd it much*
“ *more than his Profuseness. As great as his*
“ *fortune was, he affected a Magnificence much*
“ *above it: What wonder is it then, if when*
“ *such insatiable Drainers as Building, Musick,*
“ *Chymistry, not to mention his Amours, that*
“ *that were sufficiently expensive to him, ex-*
“ *hausted him at once, that his Patrimony sen-*
“ *sibly decay'd. The most Christian King*
“ *shew'd him a greater Respect than ever any*
“ *Foreign Ambassador was known to receive;*
“ *and as he knew him to be un homme de plai-*
“ *sir, he entertain'd him accordingly, when he*
“ *came in the Year 1677, to break the famous*
“ *Triple League. Nothing cou'd be so wellcome*
“ *to the Court of Versailles as the Message he*
“ *came about; for which Reason a Regale was*
“ *prepared for him, that might have besited*
“ *the*

The Preface.

“ the Magnificence of the Roman Emperors,
“ when Rome flourished in its highest Grandeur.
“ What sits worst upon his Character, and shows he
“ took a delight not only to cross his Master in
“ his politick Affairs, but even in his Amours,
“ ’tis observable, that if he could not enjoy his Mi-
“ stresses he would render them suspected, and at
“ last get them discarded; a living Testimony of
“ which truth is the Dutchess of Cl-l-d. In short,
“ having by his irregular Conduct utterly ruin’d
“ himself at Court, and his prodigious Debs
“ making him uneasie to the City Harpies, he
“ was forced to retire into Yorkshire, where
“ he made an Exit very unworthy of the Great
“ Duke of Buckingham, who, if he had pleas’d,
“ might have made as bralliant a Figure in Hi-
“ story, as any Nobleman of this Age.

I will not pretend to justifie his Character in every branch of it, which, perhaps, is a little too severe upon his Grace’s Conduct; only this, I think, I may venture to say of it, That take it altogether, ’tis one of the finest, that are to be found in any of our Modern Historians; and as the Book, from whence I translated it, is not to be met with in the common Shops, and hardly in the best furnished Libraries, I hope, I have obliged the Reader by presenting him with a faithful Version of it. To come now to his Grace’s Miscellaneous Tracts, true it is, that some few of them have seen the light before, but having been Copied out by ignorant Transcribers, who frequently mistook his Grace’s Words and Mean-
ing

The Preface.

ning, 'twas thought but a piece of Justice to his Reputation, to print them from the true Genuine Originals, which I luckily procured from one of his intimate Domesticks. And the same I may affirm of some other Poems and Speeches in this Collection; for notwithstanding they slipt clandestinely into the Press; yet they were so full of Mistakes and Blunders, that since they are now first of all purg'd and clear'd from those Errata's, that either clouded or wholly maim'd the Sense of them, they may now in true propriety of Speech, be said to be first communicated to the World.

I might add, that several Copies of Verses in this Edition are now restored to their proper Authors, which were attributed before to Persons, to whom they never belong'd, the Transcribers of the last Age, as well as those of the former, either following common Report, which is often mistaken, or else setting any plausible Names before their Copies, (no matter with what justice this was done) provided it would but promote the value of their Manuscript. And here I must inform the Reader, that by the mistake of the Composer, one single Copy has been inadvertently put in, which certainly was never written by his Grace, I mean that upon Felton; for what Man in his Senses can believe, that the Duke of Buckingham wou'd write a Commendatory Epitaph upon a furious Enthusiast that Assassinated his Father at Portsmouth? And yet I have seen it ascribed to the Duke in several

The Preface.

Ms. Collections of State-Poems, now in the Custody of some curious Gentlemen, and what is more, Printed as such in a Miscellany, Published in the Year 1692, by Peter Buck.

*To adapt this Collection as far as might be to the Palate of all Readers, some of whom perhaps might be disgusted to see it wholly Composed of jocose and pleasant Pieces. I was advised to insert a judicious Set of Speeches spoken in Parliament by some of our most celebrated Statesmen and Senators. I have often wondered indeed, that since our Neighbouring Nations have thought it convenient for the Instruction of their Youth, to publish a select Collection of the best Speeches out of Livy, Salust, Tacitus, Qu. Curtius, and other eminent Authors, none of our Countrymen have either had the inclination or leisure, than which nothing could be more advantageous to our young Gentlemen, to instruct them, how to express themselves to make such a Delectus out of our own great Masters of Eloquence, justly and handsomely in any great Assemblies, to which they may be called. Not to revive the Quarrel between the Ancients and the Moderns, I am intirely of the Opinion, that we have not fallen much short of them upon these Occasions; and as for our Rivals the French, who pretend to carry the Prize of Eloquence from all the World besides, I would only desire any unprejudiced Reader to compare their most celebrated Compositions, with what he will find in
this*

The Preface.

this Miscellany. To the Honour of our Constitution be it said, which allows our Members of Parliament to express themselves with that Liberty and Vigour, which is wholly unknown to all other Governments: I dare maintain, that my Lord Falkland, and some few of his Contemporaries in the Long Parliament, my Lord Bristol, my Lord Chancellor Hyde, &c. have deliver'd in those Assemblies Discourses, as full of Warmth and Spirit, purity of Language, and justness of Reasoning, as ever Athens or Rome were known to produce, in the most flourishing Periods of those two famous Republicks. I have a proper occasion here to mention some worthy Gentlemen now alive, who are in no respect inferior to their Predecessors; but the wise Observation of Paternus hinders me from dwelling upon so fruitful a Subject, who checks me with Vivorum ut magna admiratio, ita Censura difficilis.

To relieve the Reader, I thought it not amiss to entertain him with two or three facetious Speeches, written by the late Loyal and Witty Sir J. Berkenhead, in the time of that long unnatural Rebellion, fathered upon Alderman Atkins, and others. As they were out of Print, and hardly to be found any where, but in a few Libraries, I was easily perswaded to retrieve such valuable Papers from the unworthy Oblivion, they had so long been buried under.

The Preface.

The great haste we were obliged to use in publishing this Collection before Gentlemen were gone out of Town, made us omit several other Genuine Pieces of His Grace's, that are lately come to our Hands, as particularly a Compleat Key to the Rehearsal, which has been so long expected. If any Gentlemen have any more remainders of His Grace's, they are desired to Communicate them to the Publisher of this Volume, who will take care to see them Printed with all imaginable Exactness.

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Miscellaneous Works.

Written by George late Duke of Buckingham, &c.

A Pindaric Poem on the Death
of the Lord *Fairfax*, Father
to the present Dutchess of
of *Buckingham*.

By George late Duke of Buckingham.

I.

UNDER this Stone does lye
One, *born for Victory*;
Fairfax the Valiant, and the only He,
Who 'ere for that alone a Conqueror wou'd be:

B

Both

Both Sexes Virtues were in him combin'd,
 He had the Fierceness of the manliest Mind,
 And yet the Meekness too of Woman-kind:
 He never knew what Envy was, nor Hate;

His Soul was fill'd with Truth and Honesty,
 And with another thing, quite out of Date,
 Call'd Modesty.

II.

He ne'er seem'd Impudent, but in the Place
 Where Impudence it self dares seldom shew its
 Face;
 Had any Strangers spy'd him in the Room
 With some of those he had overcome,
 And had not heard their Talk, but only seen,
 Their Gesture and their Mein;
 They wou'd have sworn he had the Vanquish'd
 been:

For as they bragg'd, and dreadful wou'd appear,
 While they their own ill Luck in War repeated,
 His Modesty still made him blush, to hear
 How often he had them Defeated.

III.

Through his whole Life, the Part he bore
Was Wonderful and Great,
And yet it so appear'd in nothing more,
Than in his private last Retreat;
For it's a stranger thing, to find
One Man of such a worthy Mind,
As can dismiss the Power which he has got,
Than Millions of the *Polls* and *Braves*;
Those despicable *Fools* and *Knaves*,
Who such a Pudder make
Through Dulness and Mistake
In seeking after Pow'r, and get it not:

IV.

When all the Nation he had won,
And with expence of Blood had bought
Store great enough he thought,

Of Glory and Renown,

He then his Arms laid down,

With just as little Pride

As if he had been of his Enemies side,

Or one of them cou'd do that were undone:

He neither Wealth, nor Places fought;

He never for Himself, but others fought:

He was content to know,

(For he had found it so)

That, when he pleas'd to conquer, he was able,

And left the *Spoil* and *Plunder* to the Rabble.

He might have been a King,

But that he understood

How much it was a meaner thing

To be unjustly Great than honorably Good.

V.

This from the World did Admiration draw;

And from his Friends, both Love and Awe;

Remembring

Remembring what he did in Fight before :
And his Foes, loved him too,
As they were bound to doe,
Because he was resolv'd to fight no more.
So blest'd by All, he dy'd ; but far more blest'd
were we,
If we were sure to live, till we could see
A Man as great in War, as just in Peace as He

TO his MISTRESS.

By the Duke of Buckingham.

WHAT a dull Fool was I,
To think so gross a Lye,
As that I ever was in Love before ?
I have, perhaps, known one or two
With whom I was content to be,
At that which they call keeping Company ;

But after all that they could do,

I still could be with more :

Their Absence never made me shed a Tear ;

And I can truly swear,

That till my Eyes first gaz'd on you,

I ne'er beheld that thing I could adore.

A World of things must curiously be sought,

A World of things must be together brought

To make up Charms which have the power to }
move

Through a discerning Eye true Love ; }

That is a Masterpiece above

What only Looks and Shape can do,

There must be Wit and Judgment too ;

Greatness of Thought and Worth, which draw

From the whole World, Respect, and Awe.

She that wou'd raise a noble Love, must find

Ways to beget a Passion for her Mind ;

She must be that, which She to be wou'd seem ;

For all True LOVE is grounded on Esteem :

Plainness

Plainness and Truth gain more a generous Heart,
Than all the crooked Subtleties of Art.
She must be-- What said I? She must be You,
None but your self that Miracle can do;
At least, I'm sure, thus much I plainly see,
None but your self e're did it upon me:
Tis you alone that can my Heart subdue,
To you alone it always shall be true;
Your God-like Soul is that which rules my Fate,
It does in me new Passions still create,
For Love of you all Women else I hate:
But oh! your Body too, is so Divine,
I kill my self with wishing you all mine.
In pain and anguish, Night and Day
I faint, and melt away:
In vain against my Grief I strive,
My Entertainment now is crying,
And all the sence I have of being alive,
Is that I feel my self a dying.

A Description of *Fortune*.

By the Duke of Buckingham.

Fortune made up of Toys, and Impudence,
 That common Jade, that has not common
 Sense,
 But fond of Business, insolently dares
 Pretend to Rule, yet spoils the World's Affairs:
 She's fluttering up and down, her Favour throw's
 On the next met, not minding what she does,
 Nor why, nor whom she helps, nor Merit knows;
 Sometime she smiles, then like a Fury raves,
 And seldom truly loves but Fools and Knaves.
 Let her love whom she will, I scorn to wooe her,
 While she stays with me, I'll be civil to her;
 But if she offers once to move her Wings,
 I'll fling her back all her vain gewgaw things,
 And armed with Virtue, will more glorious stand,
 Than if the Bitch still bent at my Command.

Will marry Honesty, tho' ne'er so poor,
Rather than follow such a dull blind Whore.

A Prologue to Philaster.

By the Duke of Buckingham.

Nothing is harder in the World to do,
Than to quit that our Nature leads us to.
As this our Friend here proves, who, having spent
His Time, and Wealth, for other Folks Content,
Tho' he so much as Thanks could never get,
Can't, for his Life, quite give it over yet;
But, striving still to please you, hopes he may,
Without a Grievance, try to mend a Play.
Perhaps, he wish'd it might have been his Fate
To lend a helping Hand to mend the State:
Tho' he conceives, as things have lately run,
Tis somewhat hard at present to be done.

Well,

Well, let that pass, The Stars that rule the Rout,
Do what we can, I see, must whirl about:
But, here's the Devil on't; that, come what will,
His Stars are sure to make him Loser still.
When all the *Polls* together made a Din,
Some to put out, and others to put in,
And every where his Fellows got, and got,
From being nothing, to be God knows what:
He, for the Public, needs wou'd play a Game,
For which, he has been trounc'd by public Fame;
And, to speak Truth, so he deserv'd to be,
For his Dull, Clownish Singularity:
For, when the Fashion is to break ones Trust,
Tis Rudeness then to offer to be Just.

The

The Epilogue, to be spoken by the Governour in *Phila- ster*.

By the Duke of Buckingham.

IF by my deep Contrivance, Wit, and Skill
 Things fall out cross to what I mean them still,
 You must not wonder; 'tis the common Fate
 Of almost all grave Governours of late:
 And one would swear, as every Plot has sped,
 They thought more with their Elbows, than their
 Head;
 Yet they go on as brisk, and look as well,
 As if they had out-wisdom'd *Machiavel* :
 So Currs will wagg their Tails, and think they've
 won us,
 At the same instant, they make water on us.
 Is't not a shame to see, Men should have none,
 That have such tedious, fulsome bungling shown;

For

For to go Five Years wrong, with Art, and Pains,
Does shew a most prodigious want of Brains;
Nay, tho' he nere judg'd right, yet there was One
Who bragadocied still himself upon
Being Infallible, but he is gone.
O! 'twas a Thought of vast Design and Scope,
To rail still against Popery, and hope,
He might presume to be himself a Pope;
Though he might any thing presume to be
That could deceive Fopps so infallibly;
The most egregious of all Scribes could tell
There never was such an *Achitophell*;
And true Admirers of his Parts, and Glory,
Will doubtless have a just Renown in Story.
Ten Guineas that Lord paid for't, as Fame goes,
Above ten times its worth, the World knows;
But he'll be better paid yet, I suppose.
They were a matchless pair, the one to plot,
The other to extoll still what was not:

Yet

Yet faith, the little Lord, when hence he ran,
Did compass one thing like an able Man:
For since he could not living act with Reason,
Twas shrewdly done of him, to die in season.

*Upon Felton, that was hang'd in
Chains for the Murder of the Duke
of Buckingham, in the Reign
of King Charles I.*

By the Duke of Buckingham.

Here uninterr'd suspends, tho' not to save
Surviving Friends th' Expences of a Grave,
Felton's dead Earth, which to the World will be
Its own sad Monument; his Elogy,
As large as Fame, which whether Bad or Good
I say not, by himself 'twas wrote in Blood;
For which his Body is Intomb'd in Air,
Arch'd o'er with Heaven, set with a thousand fair
And

And glorious Stars, a noble Sepulcher,
Which Time it self can't ruinate, and where
Th' impartial Worm (that is not brib'd to spare
Princes corrupt in Marble) cannot share
His Flesh, which oft the charitable Skies
Imbalm with Tears, daining those Obsequies,
So long to Men shall last, 'till pitying Fowl
Contend to reach his Body to his Soul.

The

THE
 BATTLE:
 OR THE
 REHEARSAL
 AT
 White-Hall,
 A FARCE.

Written by George late Duke of Buckingham.

Scene a Drawing Room in White-hall.

Enter a Lord and a Lady.

Lady. DID you ever hear of such a thing as this Battle, as they call it?

Lord. Not I, I'll be sworn, nor no Man else I think.

Lady. Every body says that as the Business was order'd, it was a thousand to one that all the King's Forces had been cut off.

Lord.

Lord. Yes, that is most certain; but that I am most delighted with, is, to see the infinite Satisfaction the General takes in explaining to every one he meets with, all the Particulars of his Foolery.

Lady. O! here he is a coming, for God sake let us make him tell it us again.

Lord. Pray do, Madam.

Enter General.

Gener. Madama, your most Humble Servant.

Lady. Whither are you going so fast, my Lord?

Gener. Madama, me be going about some Business of very grand Importaunce.

Lady. But my Lord, will not you tell us a little first, some of the Particulars of this Battle?

Gener. Madama, vid all min harta me tell a you begarra de hola Hiftoria o'de Occasion: Your Ladiship have hear, I supposa, dat de Rebella get into the great Towna — Vhat you call de Towna?

Lady. What, Bristol?

Gener.

Gener. No, de oder Towna.

Lord. *Exeter?*

Gen. No, no, a pox take de Towna vid de hard Name: How you call de Towna, De *Breeche*?

Lady. Lord have mercy upon me, what does he mean?

Lord. Nay, I cannot imagine.

Lady. O! *Bridgewater.*

Gener. Ay begarra, *Breechwater*; so Madama me have Intelégenſa dar de Rebel go to *Breechwater*; me ſay to my Mena, Marſh you Rogua; ſo Me marſha over de greata Fielda, begar, de bravá Contra where dey killa de Hare vid de Dogua, and de Patrích vid de Hawká, begar, de brave Sport in de Varld.

Lord. Well my Lord, and what then?

Gener. Begar me marſh very well vid de Drome and de Trompetta, de Drombela and de great Noiſa begar; Au how you call de brave Fellow au de fine Cappa turn ope vid de great Poucha o'de ſide?

Lord. Who, the Granadier?

Gener. Ay begár, de Granadere vid de Hoboya, begar, de fine Musick in de Varld.

Lady. But my Lord, What did you do there?

Gener. Why Madama, me come vid in two Mile o' *Breechwater*, and begarra, me post my self dere.

Lord. How many Men, pray my Lord, were there of the Rebels?

Gen. Ma Foy, between Sixa and Sevena Thoufan.

Lady. But my Lord, if you were so few, why would you come so near the Enemy?

Gener. Begarra Madama, because me no Care for de Enemia.

Lord. I suppose my Lord, that your Lordship was posted in a very strong place.

Gener. O' begarra very strong, vid de great River between me and de Rebella, calla, *de Brooka de Gutter*.

Lady. But they say, my Lord, there was no Water in that Brook of the Gutter.

Gener.

Gener. Begar Madama, but dat no be my faulta, begar me no hander de Water from coma, if no will Rain, begar me no can make de Rain.

Lady. But why did you not go to some other place?

Gener. O Pardon me, Madama, you no understand de ting.

Lord. And so your Lordship, it seems, Encamp'd with your Horse and Foot.

Gener. Ay, vid de Foota; no, vid de Horfa, begar me go vid de Horfa an de Gentlemen Officera to one very good Villash, where, begar, be very good Quartera, very good Meta, very good Drinka, and very good Bedda.

Lady. But pray my Lord, why did you not stay with the Foot?

Gener. Beggarra Madama, because dere be great Differentia between de Gentlemen-Officera, and de Rogua de Sogiera; begarra, de Rogua de Sogiera lye upon de Grounda; but begar, de Gentleman-Officer go to Bedda.

A Consolatory

EPISTLE

TO

Captain JULIAN,

The MUSES

News-Monger,

IN HIS

CONFINEMENT.

By the Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

DEAR Friend, when those we love are in distress,
 Kind Verse may comfort tho' it can't redress;
 Nor can I think such Zeal you'll discommend,
 Since Poetry has been so much your Friend:
 On that thou'st liv'd, and flourish'd all thy Time;
 Nay more, maintain'd a Family by Ryme;

And

And that's a Mark that *Dryden* ne'er could hit,
 He lives upon his Pension not his Wit:
 E'en gentle *George* (flux'd both in tongue & purse)
 Shunning one Snare, yet fell into a worse.
 A Man may be reliev'd once in his Life,
 But who can be reliev'd that has a Wife?
Otway can hardly Guts from Jail preserve,
 And, tho he's very fat, he's like to starve:
 And Sing-song *Durfey* (plac'd beneath abuses)
 Lives by his Impudence, and not the Muses:
 Poor *Crown* too has his third daies mix'd with Gal',
 He lives so ill he hardly lives at all.
Shadwell and *Settle* both with Rhimes are fraught,
 But can't between 'em muster up a Groat:
 Nay, *Lee* in *Bethl^{em}* now sees better Daies,
 Than when applauded for his bombast Plaies;
 He knows no Care, nor feels sharp Want no more,
 And that is what he ne'er could say before:
 Thus, while our *Bards* are famish'd by their Wit,
 Thou who hast none at all, yet thriv'st by it.

Wer't possible that Wit cou'd turn a penny,
Poets might then grow rich as well as any :
For tis not Wit to have a great Estate,
The blind Effect of Fortune and of Fate ;
Since oft we see a Coxcomb dull and vain,
Brim-full of Cash, yet empty in his Brain :
Nor is it Wit, that makes the Lawyer prize
His dagled Gown ; it's Knavery in Disguise :
Nor is it Wit that makes the Tradesman great,
Tis the compendious Art to lie and cheat.
The base born Strumpet still may rant and rail,
Tis not her Wit she lives by, but her Tail :
Nor is it Wit that drills the Statesman on
To wast the Sweets of Life, so quickly gon :
For tis not Wit that brings a Man to hanging,
That goes not farther than a harmless banging.
How justly then dost thou our Praise deserve,
That got'st thy *Bread*, where all Men else did starve ?
But what's more strange, the Miracle was wrought
By one, that h'ant the least pretence to Thought :

And

And he that had no meaning to do Wrong,
Can't suffer sure, for his no-meaning, long.
And that's the Consolation that I bring;
Thou art too Dull, to think a treach'rous thing,
The thoughtful Traytor 'tis offends the King.

A
 CHARACTER
 OF AN
 UGLY WOMAN:
 OR A
 HUE and CRY
 AFTER
 BEAUTY.

*Written by the late Duke of Buckingham, in the
 Year 1678.*

There being lately *lost*, while the *Diuel* was removing *Houſhold ſtuff* at *St. James's*, a certain *She-Animal* of prodigious Quality, and unknown Virtue; 'tis thought fit to give the *World* a Description, and *Ear-mark* of the *Beaſt*, that if any fortunate *Bully*, or doughty *Eſquire*, in *Town* or *Country*, happen to *ſtumble*, or tumble upon ſuch a *Bargain*, he may be furniſhed with a particular Inventory of his *Purchaſe*. It ſhould have

have been an *Advertisement* in the *Gazette*, but that of late few People regard it.

Imprimis, As to her *Descent*, some *Heralds* derive her *Pedigree* from that of the *Scotch Barnacles*, and say, that she dropt from some teeming *Gallows*, or sprung up like *Mandrakes* from the S—— of some gibbited *Raggamuffian*; others averr, she was begot by a *Glister-pipe*; because, she calls Sir *Sauney De' Muckle*, her *Sire*, a foolish *Quack*, who by the *Recommendations* of his *Country-men*, of mighty *Logger-lconce*, is become *Knight* of the *South saying* *Pifs-pot*; nor, is it any Wonder, that an *Epidemical Plague* should bring a *Doctor* to *Preferment*. This whiffling *Scabbado* has long been famous at *Court*, for much *Practice*, and no *Success*, except of curing *Ladies* of——with *Sack-posssets*, and assisting *old Ones* past humane Sport, with well try'd D—— The subtlest *Act* he ever did, was, begetting this *Madam Pandora*, thereby causing an *infallible Plot* for *future Businesses*; for where ever she comes, *Diseases* do as naturally follow her, as *Debauchery* does the *Court*, and she alone is able to make Work for a whole *College* of *Physicians*. She takes upon her the *venerable* Name of a *Widow*, but was never married; for sure, the *Church men* that prohibit unequal *tack-ing*, could never be guilty of linking any *Christian* with such a *Succuba*; yet to prove her *Marriage*, the *Hagg conjures* for the *Ghost* of a good *Bishop* departed, and wou'd scandalize that *picus Man*, as Pan-

Pander Canonical, to her *Letchery*: Her *Husband*, she pretends, *dy'd at Sea*: Indeed, 'tis no Wonder he should be cast away in such a filthy *leaky Bottom*; for all those must needs be *Shipwreck'd*, that *cast Anchor* in her *Embraces*. — She is *Old*, and has nothing of *Woman* left in her, but *Lust* and *Tongue*; and the latter brings in Contribution for the former. She has quite ruined the *Daubers*, and *Baubv* Occupations, pretending a *Patent* to *Monopolize* both those *Mysteries*. Her *Chamber* is the *Common-shore* of the *Town*: The *long Celler* of *Amsterdam* is not more frequented, and she has an Allowance of five or six Dishes for Supper, to bring *Young Ones* together; she is there the *Mother* of the *Maids* riding *Admiral* of a Squadron of *Privateers*, and holding forth in the *Conventicle* of the *Family of Love*: Marriages are there promoted, that were never made in *HEAVEN*, nor, does *Doctor's Commons* in a Twelve Month determine half so many *smutty Controversies* as are here dispatch'd in an *Evening*; all the *Amorous Intregues* are gravely decided in the *Divan*, and the punctual *Quota* for all *Keepers* of all *Qualities* to allow their *Mistresses*. 'Tis the *supream Council*, next to that of *White-hall*, for regulating *Venerreal Affairs*, and there is not a *Harlot* of *Quality* that walks the *Park*, but thence takes her Measures for *Price* and *Choice* of her *Cullies*.

To give a more particular *Character* of her *Person*, we may call her the *Epitome* of *Ugliness*, an *Original* drawn by *Natures Pencil*, whereof
Granny

Granny *Shipton*, Mother *Louise*, and Gammer *Damnable* were but imperfect Copies; Her plaistred Face drops against ill *Weather*, and when she laughs, it looks like a *Ruffled Boot*, and her solitary Tooth like an *old Candle* in the middle of it; she is *Beetle brow'd*, *Wood-cock nos'd*, as crooked in Body as in Mind, her Skin *Pease-porridge Tawney*, or somewhat inclining to the oriental Complexion of *Rusty Bacon*, beset with natural *Rubies*, and *Carbuncles*, yet always bare, almost down to the Centre, and two or three huge *black Patches* to turn the *Efflorescences* of her Hide into Beauty-spots; as for the other infernal *Parts*, the Devil deals there altogether: For they lye under the *Torrid Zone*, and therefore utterly uninhabitable, only some bold *Travellers* that have ventur'd, represent them much like the *Desarts* of *Arabia*, horribly Wild and Barren; not so much as a *Bush* to be met with, nor any thing but venomous Gulfs, like the *Lacus Asphaltites*, or Concave of *Mount Strombulo*, belching out continually *sulphurous* Flames, enough to destroy all that approach them. Indeed, her *Breath* wou'd rout an *Army* sooner than that of a *Cannon*, and Lay a *Devil* better than all *Trismegistus's* Charms; it *blusters* in her Nose, like the Wind in a foul *Chimney*, and by its Violence, has not only spoil'd her *Brains*, but blown off the *Hair* of her Pericranium, which she now supplies with *borrow'd Towers* and *artificial Borders*. By one word, she is able to blast a *Rose* at Three Score Yards distance: And her SOUL, if she has one, (which
surely

surely was only given to Damn her more completely) seems composed of *Affasætida*, and *Brimstone*.

Witches of old us'd to Piss in a *Hole* in the *Earth*, and by padling in't, rais'd *Storms* and *Tempests*, but this *wayward Sister*, resolving upon some greater Exploit, has, as it is said, sent to *Scotland* for a *Silver Chamber-pot*; and if ever it should arrive, 'tis to be fear'd, wou'd do more *Mischief* than all their *Poisons* at *Paris*: To prevent which, if any Person can make a *Discovery*, and bring her to her *Old Rendezvouze*, at the *Palace* before mentioned, he shall have *One Thousand Pound Scotch* for his pains; and also be cured of an *Old Pox*, or *Young Gonorrhea*, which he pleases, by her *Worshipful Daddy*, *Gratis*.

Madam

Madam *Nelley*'s Complaint, A SATYR.

By Sir George Etheridge.

IF *Syllas*'s Ghost made bloody *Cat'line* start,
 And shook the Fabrick of his Marble Heart:
 If *Samuel*'s Shade could wicked *Saul* affright
 When *Endor* rais'd him from th' Depth of Night,
 Pitty poor *Nell* that's haunted by *Moll Knight*:
 You that have seen me in my Youthful Age,
 Preferr'd from Stall of Turnups to the Stage,
 Those sympathetick Griefs you did bestow,
 And Tears to *Scenic* Sufferings once allow,
 Employ 'em on my real Torments now.
Knight, cruel *Knight* that once lay in my Breast,
 My constant Crony and eternal Guest,
 Th' Applauder of my Beauty and my Jest;
 She, She, that cruel She to *France* is fled,
 Yet lets me not enjoy my quiet Bed;

When

When e're I lay me down to Love, or Sleep,
 She thro' the opening Curtains seems to peep,
 Dreadful as *Gorgon*, turning all to Stone,
 Unpainted, and without her Plumpers on;
 Her Eyes and Cheeks all hollow, so her Voice;
 And this she utters with a dreadful Noise;
 Pug, cruel Pug, with whom so long I liv'd,
 For whom so well I faithfully contriv'd;
 Wherein have I deserv'd so ill of thee,
 That thou shouldst part my dearest C— and me?
 Of Brawny Blockheads hadst thou not before,
 By my Industrious Care, a numerous Store,
 C—d herself was never cram'd with more?
 By her when first of W—— bereft,
 My charming C— was still a Treasure left;
 Nor to my Wishes did he disagree;
 I ogled him, and he would Squint at me;
 But when his charming Limbs the first time prest
 My Heitick Body, ne'r was Bawd so blest;

Lan——d

Lan—*d* himself for *C*— I did despise,
Lan — *d* the Gay, the Sprightly, and the Wise,
 Big with my Joyes, to thee I must still run,
 Declar'd how oft the Sacred Act was done :
 While as the melting History I told,
 My twinkling Eyes in their old Sockets rowld :
 All this by faithless thee, with Craft was heard,
 No blushing sign of kindling Lust appear'd ;
 Blushing a thing thou'lt conquer'd long agoe,
 And Modesty has always been thy Foe ;
 If e'r thou affect it, tis with awkward Grace,
 For Bawd is always open'd in thy Face ;
 Bawd is thy Art, Accomplishment and Trade,
 For that, not Love, thou wert a Mistress made ;
 No Hero ever to thy Arms was won,
 But in some drunken hour when Love was done,
 To Wallow, Fumble, Grunt, and Spew upon ;
 Till my false Squinter thou did'st lead a stray,
 And her, that too much trusted thee, betray.

Thus I poor Nymph am plagu'd, & must not rest,
 Because in that *Adonis C*— I'm blest ;

C— who for close Intreigues was doubtless made,
 Whose Love was never by his Looks betray'd,
 For while his melting Eyes did mine survey,
 They craftily still seem'd another way.

Which when fond *Knight* our Confident did see,
 She claim'd the Homage that was paid to me;

Till to redress the mighty Wrong sustain'd,

I to my God-like Sovereign complain'd;

And by his Justice, all my Rights maintain'd.

Let Mountebank make Market houses ring

Of what great Feats they've done before the King;

Let Learned Sir *Sam* his *Windfor* Engin try,

Before great *Charles* let Quacks and Sea-men lye,

He ne're heard Swearers, till *Moll Knight* and I;

Never heard Oaths less valu'd, or less true,

(And yet tis said he has paid for Swearing too;)

Lowdlier we swore than plundering Dragoons,

S'blood follow'd S'blood, and Z— succeeded Z—

Till at the last, the Bawd's weak Forces faild,

And I by Noise and Impudence prevail'd:

To *France* my baffled squeaking Rival's gon,
And C---, and all his Eyes are now my own;
Shou'd she pretend to what's so much my due,
She might as well take lovely *Duncan* too;
Duncan by my great Sway and Power preferr'd,
For Mounting me well first, now mounts the
Guard:
Help Church and State to doe a Princess Right,
Guard me from Wrongs, and exorcise this Sprite;
Even now in Terror on my Bed I lie,
Send Doctor B—— t to me, or I die.

D

The

The Lady of Pleasure,
A SATYR.

By Sir George Etheridge, Knight.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Life of Nelly truly shown,
 From Cole-yard, and Celler, to the Throne,
 Till into the Grave she tumbled down.* }

I Sing the Story of a Scoundrel Lass,
 Rais'd from a Dunghill, to a King's Embrace:
 I trace her from her Birth and Infant Years;
 To *Venus* none so like as she appears:
 To Madam *Venus* the Sea-froth gave Birth;
 To Madam *Nell*, the Scum of all the Earth:
 No Man alive could ever call her Daughter,
 For a Battallion of Arm'd Men begot her:

The

The Pious Mother of this flaming Whore
 Maid, Punk, and Bawd, full Sixty Years & more,
 Dy'd drunk with Brandy in a Common-shore.
 No matter that, not what we were must shame us,
 Tis what we last arrive to, that must fame us.
 Fam'd be the Celler then, wherein the Babe
 Was first brought forth to be a Monarch's Drab.
 In a low Celler under Ground, this Trull;
 (Heavens! What can't Fortune do, if Fortune will?)
 In a low Celler this same Trull was kindled,
 That has so oft old R—ey's Scepter dwindled.
 How far did the fam'd *Amazonian* come to wooe
 Great *Alexander* for a Touch, and goe?
 But thee, thy Sovereign courted for thy Fame,
 Enjoy'd thee, 'cause 'twas Thou hadst got the
 Name:
 Thou didst not come to him with Gold and Spice,
 And nothing introduc'd thee but thy Vice:
 O! may that Celler never be forgot,
 Wherein was hatch'd such a Prince pleasing Trot

He that had seen her mudling in the Street,
Her Face all Pot-lid black, unshod her Feet,
And in a Cloud of Dust her Cinders shaking,
Cou'd he have thought her fit for Monarchs taking?
Even then she had her Charms of brisk and witty,
Which first enslav'd a Cully of the City;
He had her A—s wash'd clean, and Smockt her
white,

That she might be his Darling and Delight:
Then in her Wine began this Dialogue,
My little Deity, my pretty Rogue,
That hast Redeem'd me from my stitten Milk,
To Worsted Hose, and Petticoat of Silk;
Be kind, my Dear, and flowing Joy impart,
Apply Love's Sov^{er}ign Balsam to my Heart.
Thus for some time each other they enjoy'd,
Until the Merchant, not the Girl was cloy'd;
For either with th' Expence of Purse or Love,
At length the Fool did wondrous *Nell*-sick prove:

How're,

How're, he would not leave her as he found her,
 That had been base, since he had got the Plunder;
 Besides, he knew she had both Wit and Sence,
 Beauty, and such a stock of Impudence,
 As to the *Play-house*, well might recommend her;
 And therefore thither was resolv'd to send her;
 Where soon she grew, being in her proper Sphere,
 The Pride, and Envy of the Theater:
 Then Entred *Nelly* on the publick Stage,
 Harlot of Harlots, *Lais* of the Age:
 But there what *Lacy's* fumbling Age abus'd,
Hart's sprightly Vigor more robustly us'd;
 Yet *Hart* more Manners had then not to tender,
 When noble *B...* begg'd him to Surrender:
 He saw her roll the Stage from side to side,
 And thro' her Draw'rs the powerful Charm
 descry'd.
Take her, my Lord, quoth Hart, since you're so mean,
To take a Player's leavings for your Queen;

For tho' I love her well, yet as she's poor,

I'm well-contented to prefer the Whore.

To B--- thus resign'd in Friendly wife,

Our glaring Lais begins apace to rise,

Distributing her Favours very thick,

And sometimes witty *Willmot* had a Lick;

And thus she traded on in noble VVare,

Seruing the rest with what her Lord cou'd spare;

B--- was Lord of all her Hairy *Mannor*,

The rest were only Tenants to his Honour.

By these degrees, the ranting Whore crept up,

Until she mounted to the Sovereign Top.

Dread Sir, quoth B---ham, in Duty bound,

I come to give your Kingship Counsel sound:

I wonder you should dote so like a Fop,

On Cl—d— whom her very Footmen g—pe:

Do'e think you dont your Parliament offend,

That all they give you on a Beggar spend;

Permit

Permit me, Sir, to recommend a Whore,
 Kifs her but once, you'll ne'er kifs *C—nd* more;
 She'll fit you to a hair, all Wit, all Fire,
 And Impudence, to your own Heart's desire;
 And more than this, Sir, you'll save Mony by her:
 She's *B—* VVhore at present, but you know,
 VVhen Sovereign wants a VVhore, that Subjects
 must forego.

This put old *R—ley's* Codpiece in a Heat,
 Goe Mrs. *Knight*, quoth he, and fetch her strait:
 Soft, quoth Lord *B —* but first pay my Score,
 She's cost me many a *Pound*, then take the Whore:
 This *Rowley* scented, and to lay his Itch,
 Gave him an Earldom to resign his Bitch:
 And now behold a Common Drab become
 The glorious Mate for English Monarch's *B—m*;
 Nor was it long before the Artful Sl—t
 Had got the length of her great Master's Foot;
 She knew so well to weild his Royal —
 That none had such a Knack to please the Fool;

When he was dumpish, she would still be jocund,
And chuck the Royal Chin of C — the Second;
Then with her Heels lock in the sceptr'd Cull,
Whom finding somewhat phlegmatick and dull,
My Leige, she'd say, come lets be frank and merry,
And in Love's Cave our Melancholly bury.
Thrice happy *Nell* that hadst a King so gracious
To raise up Princes to thy Dust and Ashes,
Whose great Humility wou'd stoop so low,
On thee and thine his Favours to bestow:
Sure there are hidden Charms about the middle,
And sure, experienc'd Females have a Fiddle:
For this old *R-ley* gave 'em Coach and Horses,
Furnish'd them Palaces, and stuf't their Purfes;
Call'd Parliaments, pretending War with *France*,
And all his Harlots Grandeur to advance;
Shut up his Chequer to supply his Whores,
And sold his Crown Lands to pay Bitches Scores:
How will succeeding Story blush to tell
What this Great *Britains* Monarch ere did well?

What

What did he well, but with *Herculean* pains
 On Young and Old exhaust his lavish Reins.
 Nor wou'd his *Nelly* long be his Survivor,
 Alas! who now was good enough to drive her?
 So she gave way to her consuming Grief,
 Which brought her past all Gally-pot Relief;
 Howev'r it were, as the Old-women say,
 Her Time was come, and then there's no Delay:
 So down into the *Strygian* Lake she dropt,
 To meet the Prince she had so often topt.

*A Tryal of the Poets for the Bays, in
 Imitation of a Satyr in Boileau.*

By the Duke of Buckingham.

SINCE the Sons of the *Muses* grew num'rous and
 lowd,
 For th' appeasing so Factious, and Clam'rous a
 Crowd;
Apollo thought fit, in so weighty a Cause,
 T' Establish a Government, Leader, and Laws.

The

The Hopes of the Bays, at this summoning Call,
 Had drawn 'em together, the Devil and All;
 All thronging and listning, they gap'd for the
 Blessing;

No Presbyter Sermon had more crowding and
 pressing:

In the head of the Gang, *John Dryden* appear'd,
 That Antient Grave Wit, so long lov'd and fear'd,
 But *Apollo* had heard a Story ith' Town,
 Of his quitting the *Muses*, to wear the black Gown;
 And so gave him leave now his Poetry's done,
 To let him turn Priest Since *R—* is turn'd Nun.
 This Reverend Author was no sooner set by,
 But *Apollo* had got gentle *George* in his Eye,
 And frankly confest, of all Men that writ,
 There's none had more Fancy, Sense, Judgment,
 and Wit:

But in th' crying Sin, Idleness, he was so hardn'd
 That his long Seven Years Silence, was not to be
 pardon'd.

—*W—y* was the next Man shew'd his Face,
 But *Apollo* e'en thought him too good for the place;

No

No Gentleman Writer that Office should bear,
 But a Trader in Wit the Lawrel should wear,
 As none but a Cit--- e'er makes a Lord-Mayor.
 Next into the Crowd, *Tom Shadwell* does wallow,
 And swears by his Guts, his Punch, and his Tallow,
 That tis he alone best pleases the Age,
 Himself, and his Wife, have supported the Stage :
Apollo well-pleas'd with so bonny a Lad,
 T'oblige him, he told him, he should be huge glad
 Had he half so much Wit, as he fancy'd he had.
Nat. Lee stept in next, in hopes of a Prize,
Apollo remember'd he had hit once in thrice ;
 By the Rubyes in 'is Face, he could not deny,
 But he had as much Wit as Wine could supply ;
 Confest that indeed he had a Musical Note,
 But sometimes strain'd so hard that he rattled it
 Throat ;
 Yet owning he had Sense, t'encourage him fort,
 He made him his *Ovid* in *Augustus's* Court.

Poet *Settle*, his Tryal was the next came about,
He brought him an *Ibrahim* with the Preface torn
out,

And humbly desir'd he might give no Offence;
Dam him, cries *Shadwell*, he cannot write Sense:
And *B--ll--cks*, cry'd *Newport*, I hate that dull
Rogue;

Apollo considering he was not in Vogue,
Would not trust his dear Bays with so modest a
Fool,

And bid the great Boy should be sent back to
School.

Tom Otway came next, *Tom Shadwell's* dear Zany,
And swears for Heroicks, he writes best of any:

Don Carlos his Pockets so amply had fill'd,
That his Mange was quite cur'd, and his Lice were
all kill'd;

But *Apollo* had seen his Face on the Stage,
And prudently did not think fit to engage,
The Scum of a *Play-house*, for the Prop of an Age. }
In the numerous *Crowd* that encompass him round,
Little Starch'd *Johnny C--* at his Elbow he found,

His

His Crevat-string new Iron'd, he gently did stretch
His lilly white Hand out, the Lawrel to reach,
Alledging that he had most right to the Bays,
For writing Romances, and sh-ting of Plays:

Apollo rose up, and gravely confest,

Of all Men that writ, his Talent was best;

For since Pain and Dishonour Mans Life only dam,

The greatest Felicity Mankind can claim,

Is to want Sense of Smart, and to be past Sense of
Shame;

And to perfect his Bliss in Poetical Rapture,

He bid him be dull to the end of the Chapter.

The Poetess *Afra*, next shew'd her sweet Face,

And swore by her Poetry, and her black *Ace*,

The Lawrel by a double Right was her own,

For the Plays she had writ, and the Conquests she
had Won:

Apollo acknowledg'd 'twas hard to deny her,

Yet to deal frankly and ingeniously by her,

He told her were Conquests, and charms her
Prétence,

She ought to have pleaded a Dozen Years since.

46 *The Tryal of the Poets, &c.*

Anababalutha put in for a share,
 And little *Tom Essences* Author was there:
 Nor could *Durfy* forbear for the Lawrel to stickle,
 Protesting that he had the honour to tickle
 Th' Ears of the Town, with his dear Madam *Fickle*.
 With other Pretenders, whose Names I'd rehearse
 But that they're too long to stand in my Verse:
Apollo quite tir'd with their tedious Harangue,
 At last found *Tom Betterton's* Face in the Gang;
 For since Poets without the kind Players may hang,
 By his own sacred light he solemnly swore,
 That in search of a Lawreat, he'd look out no more.
 A general Murmur ran quite thro' the Hall,
 To think that the Bays to an Actor should fall;
Tom told 'em, to put his Desert to the Test,
 That he had made Plays as well as the best,
 And was the great'st Wonder the Age ever bore,
 Of all the Play-Scriblers that e'er writ before,
 His Wit had most Worth, and Modesty in't,
 For he had writ Plays, yet ne'er came in *Print*.

A SATYR upon the *Follys* of the Men of the AGE.

By the Duke of Buckingham.

Ascrib'd falsely to the Earl of R.

When *Shakespear, Johnson, Fletcher*, Rul'd
the Stage,

They took so bold a Freedom with the Age,
That there was scarce a Knave, or Fool in Town
Of any Note, but had his Picture shown;

And (without doubt) tho' some it may offend,
Nothing helps more than Satyr, to amend
Ill Manners, or is trulier *Virtues Friend*:

Princes may *Laws* Ordain, *Priests* gravely Preach;
But *Poets* more successfully will teach;

For as a Passing-Bell frights from his *Meat*,
The greedy Sick-man, that too much would eat;

So when a *Vice* ridiculous is made,
Our *Neighbour's* Shame keeps us from growing bad,
But wholesome Remedies few *Palates* please,
Men rather love what flatters their *Disease*;
Pimps, Parasites, Buffoons, and all the *Crew*
That under *Friendship's* Name, weak *Man* undo;
Find their false Service kindlier understood,
Than such as tell bold *Truths* to do us good;
Look where you will, and you shall hardly find
A *Man*, without some Sickness of the *Mind*:
In vain we Wise would seem, while ev'ry *Lust*
Whisks us about, as Whirlwinds do the *Dust*.
Here for some needless *Gain*, the *Wretch* is hurl'd
From *Pole* to *Pole*, and *slav'd* about the *World*,
While the Reward of all his Pains and *Care*,
Ends in that despicable Thing, his *Heir*.
There a vain *Fop* *Mortgages* all his *Land*,
To buy that gawdy *Play-thing*, a *Command*;
To ride a *Cock-horse*, wear a Scarf at's Arse,
And play the *Pudding* in a *May-day Farcè*.

Here one whom God to make a *Fool*, thought fit,
In spite of *Providence*, will be a *Wit*;

But wanting Strength t' uphold his ill made
Choice,

Sets up with *Lewdness*, *Blasphemy* and *Noise*;

There at his Mrs. Feet a *Lover* lyes,

And for a tawdry painted Baby dies;

Falls on his Knees, adores, and is afraid

Of the vain *Idol* he himself has made:

These, and a Thousand *Fools* unmention'd here,

Hate *Poets* all, because they *Poets* fear;

Take heed (they cry) yonder mad Dog will bite,

He cares not whom he falls on in his fit;

Come but in's way, and straight a new *Lampoon*

Shall spread your mangled Fame about the *Town*.

But why am I this *Bug-bear* to you all?

My *Pen* is dip'd in no such bitter Gall.

“ He that can rail at one he calls his Friend,

“ Or hear him (absent) wrong'd and not defend;

E

Who

“ Who for the sake of some Ill-natur’d *Jest*,
 “ Tells what he should conceal, invents the rest;
 “ To fatal *Mid-night* Quarrels can betray
 “ His brave *Companion*, and then run away,
 “ Leaving him to be murder’d in the Street,
 “ Then put it off with some *Buffoon* Conceit;
 “ This this is he you should beware of all;
 “ Yet him a pleasant, Witty *Man* you call;
 To whet your dull Debauches up and down,
 You seek him as top Fidler of the *Town*:

But if I laugh when the Court-Coxcombs show
 To see the *Booby Sotus* dance *Provoe*;
 Or chattering *Porus* from the *Side box* grin,
 Trickt like a *Lady’s Monkey* new made clean:
 To me the Name of *Railer* strait you give,
 Call me a *Man* that knows not how to live.

But *Wenches* to their *Keepers* true shall turn,
 Stale *Maids* of Honour proffer’d Husbands scorn,
 Great States-men Flattery and Clinches hate,
 And long in *Office*, dye without *Estate*;

Against

Against a *Bribe Court*. Judges shall decide,
The *City Knavery* want, the *Clergy Pride*:
E're that black *Malice* in my Rhymes you find,
That wrongs a *Worthy Man*, or hurts a *Friend*.
But then perhaps you'll say, Why do you write?
What you think harmless *Mirth*, the World thinks
Spight.

Why should your Fingers itch to have a lash
At *Simius*, the Buffoon, or Gully *Bash*?
What is't to you, if *Alidore's* fine *Whore*,
Lies with some *Fop*, whilst he's shut out of Door:
Consider pray, that dang'rous *Weapon, Wit*,
Frightens a Million, when a few you hit:
Whip but a *Curr*, as you ride thro' a *Town*,
And strait his *Fellow Currs* the Quarrel own;
Each Knave, or Fool that's conscious of a Crime,
Tho' he scapes now, looks for't another time.

Sir, I confess all you have said is true,
But who has not some *Folly* to pursue?

Milo turn'd *Quixot*, fancy'd *Battels*, *Fights*,
 When the *fifth Bottel* had increas'd the *Lights*;
 War like *Dirt Pyes* our *Hero Paris* forms,
 Which desperate *Bessus* without *Armour storms*.
Cornus, the kindest *Husband* e're was born;
 Still *Courts* the *Spark* that does his *Brows* adorn;
 Invites him home to *Dine*, and fills his *Veins*
 With the hot *Blood* which his dear *Doxy* drains.

Grandio thinks himself a *Beau Garçon*,
 Goggles his *Eyes*, writes *Letters* up and down,
 And with his sawcy *Love* plagues all the *Town*;
 While pleased to have his *Vanity* thus fed,
 He's caught with G--- that old *Hag*, a *Bed*.
 But shou'd I all the crying *Follies* tell,
 That rouse the sleeping *Satyr* from his *Cell*,
 I to my *Reader* shou'd as tedious prove,
 As that old *Spark Albanus* making *Love*;
 Or florid *Roscius*, when with some smooth *Flam*,
 He gravely on the *Public* strives to sham.

Hold

Hold then my *Mase*, 'tis time to make an end,
 Least taxing others, thou thy self offend.
 The *World's* a *wood*, in which all lose their way,
 Though by a different *Path* each goes *astray*.

TIMON, a SATYR,
In Imitation of Monsieur Boleau,
upon several Passages in some new
Plays then Acted upon the Stage.

By the Duke of Buckingham.

A. **W***Hat Timon, does Old Age begin to*
approach,

That thus thou droop'st under a Nights debauch &c.
Hast thou lost deep to needy Rogues on Tick,
who ne'er cou'd pay, and must be paid next Week?

Timon. Neither alas, but a dull dining Sot
 Seiz'd me ith' *Mall*, who just my Name had got;

He runs upon me, cries, Dear *Rogue*, I'm thine,
With me some *wits* of my Acquaintance Dine:
I tell him I'm engag'd, but as a VVhore,
VVith Modesty enslaves her Spark the more:
The longer I deny'd, the more he prest,
At last, I e'en consent to be his Guest;
He takes me in his *Coach*, and as we go,
Pulls out a *Libel* of a Sheet or two;
insipid as *the Praise of Pious Queens*,
Or *Shadwell's* unaflisted former Scenes;
VVhich he admir'd, and phrais'd at ev'ry Line,
At last it was so *sharp*, it must be mine:
I vow'd I was no more a *Wit* than he,
Unpractic'd, and unblest in Poetry:
'A Song to *Phillis* I perhaps might make,
And never *Rhym'd*, but for my Mistress's sake:
I envy'd no *Man's* Fortune, nor his Fame,
Nor ever thought of a *Revenge* so tame:
He knew my *Stile*, he Swore, and twas in vain,
Thus to deny the Issue of my *Brain*.

Choak'd

Choak'd with his Flattery, I no answer make,
 But silent leave him to his *Dear* Mistake.
 Of a well-meaning *Fool* I'm most affraid,
 Who fillily repeats what was well said.
 But this is not the worst, when he came home,
 He askt, are *Sedley, Buckhurst, Savil* come?
 No, but there were above *Halfwit* and *Huffe*,
Kickum, and *Dingboy*: *Oh! that's well enough*;
 They're are all brave *Fellows*, cryes mine *Host*,
 let's Dine,
 I long to have my *Belly* full of Wine.
 They'll smartly *write*, and *Fight*, I dare assure you,
 They're *Men* I faith; *Tam Marte quam Mercurio*.
 I saw my Error, but twas then too late,
 No Means, nor Hopes appear'd for a Retreat: }
 Well, we Salute, and each Man takes his Seat; }
 Boy, cries my Sot, is my Wife ready yet?
 A wife, good *Gods!* a *Fop*, and *Bullies* too,
 For one poor *Meal*, what must I undergo?

In comes my *Lady* strait, she had been Fair,
Fit to give Love, and to prevent Despair;
But Age, Beauty's incurable Disease,
Had left her more Desire, than Pow'r to please.
As *Cocks* will strive, altho' their Spurs be gon,
She with her *One* bleer Eye to smite began;
Tho' nothing else, She (in despite of time)
Preserv'd the *Affectation* of her Prime:
However you begun, she brought in *Love*,
And hardly from that Subject would remove.
We chanc'd to speak of the *French* King's Success,
My Lady wonder'd much how Heav'n could bless
A *Man* that lov'd Two Women at one time;
But more, how he to them excus'd his Crime.
She ask'd *Huffe*, If Love's Flames he ever felt?
He answer'd bluntly, *Do you think I'm Gelt?*
She at his Plainness smil'd, then turn'd to me,
Love in young Minds precedes evn Poetry;
You to that Passion can no Stranger be,
But Wits are given to Inconstancy.

She

She had run on I think till now, but Meat
Came up, and suddenly she took her Seat:
I thought the Dinner would make some Amends,
When my good Host cry'd out, " You're all my
Friends:

" Our own plain Fare, and the best Terse the *Bull*

" Affords, I give you, and your Bellies full;

" As for *French Kick-shaws, Cellery, and Champain,*

" *Ragous* and *Fricasses*, introth we've none:

Here's a good Dinner toward, thought I, when
strait,

Up came a piece of Beef, full Horse-man wieght;

Hard as the Arse of *M—*, under which

The Coach-man sweats, as ridden by a Witch;

A Dish of Carrets, each of 'em as long,

As *T—l* that to fair Countess did belong;

Which her small Pillow could not so well hide,

But Visiter's his flaming Head espy'd:

Pig, Goose, and Capon follow'd in the Rear,

With all that Country Bumpkins call good Cheer;

Serv'd

Serv'd up with Sauces all of Eighty Eight,
 When our Tough Youth, wrestled, and threw the
 Weight:

And now the Bottle briskly flies about,
 Instead of Ice, wrapt up in a wet Clout;
 A Brimmer follows, the third bit we eat,
 Small Beer becomes our Drink, and Wine our
 Meat:

The Table was so large, that in less space,
 A Man might fix old Sage *Italians* place:
 Each Man had as much Room as Porter *Blunt*
 Or *Harris* had in *Cullen's* Bushel C——

And now the Wine began to work, mine Host
 Had been a Collonel, we must hear him boast,
 Not of Towns won, but an Estate he lost
 For rhe King's Service, which indeed he spent,
 Whoring, and Drinking, but with good Intent;
 He talkt much of a Plot, and Money lent
 In *Cromwell's* time: As for my Lady, she
 Complain'd our Love was course, our Poetry,

Unfit

Unfit for modest Ears, small Whores, and Play'rs,
Were of our Hair-brain'd Youth the only Cares;
Who were too wild for any Virtuous League,
Too rotten to consummate the Intrigue:

Falkland she prais'd, and *Suckling's* easy Pen,
And seem'd to taste their former Parts again:
Mine Host drinks to the best in Christendom,
And decently my Lady quits the Room.

Left to our selves, of several things we prate,
Some regulate the Stage, and some the State:

Halfwit, cries up my Lord of Orrery,
Ah! how well *Mustapha*, and *Zanger* dye;
His Sense so little forc'd, that by one Line
You may the other easily Divine:

And which is worse, if any worse can be,
He never said one word of it to me:

There's lascivious Poetry! you'd swear twas Prose,
So little on the Sense the Rhimes impose:

D m me (says *Dingboy*) in my Mind, G--ds--zns,
Etheridge writes *Airy Songs*, and *Soft Lampoons*,
 The best of any *Man*; as for your Nouns,
 Grammer, and Rules of Art, he knows 'em not,
 Yet writ two taking Plays, without one Plot.
Huffe was for *Settle*, and *Morocco* prais'd,
 Said rumbling Words, like Drums, his Courage
 rais'd;
Whose broad built Bulks the boyst'rous Billows bear,
Zaphee, and Sally, Mugadore, Oran,
The fam'd Arzile, Alcazer, Tituan;
 Was ever braver Language writ by *Man*?
Kickum for *Crown* declar'd, said in Romance,
 He had out-done the very Wits of *France*:
 Witness *Pandion*, and his *Charles* the Eight,
 Where a young Monarch, careless of his Fate,
 Tho' Forreign Troops, and Rebels shock his State;
 Complains another Sight afflicts him more,
 (*Viz.*) The *Queen's Gallies* rowing from the *Shore*,

Fitting

*Fitting their Oars, and Tacking to be gon,
Whilst sporting Waves smil'd on the Rising Sun.*

Waves smiling on the Sun! I am sure that's new,
And twas well thought on, give the *Devil* his Due.

My Host, who had said nothing in an hour,
Rose up, and prais'd the *Indian* Emperor:

*As if our Old World modestly withdrew,
And here, in private had brought forth a New.*

There are two Lines, who but he durst presume
To make th' *Old World* a New Withdrawing
Room?

Where of another *World* she's brought to *Bed*;
What a brave Midwife is a Larueat's Head!

But Pox upon these *Scriblers*, What d'ye think,
Will *Souches* this Year any *Champain* drink?
Will *Turene* fight him? Without doubt, says
Huff,

If they two meet, their Meeting will be rough.

D-m me (says *Dingboy*) the *French* Cowards are,
They Pay, but th' *English*, *Scots*, and *Switzs* make
War:

In Gawdy Troops, at a Review they shine,
 But dare not with the *Germans* Battle joyn:
 VVhat now appears like Courage, is not so,
 Tis a short Pride which from Success does grow.
 On their first Blow, they'll shrink into those Fears
 They shew'd at *Cressy*, *Agin-court*, *Poitiers*;
 Their Loss was infamous, Honour so stain'd
 Is by a Nation not to be regain'd.
 VVhat they were then, I know not, now they're
 brave,
 He, that denys it, lyes, and is a *Slave*.
 (Says *Huffe*, and frown'd;) Says *Dingboy*, that do I;
 And at that word, at t'others Head let fly
 A greasie *Plate*, when suddenly they all,
 Together by the Ears in Parties fall:
Halfwit, with *Dingboy* joyns, *Kickum*, with *Huffe*,
 Their Swords were safe, and so we let 'em Cuff,
 Till they, my Host, and I, had all enough.
 Their Rage once over, they begin to treat,
 And six fresh Bottles must the Peace compleat;

I ran down Stairs, with a Vow never more,
To drink Beer-Glasses, and hear Hectors roar.

*An EPISTLE to the Bishops,
on Calamy's being released from
Imprisonment, and Wild's Poetry.*

By Mr. Butler, Author of Hudibras,

MOST Reverend Lords, the Churches Joy, and
Wonder,

Whose lives are Lightning, and whose Doctrine
Thunder;

The rare Effects of both in this are found,

Ye break Men's hearts, yet leave their Bodies
sound:

And from the Court (as *David* did) they say

Do with your Organs fright the Devil away:

A wake, for tho' you think the day's your own,

The Cage is open, and the Bird is flown:

That

That Bird (whom tho' your Lordships do despise:)
May shit in *Paul's*, and pick out *Sheldon's* Eyes
Tis he that taught the Pulpit, and the Press
To Mask Rebellion in a Gospel Dress:
He who blew up the Coals of *England's* Wrath,
And pick'd Mens Pockets by the Public Faith:
He who the Melting Sister's Bounty try'd,
And preach'd your Bodkins into *Cæsar's* side:
That Crocodile of State, who wept a Flood,
When he was maudlin drunk with *Charles's*
Blood.

Is by the Sisters Gold and Brethrens Prayer,
Become a Tenant to the open Air;
For some were griev'd to see that Light expire,
That lately help'd to set the Church on fire;
And when their ghostly Father was perplext,
Could wrest an *Act*, as he hath done a Text.

Now enter *Wild*, who merrily lets fly
The Fragments of his Pulpit-Drollery;

Though

Though his Seditious Ballads pleas'd the Rout,
The Verses, like the Author, had the Gout:
Yet he proclaims the Show, invites the Crew,
(The Presbyters have their Jack Puddings too)
He tells you of a Beast, had lately been
Within the VVal's of *Newgate* to be seen,
That with a Throat (wide as the Way to Hell)
Could swallow Oaths would choak the Idol *Bel*,
And burst the Dragon; yet he could not swear
Obedience to the King, and House of Prayer.
ingenious *Wild*, tis thy unhappy Fate,
That *Iter Boreale's* out of Date:
Love's Tragedy's forgot; for (oh Disgrace!)
Peters succeeds him in his *Martyr's* place.
Publish the Legend of that Reverend Brother,
And Act the one, as thou hast Writ the other;
For when *St. Hugh* did mount the fatal Tree,
He left his Coat a Legacy to thee.
Oh may the Gout no more disturb thy Ease,
But Bp. *Halter* take his Diocese:

And when th'art dead in Law, tho' Zealots Laugh,
Impartial Truth shall write his Epitaph.

This Presbyterian Brat was born, and cry'd,
Spit in his Mother's Face, and so he dy'd.
He dy'd, yet lives, and the unhappy Elf
Divides old *Beelzebub* against himself,
Abuses *Calamy*, that Tayl of *Smeck*,
And shoots the Prelate thro' his Brother's Neck.

Bishops awake, and see a holy Cheat,
The Enemy sowes Tares among your VVheat:
Do not you hear the Sons of *Edom* Cry,
Down with the Act of Uniformity?
VVe will compound, and worship God by halves
Take you the Temples, and give us the Calves.
Thus you behold the Schismaticks Bravadoes,
Wild speaks in Squibs, and *Calamy* in Granadoes:
Kirk still these Bears, least under *Tyburn*-hedge,
The Esquire of *Newgate* rock them on a Sledge.

The

The Duke of Buckingham's
LETTERS

*To the Right Honourable the Earl of
Arlington, Principal Secretary
of State to His Majesty.*

Written by his Grace when he was Em-
bassador at the Court of *France*.

St. Germans, August 15. 1670

MY LORD,

IF I had had the good Fortune to bring my Lord Faulknbridge's Secretary with me, he wou'd have entertain'd your Lordship with a whole Sheet of Paper full of the Particulars of my Reception here; for, *I have had more Honours done me, than ever were given to any Subject.* You will receive, in two or three Days, a *Proposition* from this Court, concerning *the making War upon Holland only*, which you may enlarge as you please. *Mounſieur de Lionne* ſhew'd me the Model of it laſt Night, and I ſhall ſee the Particulars before they are ſent,

In the mean time, having not your Cipher, I shall only tell you in general, that nothing but our being *Mealy-mouth'd* can hinder us from finding our *Accounts* in this Matter. *For you may almost ask what you please.* I have written more at large in Cipher to my Lord *Ashley*, and when you have discoursed together, if you think my stay here will be of use to his Majesty, let me know it; if not, I will come away.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordshp's most Humble,

and most Faithful Servant,

Buckingham.

To the Same.

St. Germans, August 17.

MY LORD,

I Have nothing to add to what I writ last, but that I am every Day convinced of the *happy Conjunction* we have at present in our hands of any *Conditions* from this Court, that we can in Reason demand. The King of *France* is so mightily

mightily *taken* with the Discourses I make to him of his *Greatness* by Land, that he talks to me *twenty* times a day; all the Courtiers here *wonder* at it, and I am very glad of it, and am very much

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Humble

and most Faithful Servant,

Buckingham

To the Lord Bercley.

My LORD,

I must needs beg your Lordship's Excuse, for not waiting upon you next Sunday at Dinner, for two Reasons; the first is, Because Mrs. B— refuses to hear me preach; which I take to be a kind of a Slur upon so learned a Divine as I am: The other, That Sir Robert C— is to go into the Country upon Monday, and has desired me to stay within to morrow, about Signing some Papers, which must be dispatch'd, for the clearing so much of my Estate, as (in spite of my own Negligence, and the extraordinary Perquisites I have received from the Court) is yet left me.

I'm sure your Lordship is too much my Friend,
 not to give me leave to look afetr my Temporal
 Affairs, if you but consider how little I am like
 to get by my Spirituality, except Mrs. B-- be
 very much in the wrong: Pray
 † *A Box-keep- tell her, I am resolved hereafter*
er of the King's never to swear by any other but
House. by † *Jo. Ash;* and if that be a
 Sin, it's as odd a one as ever the heard of.

I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most Humble,

and most Faithful Servant,

Buckingham.

*A Letter from Nevill Payne to
a Domestic of the Duke of Buck-
ingham's, upon Occasion of his
Grace's Discourle concern-
ing Tolleration.*

In the Year 1686.

SIR,

I Must confess my self enraged, when I see
so great a Peer treated with so little Respect,
especially in a publick Good that may com-
pose Animosities and prevent Distractions.
Among other false Conceits of the Answerer, I
remember he is pleased to assert, That Toler-
ation is permitted no where but in Common-
Wealths; (meaning, I suppose, *Holland*;) not
considering that it is otherwise in *Poland*, and
many Principalities of *Germany*; where the Ca-
tholicks serve God in the Morning, and the Dis-
senters have their Liberty in the Afternoon, in
the same Church. The *French* gave Liberty to
the *Hugonots*, till of late; and those whom many
Years War could not subdue, Permission decreas d.

It might be wondred at, That *Calvinists, Lutherans*, and other Sects, subsist in other Countreies in Common wealths with Catholics; yet the Church of *England*. that is no where to be found but here, will not admit Competitors. The Cause was in re visible, when I seriously considered it: The Church of *England* is only a *Court-Invention*, and their Ministers are a sort of an Ecclesiastical Guard to the Prince. When *Hen VIII.* was first possessed by his Scruples, like *Numa*, consulting with his Goddess, he asked advice of their Oracle, which he knew wou'd suit with his own Opinion; and this made them acceptable; especially when Sacrilege, that was no little Game with our Courtiers and Gentry, countenanced the Innovation. Extravagant Opinions (like *Diseases*) have their Rise, Increase, and Declinations; resembling great Comets, that consume themselves.

But upon this unexpected Turn in Matters of Religion, every Man using his own Conceits in sacred Controversie, divers Opinions ensued. The Dissenter (that distinguisheth not between Devotion and Intention, having his Mind fixt and intent upon an *ex tempore* Prayer or Sermon, and with great earnestness and Difficulty expresseth his Conceptions) is (by himself and his Auditors) accounted *Zealous*, and contemns all Forms as insipid and without Edification. To answer these Objections, the Churchman produceth Authority and Antiquity from Catholic Authors: But when the Papist returns his own Arguments
against

against his Novelty, then he turns Phanatic, and believes no more than Reason and Sense; which in different Terms, is the Quakers Light within them, or the Presbyters divine Impulse or Illumination.

Considering then, that she cannot subsist but by a regal Power and Assistance, he cannot admit a Toleration, whereby her specious Pretences may be discovered; and a Prince that will be engaged for her Cause, must disoblige the greatest part of the Nation. Since these *Sectaries* have not Truth and Eloquence sufficient to defend themselves, this most necessarily follows; The most zealous and faint-hearted Party of 'em forsake the Land, as they did formerly to *New England*, and now to *Carolina* or *Pensilvania*. The stubborn and crafty remain, expecting an Opportunity to be reveng'd of that King that upholds them. Neither can it be for the Security of a King to uphold a Court-Religion, because his Subjects will be alwayes jealous of them both; since these are ready for their own interest and lucre, to preach the Prince's Will for Gospel; as in my Hearing before *CHARLES* the *First*: Doctor *Sheldon*, the late Archbishop, upon that Text of *Samuel*, *Hoc est Domini Regis* — prov'd, That Kings might take away any Man's Possessions: Besides, its impossible that any Security can be to a Protestant King, because the Dissenters being more Numerous, will be always plotting his Destruction; as they did to *CHARLES* the *First*, and were near accomplishing that of *CHARLES* the *Second*. How much

74 N. Payne on the Duke of Bukingham:

much better is it, that Things, purely so, be committed to them that are truly Ecclesiastics; wherein the Prince is freed from the vain Scruples and Pretensions of his Subjects, in Religion. When the King gives the best Example of Piety, and the greatest Devotion, he shews us how much need wee have of God's Grace and Mercy.

My most humble Duty to his Grace, wishing him a perfect Recovery, much Health and Happiness.

I am

Yours, &c.

N. P.

On Mr. Edward Howard.

By the Earl of Dorset.

THOU damn'd *Antipodes* to common Sence,
Thou Foyle to *Fleckno*, prethee tell me
whence

Do's

Do's all this mighty Ma's of Dulness spring,
Which in such loads thou to the Stage dost bring?
Is't all thy one? Or hast thou from *Snow hill*
Th' Assistance of some Ballad making Quill?
No, they fly higher; yet thy Muse is such,
I'd swear it was translated out of *Dutch*:
And who the Divil was e'er yet so drunk,
To own the Volumns of *Mine Heer Van dunk*?
Fain would I know what Diet thou dost keep,
If thou dost alwaies, or dost never sleep:
Sure *Hasty-Pudding* is thy chiefest Dish,
With *Lights*, and *Livers*, and with *stinking Fish*,
Ox Cheeks, *Tripes*, *Garbish*, thou dost treat thy
Brain,
Which nobly paies this Tribute back again;
With *Daisy Roots* thy dwarfish Muse is fed,
A Giant's Body with a Pygmy's Head.
Canst thou not find 'mongst all thy num'rous race,
One honest Friend to tell thee that thy Play's

Hiss'd at by Box, Pit, Gallery, nay the Stage,
And grown the nauoseus Grievance of the Age:
Think on't a while, and thou wilt quickly find
Thy Body made for Labour, not thy Mind:
No other use of Paper thou shouldst make,
Than carrying Loads of Reams upon thy Back;
Carry vast Burdens till thy shoulders shrink,
But curst be he that gives thee Pen and Ink:
Such dang'rous Weapons should be kept from
Fools,

As Nurses from the Children keep edg'd Tools.
For thy dull Muse a Muckinder is fit,
To wipe the driv'lings of its infant Wit;
Which tho' its late, if Justice could be found,
It like to new-born Puppies should be drown'd:
For were it that we must Respect afford,
To any Muse that's Grandchild to a Lord,
Thine in the Ducking-stool should take her seat,
Drench'd like thy self in a great Chair of State;

Where

Where, like a Muse of Quality she'll dy,
 And thou thy self shalt write her Elegy,
 In the same strain thou writst thy Comedy.

*Upon a Lady's being disappointed
 by a young Scotch Lord.*

By Mr. T. Brown.

I.

YOUNG *Caledon* has all the Charms
 That can engage the Fair,

A Tongue that every Heart disarms,

A soft bewitching Air.

But see what Fate attends a Drone!

He loses what he takes,

And when the Fortrefs is his own

His Victory forsakes.

II.

At her expence this fatal Truth
 Melissa late did prove,
Neither her Beauty nor her Youth
 Could long secure his Love:
The lavish Hero fir'd too fast,
 So vain was his Ambition,
That when three poor Attacks were past,
 He wanted Ammunition.

III.

Were it inconstancy alone,
 Art might the Youth reclaim;
But when Love's vital Oyl is gon,
 VVhat can revive the Flame?
Ye Gods, by whom my Hopes are curst,
 Once grant me what I pray,
Give *Caledon* less Heat at first,
 Or better Funds to pay.

To a young Lady, who appeared
frequently leaning out of her Cham-
ber Window.

By Captain Ayloff.

WHEN *Venus* naked from the Sea arose,
She did not half so many Charms expose
Nor when for the decisive Fruit She strove,
Shew'd *Paris* half so rich a View of Love:
Nay when she clasp'd *Adonis* in her Arms,
The melting Goddess had not half your Charms:
Less firm her snowy Breasts, her Skin less white,
Her lovely Limbs less tempting to delight.
How shall we then express those Charms below;
Which you and Nature both forbear to show:
So fair an Hostess, and so fair a sign,
Would force a Trade, and recommend bad Wine
Water

VWater from such a Spring is sweeter far,
Than all the Clusters of the Vintage are.
Let Bacchanalians and the empty Beaux,
Hunt out *Champain, Burgundy, and Bourdeaux*.
To fetch some drops from that dear shady VWell
VVou'd all the Nectar of the Gods excell.
Your eyes assure us that you can dispence,
Peculiar Joys for each peculiar Sense:
Then having let us see, pray let us tast
Those dear conceal'd Delights below the VVast.
Twere Madnesse to expect to keep ones Heart,
VVhen *Cupid* Lies intrench'd in every part.
How shall we guard our freedom from surprize,
When your least Charms are in your conquering
Eyes?

On

On a handsome Where.

By the Same.

CATULLA's witty, fair, and young,
Yet no Man for her dies,

A thousand happy Shepherds' Sung

Catulla's witty, fair, and young,

Yet no Man for her dies.

For every Lover there was found

A soveraign Balsam for his VVound;

She from no Lover flies,

Her Arms still cure the Mischiefs of her Eyes.

II.

VVere she not yielding as she's fair,

Mankind were all undone;

For Hell is nothing but Despair,

VVere she nor yielding as she's fair,

Mankind were all undone.

If she a real Lover find,
 She takes a pride in being kind,
 And is as free as air;
 Her Beauty's a Delight, but not a Snare.

Upon an old affected Court Lady.

By Sir Fleetwood Shepherd.

Courage, Dear *Moll*, and drive away despair,
Mopsa, who in her Youth was scarce thought
 fair,

In spight of Age, Experience, and Decays,
 Sets up for Charming in her fading Days;
 Snuffs her dim Eyes to give one parting Blow,
 Have at the Heart of every ogling Beau.

This goodly Goose, all feather'd like a Jay,
 So gravely vain, and so demurely gay,
 Last Night, to grace the Court, did over-load
 Her bald Buff-forehead with a high Commode:

Her

Her Steps Were manag'd with such tender Art,
 As if each Board had been a Lover's Heart.
 In all her Air, in every Glance was seen
 A Mixture strange, 'twixt sixty and sixteen.
 Crowds of admiring Fops about her press,
Hamden himself delivers their Address;
 Which she accepting with a nice Disdain,
 Own'd 'em her Subjects, and began to reign.
 Fair Queen of *Fopland* is her royal Stile,
Fopland the greatest part of this great Isle.
 Nature did ne'r more equally divide,
 A female Heart 'twixt Piety and Pride.
 Her watchful Maids prevent the Peep of Day,
 And all in order on her Toylet Lay
 Pray'r-Books and Patch-Box, Sermon-Notes and
 Paint,
 At once t' improve the Sinner and the Saint.
 Farewell, Friend *Moll*, expect no more from me
 But if you would a full description see,
 You'll find her somewhere in the *Litany*,
 With Pride, Vain-glory, and Hypocrisie.

A
PANEGYRICK
ON
King WILLIAM.

By the Honourable J. H. Esq;

HAIL happy *William*! thou art strangely
great,
And art the Cause thy Virtues are thy
Fate:

For Thee the Child the Parents Hearts will string
For Thee the Favourite will desert the King,
For Thee the Patriot will subvert the Laws,
For Thee the Judge will still decide the Cause,
For Thee the Prelate will his Church betray,
For Thee the Souldier fights without his Pay,
For Thee the Freeman mortgages his Hold,
For Thee the Miser lavishes his Gold,

For

For Thee the Merchant loses all his Store,
For Thee the Saylor's prest, and starves on shore;
For Thee our Senate our Best Laws suspend,
And will make any new to serve thy End:
The chief design of all their loyal Votes,
Is to invent new Ways, new Means, and Plots.
Nor Credit in the Land but thine will pass,
No ready Money if it wants thy Face.
Thy loyal Slaves love thy Oppression more
Than all their Wealth and Liberty before:
For Thee and Tyranny they all declare,
And beg the Blessing of eternal War.
And that this Wonder may more wondrous seem
Thou never yet didst one good thing for them.
Rebells (like Witches) having sign'd the Rolls,
Must serve their Master tho' they damn their souls.

The ROYAL
KNOTTER

By Sir Charles Sidley.

A H happy People ye must thrive,
 Whilst thus the Royal Pair does strive
 Both to advance your Glory ;
 While he (by's Valour) conquers *France*,
 She Manufacturers does advance,
 And makes Thread-fringes for ye.

II.

Bless'd we! who from such Queens are freed,
 Who by vain Superstition led,
 Are always telling Beads ;
 But here's a Queen now, thanks to God,
 Who, when she rides in Coach abroad,
 Is always knotting Threads.

Then hast, victorious *Nassau*, hast,
 And when thy Summer Show is past,
 Let all thy Trumpets sound:
 The Fringe which this Campaign has wrought,
 Tho it cost the Nation scarce a Groat,
 Thy Conquests will surround.

*The Opinion of one that wore for his
 Motto, Semper Idem.*

Written in the Year 1689.

ALL in amaze at what is done I stood,
 Doubting within my self what's bad,
 what's good;
 Surpriz'd at this so strange and sudden Turn,
 At which such Numbers joy'd, so few did mourn;
 Where am I now, thought I? What! have I past
 So long in Truth's plain Path, and now at last,

After a Race of fifty Years and more,
Doubt that same Truth the best Men own'd be-
fore?

That lawful Kings God's own Anointed are,
And have from Him that regal Crown they wear;
From Him their Scepter, and from Him their Sword,
Are Truths dispers'd througout the sacred Word;
That calls them God's, and bids us them obey,
To honour them is a just Debt we pay;
That bids us not resist, and if we do,
Tells us we shall Damn'd for doing so.

If Kings command whats ill, we must (in short)
Not do't, because its ill, but suffer for't:

Now tell me, learned Priests, if this be'nt true,
And if it be, What will become of you?

You, Reverend Clergy, that have heretofore,
With these same Doctrines made the Pulpit roar:
And boldly to the World these Truths made
known,

This is the Scriptures Sense, and was your own:

Your

Your own, untill that fatal Turn of State,
T' our Wonder and our Ruin, came of late;
Your own, until that Tryal came, and then
(Tho' call'd Divines) you shew'd your selves
but Men:

Then, (when, like Truth's old Champions, brave
ly you

Should, tho' to Death, those sacred Points pursue)

Tamely and basely, you the Cause forsook,

Betray'd the Church, and your Allegiance broke.

Good Heav'ns! what Fear, what Thirst of Wealth
can doe,

E'en 'mongst such zealous holy Men as you!

Poor me! What shall I do? What shall I say?

Where shall I go, when thus our Guides do stray?

But God bethanked, they are not stray'd all,

Some yet remain, who have not bow'd to *Baal*,

Whose Praises for a loftier Muse doe Call.

But let them stray that will, I'll keep the Road,

And tread those steps our late Fore-fathers trod.

I'll fear my God, Honour my lawful King,
 And meddle not with those, who Changes bring;
 Fix'd on this Rock, I'm sure I firmly stand,
 Let the Storm rage by Sea, or roar by Land:
 Here then I'll fix, here shall my Center be,
 And let the World turn which way twill for me.

*A long Prologue to a short Play,
 spoken by a Woman at Oxford,
 dress'd like a Sea Officer.*

WITH Monmouth cap, and Cutlace by
 my side,
 Striding at least a yard at every Stride,
 I'm come to tell you, after much Petition,
 The *Admiralty* has given me a Commission:
 And now with Bully *Tourville* I'll ingage,
 And try my Fortune on a floating Stage.
 What blustering Tarr at this dares take Offence,
 While I stand thus to prove my just Pretence?

Will

Will he pretend to fight better than I ?

Ad's death, I'd tell him, Damn you Sir you lye,

And then I'd ask him, How they fought at *Rye*.

Your *Bantry* business too was but a Fetch,

Where you Call'd Running, Battering at a stretch

But you'll reply your Leaders were to blame,

While I condemn you all to bear the shame.

For who the Devil e'er refus'd his meat,

Because another had no mind to eat ?

The *Dutch* were Drunk, you barbarously say,

Pray, next, do you be drunk too, so you stay,

For twas your sober fighting lost the day,

Old *Albemarle* wou'd say, That Men of War,

In Navy stunk not half enough of Tarr.

Your o'er-grown Pages and Attorneys Clerks,

To fight and govern Fleets are proper Spark.

Then let the spruce Land-Pirats be content

To swagger in their Native Element,

And let Tarpawlings rule by my Consent:

For

For things now look as if Men took Commission,
To damn all Discipline, and sow Sedition,
And fighting was the least of their Ambition,
No matter who comes home with broken bones,
So you but come to touch the *Patacoons*.
The Pitch of Honour is desire of Money,
That paltry Coward Vice has quite undone ye.
You court Preferment on no other score,
But to be poorly rich, or basely poor:
For who would not propose a Trip to *Spain*,
That has within his Prospect double Gain,
To line his Pockets, and to save his Skin
For none must fight with Merchants Money in:
Your Heads run round with *Mexico* and *Sevil*,
I wish this shipping Plate was at the Devil.
Wou'd the good King had but a just Relation,
What Infamy, what Sums 'tas cost the Nation,
He'd quickly damn your Trade of Importation,
And add it to the Act of Navigation.

But

But how then shall we live, ye Murm'ers say ?
 'S life can't ye be content with double Pay !
 Shew us your twofold Merit, Sirs, I pray.
 Some have got two Commands by Land and Sea,
 While one might safely swear might one be free,
 They're neither Flesh, nor Fish, nor good Red
 Herring;

Those are your Coll'nels, Captains with a mur-
 rain.

Boldly to those two Elements y'aspire,
 But at an awful distance then you fire.

A few there are, and they are very few,
 To whom a fairer Character is due.

Time was when Captains went on their own
 Errands,

And in their Pockets carried their Press-War-
 rants.

Now you imploy the Villains of the Fleet,
 While you date from the *Downs* in *Bedford-street*.

But times are alter'd, tis not now as then,
 For now you press the Money, spare the Men;

Those plain dull Fellows no such Secrets found,
 To make Prefs-Warrants worth a hundred Pound.
 It is our Fate, our Frailty, or Disease,
 To trust our Honour in such hands as these.
 Raw in their Trade, their Principles not right,
 With Hearts too tender, and with Heads too light,
 Too weak for Council, and too nice to fight.
 Their Bodies are not made of Battering-stuff,
 Their cracknel Carcasses not Splinter-Proof;
 And yet will fairly tell a Sailor's Tale,
 But must attempt it in a Coat of Mail.
 Some swaggering Bully snaps me short and swears,
 "Damn me these Fellows would be kick'd down
 Stairs.

Sir, by your leave, do but you fight at Sea,
 And then kick down the Monument for me.
 The Parliament may plague us with Taxation,
 But till they cure the Grievance of the Nation,
 Monsieur will make the narrow Seas his Station.

Then what becomes of all our antient Rule,
Our right from *Edgar*, and command from *Thule*?
Believe me, Sirs, it will be then confest,
Your Flag a Dishclout, and your Claim a Jest.
The hardy Duke we mention'd, whose great Name
Stretch'd the blown Cheeks of Trumpet-founding
Fame,
Once boldly try'd what *English* Men could do;
But such Examples who dare now pursue?
A four daies fight he gloriously maintain'd,
And what he lost in Blood, in Honour gain'd,
To Keep that spotless he the Ocean stain'd.
Each Day he tack'd, and fought from Sun to Sun,
Against the odds at least of two for one;
Had ye been there, Sirs, what wou'd ye have done?
He ne'er stood shall I, shall I keep a loof,
But fought as if his Skin was Cannon-Proof.
Then all that can be said to do you right,
You'll keep a Wind as long as he did fight.

EPILOGUE
 AT THE
 THEATRE
 IN
 DRURY-LANE. 1680.

By Mr. Otway.

WHEN *Cleopatra* did her *Tony* take,
 She was no Virgin, she was dowdy
 Black,
 And thirty Years she had upcn her Back.
 True, she could hop, and dance, and sing, and leer
 And had a Trick, they say, I know not where.
 No more such *Cleopatras* now are seen,
 Our Whores are laid in pickle at eighteen;
 And Ladies of the Age of twenty one,
 Must Stick to their dull Lords, or lye alone.

Sure there is some decay in Lovers Hearts,
For ye, fair Ladies, seldom fail your Parts.
Brave Boys we had that could Love's Cause maintain,

Till English Ale was routed by *Champaign*:
Ragous and Kickshaws bring us poor Relief,
Our lusty Grandfiers put their trust in Beef,
Defi'd our Grandames in their native Brawn,
And shot twelve score in long Bows stiffly drawn.
Our limber Age falls short of their high Play,
Yet we can slander twice as well as they.
And he who gets a Harlot in his Clutches,
Can take his Oath he has enjoy'd a Dutcheß.
The Man means well that bid so high for Vice,
A hundred Guineys is a Ladies Price.

Truth is, ———

Since Pence grow scarce, and Claps are fall'n of
late,

Wise Men would get them at a cheaper Rate.
But Times are coming, Heav'n have Mercy on ye,
When Toyes will not be had for Love nor Money.

The *Brethren* will monopolize the Game,
And th' ablest *Holder-forth* shall win the Dame.
They will not whore according to the Letter,
But in a Corner mumble Sister better.
This House will handtell the new Reformation,
You only dam us for your own Recreation,
But there's no Damning like Predestination.
Then will the *Whigs* be hang'd upon a String,
For they hate Poets as they hate a King.
Lastly I speak it with a heavy Heart,
We and our faithful Yoke-fellows must part,
For in some leaky Vessels they will lade us,
Virginia we shall plant, and they *Barbadoes*.

A PROLOGUE.

Written by Jo. Haines, and spoken by him,

Finding bad Plays the best Success have
had,

To make this Tragedy exceeding sad,
Our Author doom'd me to be hang'd to night,
And oh ! who wou'd not weep at such a sight,
But now I hop'd I should be hang'd out-right. }

I have three Plagues that Flesh and Blood can't
bear,

I am a Poet, Married, and a Player :

Marriage was e'er, since *Adam*, thought an Evil,
The first that danc'd at Weddings was the Devil,
At the first Wedding all Mankind miscarry'd,
Old *Adam* ne'er was wicked till he marry'd.

And Poetry of Curses never fail'd.

Homer his Rags on all his Race entail'd;

He was an old blind Begger, and so poor
He starv'd the Dog that led him, and the Curr
To be reveng'd on Poets, got in spite,
Criticks that worry all that dare to write.
But till of late a Player was a Toy,
That either Sex lik'd well enough t' enjoy :
Happy the Fop that cou'd a night carouse,
With a whole Sharer then of either House.
The Women too int' our Acquaintance crept,
You'll hardly think it— I my self was kept.
But *I* and all of us are fall'n so low,
Nothing will keep us but Bum-bayliffs now.
Now no Divertisement will Pleasure bring,
The *Pope* has set his Foot in every thing:
His Priests, with Poets, have conspir'd our Fall;
Priests by bad Plots, Poets by none at all.
Yet Poets like the *Jesuits* of the Times,
Will hang & damn before they'll own their crimes.
Like Fryer *Bacon's* brazen Head they'll speak
Just when they please, and then in pieces break.

It's strange fond Nature should take so much
 Pains,
 To build brass Foreheads to defend no Brains,
 'Tis strange to you, but 'tis not strange to *Haines*.
 Ladies some Journeys to *High-Park* might spare,
 Our empty Play-House has enough fresh Air.
 Well then, damn Plays and Players if you please,
 But you'll uphold the Play-House for your ease,
 To see fair Ladies upon dirty Days.

A PROLOGUE.

By *Mr. Congreve*, written for
Jo. Haines, and spoken by him at
 a new Comedy of *Mr. Powel's*.

Here's a young Fellow here, an Actor, Powel
 Whose virtuous face, perhaps, you all may
 know well;

And he has writ a Play--- this very Play

Which you are all come here to see to Day:

*And so it being an usual thing to speak
Something or other, for the Author's sake,
Before the Play, in hopes to make it take,
I'm come, being his Friend and Fellow-Play'r,
To say what (if you please) you're like to hear.*

First, know, that Favour which I'd fain have
shown,

ask not for in his Name, but my own,
For, without Vanity, I'm better known.
Mean time then, let me beg that you'd forbear
Your Cat-calls, and the instruments of War.

For Mercy, Mercy, at your Feet we fall,

Before your roaring Gods destroy us all.

I'll speak with Words sweet as distilling Honey,
With Words--- as if I meant to borrow Money.

Fair, gentle Sirs, most soft, alluring Beaus,

Think tis a Lady that for Pitty sues.

Bright Ladies,—— But to gain the Ladies Grace,

I think I need no more than shew my Face.

Next

Next then you Authors, be not you severe;
Why what a swarm of Scriblers have we here!
One,two,three,four,five,six,seven,eight,nine,ten,
All in one row, and Brothers of the Pen.
All would be Poets, well, your Favour's due
To this Day's Author, for he's one of you.
Among the few, which are of noted Fame,
I'm safe, for I my self am one of them:
You've seen me smcak at *Will's* among the *Wits*,
I'm witty too, as they are, that's by Fits.
Now ye, our City Friends, who hither come
By three a Clock to make sure Elbow-room,
While Spouse,tuckt up,does in her pattens trudge it;
With Handkerchief of prog,like Trull with Budget.
And here by turns ye eat Plumb-cake and judge it.
Pray be ye kind, let me your Grace importune,
Or else, I gad, I'll tell ye all your Fortune.
Well, now, I have but one thing more to say;
And that's in reference to our third Day;

An odd request, may be you'll think it so,
 Pray come whether you like the Play or no;
 And if ye'll stay, we shall be glad to see ye,
 fnot, leave your Half-crowns, and peace be wi'ye

Jo. Haines's *Ballad upon the Dis-*
banding of the Royal Regiment.

I.

ALL you that have Protestant Ears to hear
 Each of you prepare to shed a salt Tear,
 For know that our Monarch intends to disband
 The only brave Heroes cou'd conquer *Ireland*.

II.

The fierce *Royal Regiment* as brave and willing
 As *Dutch Men*, or *Danes*, or those of *Iniskilling*,
 Must now be cashier'd without any Rewards,
 Who only did pretend to precede the K--s Guards.

III.

Oh had you but seen 'em march with that *decorum*,
That no *Roman* Triumph cou'd e'er go before 'em;
Some smoaking, some whistling, all thinking no
Harm,
Like *Yorkshire* Attorneys coming up to a Term.

IV.

On Long-tailes, on Bob-tailes, on Trotters, on
Pacers,
On Pads, Haukers, Hunters, on Higlars, on Racers,
You'd have sworn Knights, 'Squires, Prigs, Cuck-
olds, and Panders,
Appear'd all like so many great *Alexanders*.

V.

These Heroes who through all Dangers durst go,
Most bravely despising Blood, Battle, and Foe,
Were mounted on Steeds the last Lord-Mayor's
Day,
From *Turkey*, from *Barbary*, from Coach, Cart and
Dray.

VI.

Twas on that very day their Prowess was shown,
For guarding the King through the Fire-Works of
the Town;
The Sparks were unhors'd, and their lac'd Coats
were spoyl'd,
Yet these fear'd no Squibs of Man, Woman, or Child.

VII.

The Cornet, whose Nose though it spoke him no
Roman,
Was mounted that day on a Horse feared no Man,
Believe me, for all o'er his Trappings so sumptuous,
He ty'd Squibs and Crackers; 'twas mighty presumptuous!

VIII.

But note his design 'twas worth your admiring,
Twas to let the Queen see how his Horse wou'd
stand Firing;
Not wisely considering what 'twas to be marry'd,
For at firing the Squibs his own Wife miscarry'd.

IX.

IX.

The Anabaptist who squirts his Zeal into his maid,
In his Jack-boots, both night and day, preach'd,
 slept, and pray'd;
For tingling his Spurs chim'd 'em all in as well
To Sermon, or Prayers, as any Saints-Bell.

X.

The Leivtenant-Collonel being thrown by his
 Gennet,
His Son-in-law thinking some Treachery in it,
Did tender him the Oaths; which the Horse took
 they say,
But swore, by the Lord, they went down like
 chop'd Hay.

XI.

He the Beast of an *Irish* Papist did buy,
So doubting his Courage and his Loyalty,
Taught him to eat with his Oats *Gunpowdero*,
And prance to the Tune of old *Lillibullero*.

XII.

A noble stout Scriv'ner, who now shall be nameless,
That in time of action he might be found blameless.

A War-horse of timber from a *Dutch* Carver buys,
To learn with more Safety the Horse Exercise.

XIII.

With one Eye on his Honour, the other on his Gain,
He fixes a Desk on *Bucephalus's* Main;
That so by that means he his Palfrey bestriding,
Might practice at once both his writing and riding;

XIV.

But oh the sad News that our Heroes confounds,
To *Ireland* their own, like the last Trumpet sounds,
The K. has invited Lord-mayor and Sheriff *Hublin*,
To dine on *Mid-summer-day* with him in *Dublin*.

XV.

Good Lord! how this News set the Champions a
trembling,
And now quite forgetting their wonted Dissem-
bling,
Can think 'em of nothing but Suits and Petitions,
Of humble Addresses, of Terms, and Conditions.

XVI.

Oh who'll march for me? Now speak any that
dare,
A horse and a hundred Pounds for him, that's fair.
Dear Courtier, excuse me from *Teagueland* and
Slaughter,
And take when you please my Wife and my
Daughter.

XVII.

Some feign'd to be lame, some feign'd to be clap'd,
At last finding they themselves had thus trap'd,
Unanimously they to the King all address,
And told the bare truth, 'twas all but a Jest.

XVIII.

A Jest, quoth the King; and with that the King
smil'd
It ne'er shall be said such a Jest shall be spoyl'd,
Therefore now I bid you in peace all depart,
For 'twas more your Goodness than 'twas my
Desert.

XIX.

Thus happily freed from that dreadful Vexation
 Of being Defenders of this or that Nation,
 They kiss'd royal Fist, were drunk all for Joy,
 They broke all their swords, and cry'd *Vive le Roy.*

T H E
 LOST MISTRESS,
 A
 COMPLAINT
 Against the Countess of---

*By the Duke of Buckingham, in the Year 1675,
 June the 12th.*

Forsaken *Strephon* in a lonesome glade,
 By Nature for despairing Sorrows made,
 Beneath a blasted Oak had laid him down,
 By lightning that, as he by Love o'er thrown.

Upon

Upon the mossy Root he lean'd his Head,
While at his feet a murmuring Current lead
Her Streams, that sympathiz'd with his sad Moans
The neighb'ring Echoes answer'd all his Groans.
Then as the dewy Morn restor'd the Day,
Whilst stretcht on Earth the silent Mourner lay,
At last into these doleful Sounds he broke,
Obdurate Rocks dissolving whilst he spoke.

WHAT Language can my injur'd Passion frame,
That knows not how to give its wrongs a
Name;

My suffering heart can all Relief refuse,
Rather than Her, it did adore, accuse.

Teach me, ye Groves, some Art to ease my Pain,
Some soft Resentments that may leave no Stain
On her lov'd Name, and then I will complain. }

Till then to all my Wrongs I will be blind,
And whilst she's cruel call her but unkind.

As all my Thoughts to please her were employ'd,
When of her Smiles the Blessing I enjoy'd,

So now by her forsaken and forlorn,
 I'll rack invention to excuse her Scorn.
 While she to Truth and me unjust does prove,
 From Her to Fate the blame I will remove;
 Say, 'twas a Destiny she could not shun,
 Fate made her change that I might be undone.
 E'er with perfidious Guilt her Soul I'll tax,
 I'll charge it on the Frailty of her Sex;
 Doom'd her first Mothers Error to pursue:
 She ne'er was false, cou'd VVoman have been true
 Let all her Sex henceforth be ever so. }
 She had the Power to make my Bliss or VVo, }
 And she has given my Heart its mortal Blow. }
 In Love the Blessing of my Life I clos'd,
 And in her Custody that Love dispos'd:
 In one dear Freight all's lost! Of her bereft,
 I have no Hope, no second Comfort left.
 If such another Beauty I could find,
 A Beauty too that bore a constant Mind,

Even that could bring me Med'cine for my Pain,
I lov'd not at a Rate to love again.

No Change can Ease for my sick Heart prepare,
Widow'd to Hope, and Wedded to Despair.

Thus sigh'd the Swain, at length his o'er-
watch'd Eyes

A soft beguiling Slumber did surprise;
Whose flatt'ring Comfort prov'd both short and
vain,
Refresh'd, like Slaves from Racks, to greater Pain.

A SONG.

By my Lord D---t.

PHYLLIS, the fairest of Love's Foes,
Yet fiercer than a Dragon,
Phillis, that scorn'd the powder'd Beaus,

What has she now to brag on?
Since while she kept her Legs so close,
Her Breech had scarce a Rag on.

II.

Compell'd by VVant, this wretched Maid,
Did sad Complaints begin;
VVhich surly *Strephon* hearing, said,
It was both shame and sin
To pity such a lazy Jade,
That wou'd neither kiss nor spin.

A N

AN EPIGRAMM

*On the Lord L-l-ce's being beaten,
and not (as he falsely pretends)
rob'd at Tyburn.*

By Col. B---

AS by the rigid Laws of *Rome*,
It was the Malefactor's Doom
To feel the Rods before the Ax,
And bear their Burden on their Backs;
And that, by ancient Constitution,
Done at the Place of Execution:
So those dry *Drubbs* on th' noble Peer,
Portend his Lordship's *Fate* is near.

ADVICE to LOVERS.

By Sir Charles Sidley.

I.

DAMON, if thou wilt believe me,
 'Tis not sighing round the Plain,
 Songs and Sonnets can't relieve thee,
 Faint Attempts in Love are vain.

II.

Urge but home the fair Occasion,
 And be Master of the Field;
 To a powerful kind invasion
 'Tis a Madness not to yield.

III.

Love gives out a large Commission,
 Still indulgent to the brave;
 But one Sin of large Omission,
 Never_VVoman yet forgave,

IV.

Though she swears she'll ne'er permit you,
Cries you're rude, and much to blame,
Or with Tears implores your Pity,
Be not merciful for shame.

V.

VVhen the fierce Assault is over,
Chloris soon enough may find
This her cruel furious Lover
Much more gentle, not so kind.

AGAINST HIS

Mistress's Cruelty.

By the same Hand.

LOVE, How unequal are thy Laws,
That Men that least endeavour
Thou favour'st, and neglect'st the Cause
Of those that most persevere!

II.

What careless Lovers have been blest,
 Untouch'd with Grief and Anguish,
 Since cruel *Sylvia*, Charm'd my Breast,
 Unmov'd to see me languish!

III.

I find my fatal Error now
 In thinking e'er to move her,
 Too great the Difficulty grew
 For any mortal Lover.

IV.

But what Advantage can it bring
 That I at last perceive it?
 Twas rash to undertake the thing,
 And its too late to leave it.

The PETITION.

O *H Lycidas*, why thus alone
 With Arms a cross, dost sigh and moan?

Can

Can thy *Cosmelia* prove unkind,
Or ought prevail to change her Mind?
She was, she is great Natures Pride;
In Goodness, to the best ally'd.
In her bright Eyes such Beauties shine,
Mercy would make her all divine,
O ye propitious Powers above,
That gently do incline to Love,
Convey into her Breast soft Fire,
Amorous Thoughts, and kind Desire.
But if it be decreed by Fate,
That I must love, and she must hate;
Ah! let not her Disdain to give
A Tear, when I no longer live.

THE LIBERTINE.

By Sir George Etherige.

Since Death on all lays his impartial Hand,
 And all resign at his Command,
 The *Stoick* too, as well as I,
 With all his Gravity must dye:
 Let's wisely manage the last Span,
 The momentary Life of Man,
 And still in Pleasure's Circle move,
 Giving t' our Friends the Days, and all our Nights
 to Love.

CHORUS.

Thus, thus, whilst we are here, let's perfectly live,
 And tast all the Pleasures that Nature can give;
 Fresh Heat, when life's fading, our wine will inspire,
 And fill all our Veins with a noble Desire.

II.

When we are sapless, old, and impotent,
Then we shall grieve for Youth mispent:
Wine, and Women, only can
Cherish the drooping Heart of Man:
Let's drink untill our Blood o'er-flows
Its Channels, and luxurious grows;
Then when our Whores have drain'd each Vein,
And the thin Mass fresh Spirits crave, lets drink
again.

CHORUS.

Thus, thus, &c.

III.

The happy King, whom Heav'n it self call'd *Wise*,
Saw all was *Vanity* but *Vice*;
His active Mind, ever in quest of Bliss,
Survey'd all things, and stuck to this.
Myriads of Harlots round him strove,
Some sung, whilst others acted Love.
Who shall our Frailty then condemn,
Since One by Heav'n inspir'd, left Heav'n to follow
them?

THE
BEAUTIFUL LADY
OF THE
MAY.

Written by Mr. Dryden, in the Year 1691.

I.

A Quire of bright Ladies in Spring did
appear,
To choose a *May-Lady* to govern the
Year;

All the Nymphs were in white, and the Shepherds
in green,

The Garland was given, and *Phyllis* was Queen;

But *Phyllis* refus'd it, and sighing did say,

I'll not wear a Garland while *Pan* is away.

II.

While *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* are fled from the shore,
The *Graces* are banish'd, and *Love* is no more.
The soft God of Pleasure, that warm'd our desires,
Has broken his Bow, and extinguish'd his Fires,
And vows that himself and his Mother will mourn,
Till *Pan* and fair *Syrinx* in Triumph return.

III.

Forbear your Addresses, and court us no more,
For we will perform what the Deity swore.
But if you dare think of deserving our Charms,
Away with your Sheep-Hooks, and take to your
Arms;
Then Lawrels and Myrtles your Brows shall a-
dorn,
When *Pan*, and his Son, and fair *Syrinx* return.

A LETTER

From Sir *George Etherege*, to the
Duke of *Buckingham*.

Ratisbon, Nov. 12.
1686. N. S.

MY LORD,

I Received the News of your Grace's retiring into *Torkshire*, and leading a sedate contemplative Life there, with no less Astonishment than I should hear of his *Christian* Majesty's turning *Benedictine* Monk, or the Pope's wearing a long Perriwig, and setting up for a flaming Beau in the seventy fourth Year of his Age. We have a Picture here in our Town-Hall, which I never look upon but it makes me think on your Grace; and I dare swear you'll say there is no Dishonour done you, when you hear whose it is: In short, 'tis that of the famous *CHARLES* the V. Who (amidst all the Magnificence that this foolish World affords, amidst all his *African* Lawrels and *Gallic* Triumphs) freely divested himself of the Empire of *Europe*, and his hereditary Kingdoms, to pass the Remainder of his Life in Solitude and Retirement.

Is it possible that your Grace (who has seen ten times more Luxury than that Emperor ever knew,

knew, convers'd with finer Women, kept politer Company, possess'd as much too of the true real Greatness of the World as ever he enjoyed) should in age still capable of Pleasure, and under a Fortune whose very Ruins would make up a comfortable *Electorate* here in *Germany*, Is it possible, I say, that your Grace should leave the Play at the Beginning of the fourth Act, when all the Spectators are in Pain to know what will become of the Hero, and what mighty Matters he is reserv'd for, that set out so advantageously in the first? That a Person of your exquisite Taste, that has breathed the Air of Courts ever from your Infancy, should be content, in that Part of your Life which is most difficult to be pleased and most easie to be disgusted, to take up with the Conversation of country Parsons; a sort of People, whom to my Knowledge, your Grace never much admir'd; and do penance in the nauseous Company of Lawyers, whom I am certain you abominate.

To raise our Astonishment higher, Who could ever have prophecy'd (though he had a double Gift of *Nostradamus's* Spirit) that the Duke of *Buckingham* who never vouchsafed his Embraces to any ordinary Beauty, wou'd ever condescend to sigh and languish for the Heiress apparent of a thatch'd Cottage, in a straw Hat, flannen Petticoat, Stockings of as gross a thrum as the Blew-Coat Boy's Caps at the Hospital, and a Smock (the Lord defend me from the wicked Idea of it!) of as coarse a Canvas as ever serv'd an Apprenticeship

ship to a Mackarel Boat? Who could have believed, till Matter of Fact had confirmed the Belief of it, (and your Grace knows that Matter of Fact is not to be disputed) that the most polished, refined Epicure of his Age, that had regaled himself in the most exquisite VVines of *Italy, Greece, and Spain*, would, in the last Scene of his Life, de-bauch his Constitution in execrable *Yorkshire Ale*? And that He, who all his Life Time had either seen Princes his Play-fellows or Companions, would submit to the nonsensical Chat, and barbarous Language of Farmers and Higlers?

This, I confess, so much shocks me that I cannot tell what to make on't; and unless the news came to me confirmed from so many Authentic Hands, that I have no room left to suspect the Veracity of it, I should still look upon it to be Apocryphal. Is your Grace then in earnest, and really pleased with so prodigious an Alteration of Persons and Things? For my Part, I believe it; for I am certain that your Grace can act any Person better than that of a Hypocrite.

But I humbly beg your Graces pardon for this Familiarity I have taken with you: Give me leave therefore, if you please, to tell you something of my self. I presume that an Account of what passes in this busie Part of the World, will not come unacceptable to you, since all my Correspondents from *England* assure me, your Grace does me the Honour to enquire often after me, and has express'd some sort of a Desire to know how my new Character sits upon me.

Ten

Ten Years agoe I as little thought that my Stars designed to make a Politician of me, and that it would come to my share to debate in public Assemblies, and regulate the Affairs of Christendom, as the grand Signior dream'd of losing *Hungary*. But my royal Master having the Charity to believe me Master of some Qualities, of which I never suspected my self, I find that the Zeal and Alacrity I discover in my self, to support a Dignity which he has thought fit to confer upon me, has supply'd all other Defects, and given me a Talent, for which (till now) I justly fancied myself uncapable.

I live in one of the finest, and best manner'd Cities in *Germany*, where tis true we have not Pleasure in that Perfection as we see it in *London* and *Paris*, yet to make us amends, we enjoy a noble serene Air, that makes us hungry as Hawks; and though Business, and even the worst Sort of Business, wicked Politics, is the distinguishing Commodity of the Place, yet I will say that for the *Germans*, that they manage it the best of any People in the World; they cut off and retrench all those idle Preliminaries and useless Ceremonies that clog the Wheels of it everywhere else: And I find, that, to this Day, they make good the Observation that *Tacitus* made of their Ancestors; I mean, That their Affairs (let them be never so serious and pressing) never put a stop to good Eating and Drinking, and that they debate their weightiest Negotiations over their Cups.

'Tis true, they carry this Humor by much too far for one of my Complexion, for which Reason I decline appearing among them, but when my Master's Concerns make it necessary for me to come to their Assemblies. They are, indeed, a free hearted open sort of Gentlemen that compose the *Diet*, without Reserve, Affectation, and Artifice; but they are such unmerciful Plyers of the Bottle, so wholly given up to what our Sots call Good-fellowship, that 'tis as great a Constraint upon my Nature to sit out a Night's Entertainment with them, as it would be to hear half a score long-winded Presbyterian Divines Cant successively one after another.

To unbotome my self frankly and freely to your Grace, I always looked upon Drunkenness to be an unpardonable Crime in a young fellow, who without any of these foreign Helps, has Fire enough in his Veins to enable him to do Justice to *Cælia* whenever she demands a Tribute from him. In a middle aged Man, I consider the Bottle only as subservient to the nobler Pleasure of Love; and he that would suffer himself to be so far infatuated by it, as to neglect the Pursuit of a more agreeable Game, I think deserves no Quarter from the Ladies: In old Age, indeed, when tis convenient very often to forget and steal from our selves, I am of Opinion, that a little Drunkenness, discreetly used, may as well contribute to our Health of Body as Tranquillity of Soul.

Thus I have given your Grace a short System of my Morals and Belief in these Affairs. But the
Gentlemen

Gentlemen of this Country go upon a quite different Scheme of Pleasure; the best Furniture of their Parlours (instead of innocent *China*) are tall overgrown Rummors, and they take more care to enlarge their Cellars than their patrimonial Estates: In short, Drinking is the Hereditary Sin of this Country, and that Heroe of a *Deputy* here, that can demolish (at one Sitting) the rest of his Brother *Envoy's*, is mention'd with as much Applause as the Duke of *Lorain* for his noble Exploits against the *Turks*, and may claim a Statue erected at the public Expence in any Town in *Germany*.

Judge then, my Lord, whether a Person of my sober Principles, and one that only uses Wine (as the wiser sort of Roman Catholics do Images) to raise up my Imagination to something more exalted, and not to terminate my Worship upon it, must not be reduced to very mortifying Circumstances in this Place; where I cannot pretend to enjoy Conversation, without practicing that Vice that directly ruins it.

And as I have just Reason to complain of the Men for laying so unreasonable a Tax upon Pleasure, so I have no less Occasion to complain of the Women for wholly denying it.

Could a Man find out the Secret to take as long a Lease for his Life as *Methuselah* and the rest of the Anti-diluvian Gentlemen, who were three hundred Years in growing up to the Perfection of Vigour, enjoy'd it the same Number of Years, and were as long a decaying, something

might be said for the two crying Sins of both Sexes here; I mean Drunkennels in the Men, and Reservedness in the Ladies.

What would it signify to throw away a Week's, nay, a Month's Enjoyment upon one Night's Debauch, if a Man could promise himself the Age of a Patriarch?

Or where wou'd be the mighty Penance in dancing a dozen Years Attendance after a coy Female, watching her most favourable Moments, and most accessible Intervals, at last to enjoy her, if Infirmities and old Age were to come so late upon us?

But since Fate has given us so short a Period to taste Pleasure with Satisfaction, three or four Days Sickness is too great a Rent-charge upon humane Nature, and Drunkennels cannot pretend (out of its own Fund) to acquit the Debt.

And, my Lord, since our Gayety and Vigour leaves us so soon in the lurch, since Feebleness attacks us without giving us fair Warning, and we no sooner pass the Meridian of Life but begin to decline, its hardly worth a Lover's while to stay as long for compassing a Mistress, as *Jacob* did for obtaining a Wife; and without this tedious Drudgery and Application, I can assure your Grace that an Amour is not to be managed here.

But, my Lord, I forget that while *I* take upon me to play the Moralist, and to enlarge so Rhetorically upon the Preciousness of Time, *I* have already made bold with too much of your Graces:

For

For which reason I here put a stop to my Discourte, and will endeavour the next Pacquet that goes from this Place, to entertain your Grace with something more agreeable.

I am,

My LORD,

Your Grace's most obedient Servant

G. Etherege.

A LETTER

From Sir George Etherege, to
his Grace the Duke of Buck-
ingham.

Ratisbone, October 21.
1689.

MY LORD,

I Never enjoy my self so much, as when I can steal a few Moments, from the Hurry of public Business, to write to my Friends in *England*; and as there is none there to whom I pay a profounder Respect than to your Grace, wonder not if I afford my
K 2 self

fel the Satisfaction of conversing with you by way of Letters, (the only Relief I have left me to support your Absence at this distance) as often as I can find an opportunity.

You may guess by my last, whether I don't pass my Time very comfortably here; forc'd as I am by my Character, to spend the better part of my time in Squabbling and Deliberating with Persons of Beard and Gravity, how to preserve the Ballance of Christendome, which would go well enough of its self, if the Divines and Ministers of Princes would let it alone: And when I come home spent and weary from the *Diet*, I have no Lord *D—t's*, or Sir *Charles S—y's* to sport away the Evening with; no Madam *I—*, or my Lady *A—'s*; in short, none of those kind charming Creatures *London* affords, in whose Embraces I might make my self amends for so many Hours murdered in impertinent Debates; so that not to magnifie my sufferings to your Grace, they really want a greater stock of Christian Patience to support them, than I can pretend to be Master of.

I have been long enough in this Town (one would think) to have made Acquaintance enough with Persons of both Sexes, so as never to be at a loss how to pass the few vacant Hours I can allow my self: But the terrible Drinking that accompanies all our Visits, hinders me from Conversing with the Men so often as I would otherwise doe; and the *German* Ladies are so intollerably reserv'd and virtuous, (with Tears in
my

my eyes I speak it to your Grace) that 'tis next to an impossibility to carry on an Intrigue with them: A Man has so many Scruples to conquer, and so many Difficulties to surmount, before he can promise himself the least Success, that for my part I have given over all Pursuits of this Nature: Besides, there is so universal a Spirit of Censoriousness reigns in this Town, that a Man and a Woman cannot be seen at *Ombre* or *Picquet* together, but 'tis immediately concluded some other Game has been played between them; and as this renders all manner of Access to the Ladies almost impracticable, for fear of exposing their Reputation to the Mercy of their ill-natur'd Neighbours, so it makes an innocent Piece of Gallantry often pass for a criminal Correspondence.

So that to deal freely with your Grace, among so many noble and wealthy Families as we have in this Town, I can only pretend to be truly acquainted but with one: The Gentleman's Name was Monsieur *Hoffman*, a frank, hearty, jolly Companion; his Father, one of the most eminent Wine-Merchants of the City, left him a considerable Fortune, which he improved by marrying a *French Jeweller's* Daughter of *Lyons*: To give you his Character in short, he was a sensible ingenious Man, and had none of his Country Vices, which I impute to his having travell'd abroad and seen *Italy*, *France*, and *England*. His Lady is a most accomplish'd ingenious Person, and notwithstanding she is come in to a Place where so

much Formality and Stiffness are practiced, keeps up all the Vivacity, and Air, and good Humor of *France*.

I had been happy in my Acquaintance with this Family for some Months, when an ill favour'd Accident rob'd me of the greatest Happiness I had hitherto enjoy'd in *Germany*, the loss of which *I* can never sufficiently regret. Monsieur *Hoffman*, about three Weeks ago, going to make merrery with some Friends (at a Village some three Leagues from this Place) upon the *Danube*, by the Unskilfulness or Negligence of the Watermen, the Boat, wherein he was, unfortunately chanced to over-set, and of some twenty Persons, not one escaped to bring home the News but a Boy that miraculously saved himself by holding fast to the Rudder, and so by the Rapidity of the Current was cast upon the other Shore.

I was sensibly afflicted at the Destiny of my worthy Friend, and so indeed were all that had the Honour of knowing him; but his Wife took on so extravagantly, that she (in a short Time) was the only talk both of City and Country; she refus'd to admit any Visits from her nearest Relations, her Chamber, her Antichamber, and Pro-antichamber were hung with Black, nay the very Candles, her Fans, and Tea-table wore the Livery of Grief; she refus'd all manner of Sustainance, and was so averse to the Thoughts of Living, that she talk'd of nothing but Death; in short, you may tell your ingenious Friend *Monsieur*

fieur de Saint Evremont, that *Petronius's Ephesian Matron*, to whose Story he has done so much Justice in his noble Translation, was only a Type of our more obstinate, as well as unhappy *German Widow*.

About a Fortnight after this cruel Loss (for I thought it would be Labour lost to attack her Grief in its first Vehemence) I thought my self obliged, in Point of Honour and Gratitude to the Memory of my deceased Friend, to make her a small Visit, and condole her Ladyship upon this unhappy Occasion: And tho' I had been told that she had refused to see several Persons who had gon to wait on her with the same Errand, yet I presumed so much upon the Friendship her late Husband had always express'd for me, (not to mention the particular Civilities I had received from her self) as to think I should be admitted to have a sight of her: Accordingly I came to her House, sent up my Name, and word was immediately brought me, that if I pleas'd I might go up to her.

When I came into the Room, I fancy'd my self in the Territories of Death, every thing looked so gloomy, so dismal, and so melancholly. There was a grave *Lutheran Minister*, with her, that omitted no Arguments to bring her to a more composed and more Christian Disposition of Mind. Madam (says he) you don't consider that by abandoning your self thus to Despair, you actually rebel against Providence; I can't help it, (says she) Providence may e'en

thank it self, for laying so insupportable a Load upon me: O fye, Madam, (cries the other) this is down right impiety; What would you say now, if Heaven should punish it by some more exemplary Visitation? That is impossible, replies the Lady sighing, and since it has rob'd me of the onely Delight I had in this World, the only Favour it can do me is to level a Thunderbolt at my Head. and put an end to all my Sufferings. The Parson finding her in this extravagant Strain, and seeing no likelihood of Perswading her to come to a better Temper, got up from his Seat and took his leave of her.

It came to my turn now to try whether I was not capable of comforting her, and being convinced by tolate an Instance that Arguments brought from Religion were not like to work any extraordinary Effects upon her, I resolv'd to attack her Ladiship in a more sensible part, and represent to her the great inconveniences (not which her Soul, but) her Body received from this inordinate Sorrow.

Madam, saies *I* to her, next to my Concern for your worthy Husband's untimely Death, I am griev'd to see what an Alteration the Bemoaning of his Loss has occasion'd in you: These Words raising her Curiosity to know what this Alteration was, *I* thus continu'd my discourse; In endeavouring, Madam, to extinguish, or at least to alleviate your Grief, than which nothing can be more prejudicial to a beautiful Woman, I intend a publick Benefit, for if the Public is interested,

as most certainly it is, in the preserving of a beautiful Face, that Man does the Public no little Service who contributes most to its Preservation.

This odd Beginning operated so wonderfully upon her, that she desired me to leave this general Road of Complements, and explain my self more particularly to her. Upon this (delivering my self with an unusual Air of Gravity, which your Grace knows *I* seldom carry about me in the Company of Ladies) *I* told her, that Grief ruins the finest Faces sooner than any thing whatever; and that as envy it self could not deny her Face to be the most charming in the Universe, so if she did not suffer her self to be comforted, she must soon expect to take her Farewell of it. I confirm'd this Assertion, by telling her of one of the finest Women we ever had in *England* who did her self more injury in a Fortnight's time by lamenting her only Brother's Death, than ten Years could possibly have done; that *I* had heard an eminent Physician at *Leyden* say, That Tears (having abundance of saline Particles in them) not only spoild the Complexion, but hastned Wrinkles: But, Madam, concluded *I*, why should *I* give my self the trouble to confirm this by foreign instances, and by the Testimonies of our most knowing Doctors, when alas! your own Face so fully justifies the Truth of what *I* have said to you.

How! reply'd our disconsolate Widow, with a Sigh that came from the Bottom of her Heart, And is it possible that my just concern for my
 dear

dear Husband, has wrought so cruel an Effect upon me in so short a Time? With that she order'd her Gentlewoman to bring the Lookinglass to her, and having survey'd her self a few Minutes in it, she told me she was perfectly convinced that my Notions were true; but, cries she, what would you have us poor Women do in these Cases? For something, continues she, we owe to the Memory of the Deceased, and something too to the World, which expects at least the common Appearances of Grief from us.

By your leave, Madam, saies I, all this is a Mistake, and no better; you owe nothing to your Husband, since he is dead, and knows nothing of your Lamentation; besides, could you shed an Ocean of Tears upon his Hearse, it would not do him the least Service; much less do you lye under any such Obligations to the World, as to spoil a good Face only to comply with its tyrannic Customs: No, Madam, take care to preserve your Beauty, and then let the World say what it pleases, your Ladyship may be revenged upon the World whene'er you see fit. I am resolved, answers she, to be intirely govern'd by you, therefore tell me frankly what sort of a Course you'd have me steer? Why, Madam saies I, in the first place forget the Defunct; and in order to bring that about, relieve Nature, to which you have been so long unmerciful, with the most exquisit Meats and the most generous Wines. Upon Condition you'll sup with me, cries our afflicted Lady, I will submit to your prescription.

But

But why should I trouble your Grace with a Narration of every Particular? In short, we had a noble Regale that Evening in her Bed-chamber, and our good Widow push'd the Glass so strenuously about, that her Comforter (meaning my self) could hardly find the way to his Coach. To conclude this Farce, (which I am afraid begins now to be too tedious to your Grace) this *Phoenix* of her Sex, this Pattern of Conjugal Fidelity, two Mornings ago was marry'd to a smooth-chind Ensign of Count *Trautmandorf's* Regiment, that had not a farthing in the World but his Pay to depend upon: I assisted at the Ceremony, tho' I little imagin'd the Lady would take the Matrimonial Receipt so soon.

I was the easier perswaded to give your Grace a large Account of this Tragi-comedy, not only because I wanted better Matter to entertain you with at this Lazy Conjunction, but also to show your Grace, that not only *Ephesus* in ancient, and *England* in later Times, have afforded such fantastical Widows, but even *Germany* it self; where, if the Ladies have not more Virtue than those of their Sex in other Countries, yet they pretend at least a greater Management of the outside of it.

By my last Pacquet from *England*, among a heap of nauseous Trash, I received the *Three Dukes of Dunstable*, which is really so monstrous and insipid, that I am sorry *Lapland* or *Livonia* had not the Honour of producing it; but if I did Penance in reading it, I rejoiced to hear that it was so solemnly inter'd to the Tune of Catcalls. The

'Squire

Squire of Alsatia however, which came by the following Post, made me some amends for the cursed impertinence of the *Three Dukes*; and my witty Friend Sir C. S. y's *Bella mira* gave me that intricate Satisfaction that I cannot read it over too often.

They tell me my old Acquaintance Mr, *Dryden* has left off the Theatre, and wholly applies himself to the Study of the Controversies between the two Churches. Pray Heaven! this strange alteration in him portends nothing disastrous to the State; but I have all along observed, That Poets do Religion as little Service by drawing their Pens for it, as the Divines do Poetry by pretending to Versification.

But I forget how troublesome I have been to your Grace, I shall therefore conclude with assuring you that I am, and to the last Moment of my Life shall be ambitious of being,

My LORD,

Your Grace's most obedient,

and most obliged Servant,

G. Etherege.

The Temperate
EPICURE.

Written by that Celebrated
WIT of *France*, Monsieur
La Fontaine, when troubled
WITH A
RHEUMATISM.

Imitated in English by Mr. T. Brown.

SINCE my Day's spent so near the Night,
Why should I beat my Brains to write?
Tis better far with prying Look,
To read the Word's amazing Book;

And

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And Nature's mystic Springs to know,
And the vast Mind that does bestow
Motion and Life on all below.

When this is done, What should deny
To take our fill of harmless Joy?

Joy we may tast a Thousand Ways,
And still find something new to please.

Whether by some cool River's side,
We see the silver Waters glide,
The Fishes sport, and Sun-beams gay
On the smooth liquid Surface play;
Or seek some lonely Sylvan Shade,
Or glimm'ring Bower, or russet Glade,
Where the dark Horrors of the Wood
Solemn Thoughts inspire and good.

Sometimes at Table, when we dine,
We may dissolve our Cares in Wine,
And o'er the generous Nectar sport,
And laugh at City and at Court:
And sometimes too a new Amour
May serve to pass an idle Hour:

Long

Long with the Fair we must not stay,
But from the Charmers part away.
Love does unseen the Flame impart,
And finds a Passage to the Heart.

But is it not alas high Time
To chase the *Cælia's* from my Ryme,
When the grave City is preparing
To give our Dam'fells * *Indian* Airing.
Oh! that my persecuting Pain,
Would with these Ladies cross the Main,
And never visit me again.

Cruel Disease! old *Saturn's* Son,
Quit this Abode and get thee gon.
Some lazy Prelate's Limbs invade,
Or Lawyer's batt'ning on his Trade;
Or with thy dire Attendants wait
On some dull Minister of State;

* He means the Magistrates of Paris, who had ordered that all convicted Whores should be transported to the West-Indies.

But why thy Visits never timing,
Should'st thou intrude to spoil my Ryming?
The Devil a Verse can from me creep,
But shows what company I keep.

 If this be thy fellonious Aim,
To chill my Muse, and damp her Flame,
Prithee to some new Host repair,
And all this needless Trouble spare :
In few Months more without thy Aid,
Old Age will spoil me for that Trade.

The CALENDAR Reform'd:

O R,

*A pleasant Dialogue between
Pluto and the Saints in the E-
lyfian Fields after Lucian's
manner. Written by Sir Fl.
Sh---d in the Year 1687.*

S C E N E *the Elyfian Fields.*

Enter a Messenger to Pluto..

Mess. **T**IS well your Majesty's at
hand to fuppress the Riot
newly begun in the *Quarter* of the *Saints*
yonder: There is fuch calling of Names and
giving the Lye, fuch Roaring and Screaming,
fuch Swaggering and Bouncing, both among
the Men-Saints and the Women-Saints, that
for my part I expected every minute, when
it wou'd come to downright Kicking and
Cuffing among 'em. If you don't give
immediate Orders to have a ftop put to this
Hubbub, the Lord knows where it may end,
— This is all Sir.

L

Pluto.

Pluto. Come, Friend, leave that Affair to my management. — But who are the Principal Bell-weather's of the Mutiny?

Mess. Why first of all, an't please you, there's St. *George* of *Cappadocia*, a notable Fellow of his Inches, and Metal to the Back, I warrant him. A World of angry Words have pass'd between him and a huge two-handed Lubber St. *Christopher*, I think they call him; but unless I am mightily mistaken in my Man, I dare swear the dapper *Cappadocian* will bang half a dozen such hulky Rogues as to'ther, and hardly sweat for't. Then there's a Tergamant Fury, St. *Ursula* by Name, at the Head of eleven Thousand Red-hair'd *Bona Roba's*, and every one of them Virgins forsooth, ready to fall upon the *Thebean* Legion. The Soldiers call 'em Vagrants, threaten to pluck up their Petticoats, and send them to the House of Correction. The Women on the other hand, exclaim against Lobsters and Tatterdemallions, and defie 'em to prove 'twas ever known in any Age, or Country in the World, that a Red-coat died for his Religion.

Pluto. This is odd enough; but go on.

Mess. In another Corner of the Room there's nothing, but Fire and Desolation denounc'd on both sides between the *seven Sleepers* and the three Kings of *Colen*. The latter call the former a pack of drowsy sleepy Sots, who getting Drunk with Poppy-water and
Brandy

Brandy, fancied they slept several scores of Years at one go-down, when 'twas all Whimsey and Imagination. Ay, ay, Gentlemen, cry the *Sleepers*, you have great reason indeed to pick holes in your Neighbours Coats, when if you were stript of your fine Names and Titles, which never honestly belong'd to you, you'd be found to be no better, nor no worse than three strow Fortune-tellers. But the oddest and most Comical Scene is still behind.

Pluto, Come, out with it then.

Mess. A venerable old Gentleman, who they say had been high Pontiff of Rome in the days of yore, pointing to a rusty Spear, and a Cloak of singular Antiquity and Fashion, *I command you, good People, says he; to pay your Respect to these two most incomparable Saints and Martyrs, St. Longinus and St. Amphibalus. Upon my Infallibility they have not their fellows in the Almanack.* Why surely, reply'd I to him, you have a mind to banter Folks out of their Senses. What is not this a Spear? No, Sir, *his Name is Longinus, and he was one of the earliest sufferers for the Christian Faith,* Very well; but won't you own this to be a Cloak? *A Cloak Sir! Have a care what you say. A Cloak! Why, he was the undaunted Companion of St. Alban, his Name Amphibalus, suffer'd with him near Verulam, and for this I prefer'd him to the Calendar.* — But why do I trouble your Ma-

jeſty with theſe particulars? If you don't ſend a Battalion or two of your Guards to reduce them out of hand, theſe Revolters, for all I know, may prove a damn'd Thorn in your Royal Foot: Don't you hear, what a curſed Hurricane they make.

Pluto. Thou art more afraid than hurt. Theſe Saints, thou talkeſt of, may do a damn'd deal of miſchief at the Head of a parcel of *Fools*, that would be led by the Noſe by them; but by themſelves they can do no more harm than a Phyſician without his Powders and Pills, or a Lawyer without his Parchments. — However ſince, as it happens, I have a ſpare Afternoon, no Buſineſs upon my Hands, and ſome of my diſaffected Subjects may improve this Mole-hill into a Mountain, to the prejudice of my Affairs, I am reſolved to try them my ſelf; therefore order them to repair to me immediately: For all their Hectoring and making this boiſterous Noiſe, I know they dare not diſobey me. [*Exit.*

Enter St. George and St. Christopher.

St. George plucking St. Christopher by the
[*e.*] Well, Insolence, I ſhall be even with
before I have done. Dark Nights will
e, and then I'll ſubſtantially thrash your
t for you. What! ſuch a Booby as thou
art

*No,
you
com
Jacke*

pretend to dispute the precedence with a person of my Quality?

Pluto. Why, how now, Bully Royster! What's the meaning of this Outrage in the Face of Justice?

St. George. This over-grown Beast here, an't please your Highness, has not only reflected upon my Parentage, but calls my Valour in Question. 'Tis known to all the World, that I am the doughty Heroe that deliver'd the King of *Ægypt's* Daughter, kill'd the Dragon upon the spot, and carried off the Royal Virgin for my Reward. To justify this Truth, I need urge no other Testimonies than the common Signs in most Towns of *Europe*, where I am to be seen most magnificently bestriding my Steed with the Dragon under my Feet.

St. Christopher. For all his bouncing and bragging, I believe your Majesty will put him strangely to his Trumps, if you'll but ask him where he was Born, what Profession he was off and what sort of an Animal it was he Kill'd?

Pluto. Come hither, Friend, and resolve me a Question or two; Where were you Born?

St. George. Some say in *Cappadocia*, others in *Coventry*.

Pluto. Why truly *Coventry* lies very near *Cappadocia*. But what a plague, can't you tell where you were Born?

St. George. — And others have affirm'd, that *Alexandria* in *Ægypt* was the place of my Nativity : For my part I cannot precisely tell where I was Born, but that I was Born somewhere or other, I hope your Majesty has the Charity to believe.

Pluto. Most certainly : But what was thy Profession ?

St. George. Some make me a great Officer in the Emperor's Army, and others an *Arrian* Bp. and a Persecutor.

Pluto. Thou art enough to distract the greatest patience. I'll allow thee indeed not to know the place of thy Birth, because Children don't use to come into the World with their Ink-horns and Pocket-books about them ; but the Devil's in thee if thou canst not remember whether thou wer't a Bishop or a Soldier : Those two Professions are not so like one another, that there shou'd be any great danger of mistaking them.

St. George. 'Tis my misfortune, that I can not. —

Pluto. Come then, under what Emperor didst thou live ?

St. George. Some say under the Emperor *Dioclesian* ; some —

Pluto. How ! at your *Some's* again. Thou art a true Original, I swear. Well, I have but one Question more to ask thee, What sort of an Animal was the Dragon which thou valu'st thy self so much for slaying.

Had

Had it Wings, 'as 'tis commonly painted in the Signs, or was it a Reptile?

St. George. Not exactly resembling it in every particular, nor yet altogether different. As for Wings I can say nothing to the matter; for I confess I was under so great an agitation —

Pluto. I understand your meaning, you were so terribly scar'd in the time of Engagement, that you had not leisure to consider the shape of your Monster.--Come, come, honest Friend, these shams are too gross to pass upon the World any longer, your Dragons and flying Monsters won't go down at this time of day; therefore take my word for't I'll take care to see thee turn'd out of the Almanack.

St. George. Well then if it's my fate to be ejected out of my ancient Free-hold, I hope your Majesty will be so just, as to make that huge two-handed Fellow keep me Company. I dare engage, that if you ask him the same Questions you put to me, you'll find him as deficient.

Pluto. Nay, I won't favour one more than another, that I assure you. [*To his Officers.* Bring up that tall well-shaped Gentleman yonder to the Bar — Well, Sir, under whose Reign did you live? What Occupation did you follow? Who was your Father? Come resolve me immediately, for my Time's precious.

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St. Christopher I liv'd near an Arm of the Sea.

Pluto. Very particularly answer'd. And in what part of the VWorld; for I suppose, you know there are more Arms of the Sea than one?

St. Chr. I can't tell, an't please you.

Pluto. That's honest however. But proceed.

St. Chr. I was a Ferry-man by my Calling, if I may call that a Calling, which never got me a Farthing; for I was so good Natured a Hackney, that I used to carry the Folks over for nothing.

Pluto. Why, how did you maintain your Boat and Tackle all this while?

St. Chr. I kept none, but carried the good people upon my Shoulders.

Pluto. A very pretty story, and so you waded through this imaginary Arm of the Sea, and whipt over your Customers dry-shod. Well, I shall ask you no more Questions, for this has given me enough. Turn out both those Fellows there, and Mr. Recorder, pray remember to expunge their Names out of the *Calendar*.

[*Exit St. George, and St. Christopher.*

Pluto.

Enter St. Ursula, at the head of the eleven Thousand Virgins, and St. Mauritius in the Front of the Thebean Legion.

Pluto. Bless me! what a Fantastick sight is here! What a motly Chéquer'd Assembly of Red-Coats and Waistcoateers! Sure it must be some Quarrel of importance, that has put such numbers of both Sexes into so great a Ferment. Come Mistress (for I know you'll have the first and last word whether I grant it you or no) what is the occasion of this Disorder and Mutiny, that you have lately made in my Dominions?

St. Ursula. Why that furious fierce Heroe Col. *Kickum* had the impudence to tell me, that all those ill-look'd shirtless Rascals there, lost their Lives for the Christian Religion. A very probable Story indeed! That a pack of Vermine bred up to plundering of Hedges, nimming of Cloaks, rubbing out of Milk-scores, and bilking of their Landladies, should on the sudden be so strangely troubled with qualms of Conscience as to lay down their Lives: For what — Why for their Religion forsooth? whereas I always thought that a Soldier had no other Religion but his Pay.

St. Mauritius. Very pert Miss, *Termagant*, and is it not altogether as probable that Eleven Thousand Virgins should come out of a little pimping Corner of *Britain*, when
some

some honest Gentlemen of that Nation but to'other Day assured me, That the whole Kingdom hardly affords a quarter so many at present, tho' 'tis ten times as populous, as when the Legend supposes you, and your Sister Trollops to have lived there.

St. *Ursula*. 'Tis some Comfort to me however, *Bully-spit fire*, that thou can'st not abuse me, without falling foul upon my Country.

St. *Mauritius*. Now, if it would not be too great a trouble to your Ladyship, I would desire you to inform the Court, how you, and your sandy-pated Companions made a shift for to cross over into *France*? Swimming Girdles and Cork Shoes, as I take it, were not then in fashion; and the *British* Princes, put 'em all together, had not Shipping enough to transport such an Army of Viragoes.

St. *Ursula*. Come, come, you're impertinent, and I won't resolve you.

St. *Mauritius*. In the next place, Madam, you would singularly oblige your humble Servant, to explain to him after what manner you subsisted your *Cloven* Regiment, when you had got them over. What! Had you ready Cash enough among you to pay off your Scores as you march'd along, or did you manage it *à la militaire*, and lay the Country under Contribution?

St. *Ursula*. Thou everlasting Coxcomb! why we beat the Hoof as Pilgrims, and the people

people Charitably reliev'd us as we pass'd,

St. Mauritius. Nay, the *French*, I know, are extreamly Charitable to the Fair Sex, and forward to relieve their Necessities ; but under Favour, such numbers as you had with you were enough to eat up the Country. For my part, I wonder that the Wives and Grandmothers did not lock up their Doors, as you pass'd, for fear their Husbands and Relations might be tempted to trespass upon Pilgrim's Flesh.

St. Ursula. Spoke like a Soldier. You are of the Opinion, I find, that I and my virtuous Attendants are like those lewd Prostitutes, that use to follow your Armies ; but I'de have you to know we had no such Folks among us.

St. Mauritius. Well, Madam, your Soldier, as unmannerly a Fellow as he appears to be in these wicked Habiliments, knows somewhat of his Trade, for which reason he's impatient to know what sort of Discipline you observed in your Troops ; for having so jolly plump Lasses under your Care methinks 'twas highly necessary for you to order sufficient Out-Guards, and strongly intrench your selves every Night, to hinder the wicked from attacking you by surprise.

St. Ursula. One must have nothing to do, that has leisure enough to answer such insignificant Questions.

St. Mauritius.

St. *Mauritius*. Besides, 'tis worth any Man's while to enquire, whether you were single or double Officer'd; whether you march'd in one main Body or in several Columns; how you behav'd your selves towards the Magistrates of the respective Cities, thro' which you pass'd; what sort of watch-words you gave, and lastly, who wash'd your Smocks upon the Road; for, Madam, I can hardly believe, that such nice, well-bred Ladies, as those are, would stoop to so vile a Drugery, if they could help it.

St. *Ursula*. Well, Sir, go on with your senseless Raillery.

St. *Mauritius*. — And when you had travers'd the whole length of *France* (which by the by was none of the easiest Journeys for so many silly Women to undertake) it rejoyses me to consider, with what wonderful Alacrity you scamper'd over the *Alps*, and without a farthing of Money in your Pockets; Guides to conduct you, and Safe-guards to protect you, made your way peaceably over those Hills, where none but *Anni-bal* and a few Generalissimo's after him with all their Power and Wealth, were able to march any considerable numbers.

St. *Ursula*. Have you done?

St. *Mauritius*. No, no, the most whimsical Scene of the Farce is still behind, and therefore, Madam, I most humbly desire you to consider, what a noble sight it was when
you

you and your Tribes were at *Rome*, to see the Pope and Cardinals visiting your Squadrons, running into your Tents, feeling your Pulses, and rummaging —

St. Ursula. Well; and where was the harm on't ?

St. Mauritius. Nay, there was no harm in't, that's certain ; the Pope's a civil worthy Gentleman, and his Cardinals a parcel of as complaisant persons as any in the world. They do any you Harm ! Heavens forbid ; for tho' they subsist chiefly by the Spirit, yet no people in the Universe know better, how to reconcile the Flesh to the Spirit than they.

St. Ursula. I see, there's no stopping your licentious Tongue, otherwise you wou'd not make so familiar with the Head of the Church.

St. Mauritius. But not to dwell any longer upon this subject, Having received the Papal Benediction, and been often refreshed by the Cardinals, 'twas now high time for you and the rest of your She-Myrmidons, to think of settling in one part of the world, or other ; so turning your Faces towards the North, and clambering over the same Mountains again, you directed your course by the Banks of the *Rhine* towards *Lower Germany*, where not far from the noble City of *Colen*, a pack of heathenish Rogues, call'd *Goths* and *Vandals*, finding you were not for their purpose.

purpose, fell upon you with Sword in hand; and made a total Destruction of you and your Virtuous Heroines. Is not this, Madam, the Truth, and the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth?

St. Ursula. Why so they did, and I'll stand by't.

St. Mauritius. No matter what you'll stand or fall by; but I will appeal to this Honourable Bench, whether ever in this world Eleven thousand Virgins, grown to Women's estate, were seen in a Body together, travelled so many thousand Leagues, and at last made so foolish an end. — No, Madam, talk no more of the matter, but own your self and the rest of your Sisterhood to be Cheats, and the Court perhaps may be so merciful, as to forgive you the Ducking-Stool.

St. Ursula. Cheats! know thou huffing, puffing, Sconce-building Ruffian, know I am a Princess, and of Royal Extraction.

St. Mauritius. A Princess! Ha! ha! ha! a very pretty Princess indeed: You'd break a Man's Sides with Laughing, I vow and swear. A Princess? Good Lord! Nay really you look as like a Princess, upon second thoughts I say it, as a Hedghog looks like a Rhinoceros.

St. Ursula. And the meanest of my Companions are Gentlewomen born and bred. But why do I waste my Lungs to no purpose in
talking

talking to an Impertinent? — Come, my dear Sisters, fall on, *Victoria* is the Word, and let us drubb these Lobsters into better manners.

Pluto. How! what offer at a Riot in the face of Justice. *To his Guards,* Carry off those Wast-coateers, and make them atone for this Mutiny with a fortnight's beating of Hemp. — As for the Soldiers, send 'em to their respective Homes, if they have any. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the seven Sleepers, and three Kings of Colen.

Pluto. High day! who have we got here? Such a set of drowfy ill-look'd Sots I have not seen this long while. Come, Gentlemen, what's your business? where have you been? How many Gallons have you guzzled for your Mornings-draught, that you reel and stagger so?

1 Sleeper. We are the Se—*Tawning*, --ven Slee—pers, an't ple—ease your High—ighness, so—ho fa--a--mous in His-tory, Sir.

1st King of Colen. They are seven as errant Impostors, as ever deluded the Credulous World.

2. Sleeper. No, Sir, we Sle--ep too much, *Tawns*, to be Impostors. But that Tri--umvirate of For-tune-tellers are——

Pluto.

Pluto. Why these drowsy yawning Puppies are ten times more troublesome than either the Dragon-killer and his huge two-handed Adversary, or the *Ursulines*, and *Thebeans*: Come, Gentlemen, *To the Sleepers*, don't think we'll allow to you sleep here in a Court of Judicature. If you have any thing to say for your selves, do it quickly—

2d King. To let your Majesty see, what abominable Cheats these seven Dreamers are, they pretend to have slept two or three hundred Years in a Cave; and as they want no Impudence, have told the Lye so often, that now they begin to believe it.

3 Sleeper. For the truth of this matter of Fact, we appeal to *Metasthenes* and the Golden Legend; Authors of that undoubted Credit that no body, we presume, will call their Veracity in question.

Pluto. Tell me not of your fabulous musty Authors, they are of no credit here. But come—How long did you sleep? *2dly.* Why did you sleep? *3dly,* How came you, after so long a sleep, to awake?

All three Sleepers. In a time of Persecution (the Lord knows, when and where) we retir'd into a Wood, and in this Wood found out a most solitary Cave, where we slept till we waked, and thought it had been but a common Nap; but returning to our respective Homes, we found all our Wives and Acquaintance buried; and instead of sleep-
ing

ing half a score Hours, or so, we found by computation we had slept some hundreds of Years.

Pluto. Very well. You must put these Shams upon Blockheads, and not upon me. —But as for those odd-fashion'd Sparks, yonder, that pretend to be Kings, (for you shall see I'm for distributing Justice impartially to all). Come, what are your Names?

1st King of Colen. *Melchior, Caliban, and Mamamouchi.*

2^d King of Colen. No, Brother, you are mistaken, our true Names are *Rego, Trego, and Don Diego.*

Pluto. Merry enough. So, I find, you go by different Names. A shrewd suspicion of your being Cheats, let me tell you, Gentlemen. But your Country, what was that?

All. *Arabia.*

Pluto. How the Plague came you to *Colen* then?

All. We were translated, an't please your Majesty—First from *Jerusalem* to *Constantinople*—Then from *Constantinople* to *Milan*; and thirdly and lastly, from *Milan* to *Colen*.

Pluto. A very pretty Story! Come, *Messieurs les Roys de Cologne*, since you are so given to Translation, you shall find I'll be so good-natur'd as to translate you once more; and so, *To his Guards*, see these translating Gentlemen translated to the Quarter of Lunatics.

Exeunt
Enter

M

Enter St. Longinus, St. Amphibalus, and the Pope.

Pope. Lord ! how weary I am with lugging on these two Saints. Let me repose myself a little. — So, now I have recovered my Breath pretty well. — Most noble Monarch, having been abused by Censorious Heretics, I am forced to appeal to your Impartial Tribunal, and question not but you'll do me and these two Martyrs Justice.

Pluto. Two Martyrs say'st thou ? Where the Devil are they ?

Pope. On my Right-hand, an't please your Majesty, Don't you see 'em there ?

Pluto. Not I, and yet I can dive as far into a Millstone as any of my Neighbour Princes. 'Tis true, I see a Spear, and an old greasy Cloak yonder, but where are your Martyrs with a murrain to you ? —

Pope. This it is to want the Eye of Faith : I can assure your Majesty, (and I hope you don't question my Infallibility, which all the upper World consents to own) that neither is one a Spear, nor t'other a Cloak, but two as worthy persons as ever said the *Confiteor* ; and their Names are St. *Longinus* and St. *Amphibalus*.

Pluto. Old Gentleman you may give 'em whac Names you please, but I am not to be banter'd out of my Senses. I tell you then,
in

in the face of the Court, they are no more Saints, than thou art an Elephant or a Dromedary. *To his Officers*, Carry that musty Cloak and Halbard there to my Lumber-Office ; and *To the Pope* ; I must advise you, Friend, for the future, not to be so free of your Almanac. Abundance of worthless and fabulous Scoundrils have crept into it through your Connivance ; but I am resolv'd to undeceive Mankind, and reform these Disorders. The World shall no longer be impos'd upon with such idle Impostures. 'Tis pitty it has been led by the Nose and Cheated by them for so many Ages.

*Falshood disguis'd under Religion's Veil,
May for a time with senseless Sots prevail :
But Truth at last will gain imperial sway,
As Mists are scatter'd by Apollo's Ray.*

The Militant Couple :

O R,

The Husband may thank himself.

Written by the late Duke of *Buckingham.*

In a Dialogue between Freeman and Bellair.

Freeman. **W**ELL! if these are the blessed Effects of Marriage, the Lord keep me and all good Christians, say I, out of the pale of Matrimony. — But prithee, *Bell-air*, is this their constant course of Life?

Bellair. Why really Yes. Only with this difference, that what thou saw'st yesterday, was nothing but meer Sport and Pastime to the terrible Tragedies I have seen.

Freeman. For my part, I can't comprehend how the Scene could possibly be worse. Methinks Sir *John* and my Lady threw Whore and Rogue at one another very plentifully.

Bellair. Pshaw, pshaw! Custom and use have made those Words so familiar to them, that now they have lost all the poignancy of their
signification.

signification. Alas ! 'twas a meer Calm, if compared to what Tempestuous Blustering Weather I have seen in the Family. Thou may'st as well think there runs as high a Sea in *Chelsea-Reach*, as in the Bay of *Biscay*, as conclude from yesterday's Bickering what noble Exploits are done among 'em, when both sides are Heroically inclin'd.

Freeman. I submit, since there's no disputing against Matter of Fact. However, pray inform me, what can be worse than what I beheld yesterday. Can any thing be more provoking, than for a Man to insult his Wife after that merciless rate ; or more odious, than for a Woman to expose her Husband's Infirmities ?

Bellair. Yes, I tell you Blows are more provoking and odious. What signifie a few foolish angry Words ? they don't break Bones, nor give black Eyes. Besides, as I told you before, this sort of Language is now become so habitual to this worthy Couple, that it makes no manner of impression upon them. *Mithridates*, you know, by accustoming himself to Poison, brought his Body to such a pitch at last, that he could regale himself with *Opium*, and Feast upon *Ratsbane*.

Freeman. So Historians say indeed. 'Tis true, with the generality of Constitutions, Blows go a great deal farther than Words. But, does Sir *John* bestow such Favours often upon my Lady ?

Bellair. I have seen him deliver her over to the secular Arm more than once. I remember, I Din'd there last Winter, by the same token a Quarrel happen'd about dressing of a Dish of Fish. Sir *John* swore the Cook deserved to be Crucified for spoiling so noble a brace of Carp. My Lady justified him, said the Sawce was of her own ordering, and rally'd Sir *John* very pleasantly upon the viciousness of his Pallate.

Freeman. Why, this is neither better nor worse than what I have seen in most Families.

Bellair. This nettled Sir *John* wonderfully, who you must know values himself upon the Orthodoxy of his Taste. After abundance of good-natur'd Compliments had past between 'em upon this Head, Yes Madam, says he, I must own you are in the right: My Palate is very vicious, and I shew'd with a witness, when I married such a composition of Pride, Malice, and Lust, as your Ladyship.

Freeman. Ah worthy Kt. that was spoke like a Heroe! But what reply did my Lady make to it?

Bellair. At least says she, I have something more to plead for my self than thou hast. I knew thee, to be a worthless Sot, an empty, guzzling, smoking Wretch. But a Villain of an Uncle, whom I hope the Devil has rewarded for his pains, forced me to take thee for my Husband; otherwise I had sooner

ner courted an Infection, and bedded a Leprosie, than suffered my self to be polluted with thy nauseous Embraces.

Freeman. The true Spirit of an *Amazon*, upon my word.

Bellair. I thought, 'twas now high time to interpose between the Knight and his Lady. So addressing my self to Sir *John*, I told him, that Women had their odd Fancies sometimes, which a wise Man ought to connive at: Then turning to my Lady, I represented to her the Duty of her Sex; but finding that my Preaching up of Peace and Moderation rather aggravated matters, than softend them, I resolved to sit still, and leave all to the over-ruling Wisdom of Providence.

Freeman, A very Christian Disposition. But proceed,

Bellair. The Cloth was no sooner removed, but the War broke out with greater fury than ever. Sir *John* extreamly provok'd at something my Lady had said to him, swore and bluster'd like a Heroe in one of our Modern Tragedies. My Lady, on her side, exercised her Lungs with equal Vigour, and was no less Obstreperous. At last the Knight, unable to contain himself any longer, struck off her Commode, with Courtesie her Ladyship immediately requited, by throwing Sir *John's* Periwigg upon the Fire.

Freeman. This was doing Business to some purpose.

Bellair. With that Sir *John* pushes my Lady against a fine new Pendulum-Clock, that stood in the Room, and broke the Olive Case all to pieces. My Lady soon rallied and beat back Sir *John* upon a huge *Japan* Looking-glass, which was demolish'd in an Instant; to retaliate which Favour; the Knight finish'd all her *China* at three or four strokes of his Cane. But now they came to a closer Engagement, distributing their Blows to one another with incredible Gallantry, while I —

Freeman. That is, what I long to hear; for methinks I shou'd have found my self *un peu embarrassé* how to behave my self in so nice a Conjunction.

Bellair. Listen then. All this while I sat unconcern'd upon my Chair, keeping up to my old Maxim of being Neuter, between the two contending Crowns. At last, after an Hours dispute, tho' with some short Intermissions, Heaven was pleas'd to declare it self in Favour of my Lady, who retir'd Triumphantly out of the Parlour, and left her Lord and Master groveling upon the Floor with a brace of black Eyes; and all this to shew the vehemence of her Affection:

Freeman. Well! 'tis a Mystery to me, that Married people, however they behave themselves to one another in private, shou'd not
take

take care to preserve a fair out-side at least before Strangers. I knew a Gentleman and his Wife, who treated one another in publick with all the respect and Civility, that can be imagin'd, so that you'd swear they were the most affectionate Couple that ever graced the State of Matrimony, since the Concatenation of *Adam* and *Eve* in Paradise: But when they were by themselves the case was alter'd, and they show'd themselves in their proper Shapes. — But prithee *Bellaïr* how long have Sir *John* and my Lady been Married?

Bellaïr. Somewhat better than five Years. Sir *John* was the same numerical Beast then you behold him now: But my Lady one of the most agreeable sweet Temper'd Creatures the Sun ever saw, and if she's alter'd for the worse Sir *John* may e'en thank his own management. Alas! I know the whole *Historie* of their Intestine Broils, and what occasion'd them. I was invited to the Wedding.

Freeman. And what did you observe remarkable at this Ceremony?

Bellaïr. Nothing as I know off, but what happens at all Weddings. There was a World of Noise and Impertinence, of Scandal and Bawdy, attended with Dancing, Fiddling, Swearing, Drinking, Smoaking, and the like. One thing indeed was somewhat particular, The Bride's Brother, who is a true Country Rake, without the least share of good

good Sense or Manners to atone for his Vices, was pleas'd to tell all the Company, how he had consummated (but he used a more familiar Expression for't) the Night before with a Farmer's Daughter upon a Hay-Cock; and this he deliver'd in such Beastly Language, that I wonder none of the grave ancient Matrons at the Table did not rebuke him for't.

Freeman. Why Marriages, you know, are like the Feasts of *Saturn*, devoted to Merri-ment and Liberty, and as in the latter, Slaves were permitted to sit down with their Masters; so in the Former, the Language of Slaves (for what better name does obscenity deserve) is allow'd, I can't tell why, to come for a share.

Bellair. The Parson of the Parish led up the Dances all the Afternoon in his Cassock, for both the Weather and Sport were too hot for him to whisk it about in all his Ecclesiastical Harnes. But what makes me dwell upon such insignificant Trifles as these? In four Days all the Company parted, and had Sir *John* been a Man of tolerable Discretion, he would certainly have been the happiest Man in the Universe. But I confess, his behaviour upon the Nuptial Day, gave me a vile Omen of his future Conduct.

Freeman. Why, what was that?

Bellair.

Bellair. Instead of saving himself from the Bottle, (which any Man of common sense in his Circumstances would have done) he must needs visit you every Company in the House, and like a Northern Innkeeper, drink with all his Guests ; so that when he came to bed to his Bride, he was as Drunk as a Chaplain of the Army upon wetting his Commission ; and stunk of Tobacco worse than a Foot-Soldier, that Breakfasts, Dines, and Sups upon the Weed.

Freeman. This was foolish enough. However, this may be said in Sir *John's* excuse, that the Day of Marriage being a Day of Hurry and Tumult, 'tis no wonder if the Person chiefly concerned in all this came to suffer by it first. Besides, I need not tell you that 'tis the wicked way of this World for the Men to combine against the Bridegroom on these Occasions, in order to disable him from paying the Tribute of the Marriage-Bed.

Bellair. For which very reason, *Freeman*, a Man ought to set a double Guard upon himself, and avoid the Train that is laid to blow him up.

Freem. That's right, but a Spirit of Good-nature and Hospitality may sometimes carry a Man beyond the Rules of Decorum. Well but if Sir *John* made this false step upon the Day of Marriage, I hope he has made amends for it since.

Bellair.

Bellair. Why truly, if continuing one Fault with another, is making amends for't, I know no Man in the three Kingdoms that has made more substantial amends than Sir *John*. In short, he minded his Dogs, his Cocks, his Horses, &c. more than his Lady; was seldom or never at Home; and when he was, such a Litter of Scoundrils still accompanied him, there was such a squabbling about the Merits of *Thunder* and *Ringwood*, such a profusion of groundless Calumny and Scandal, that a Woman of any Breeding would much rather submit to sit out three naked Prizes at the Bear-Garden, than be forced to do Pennance in this nauseous Ribbaldry.

Freeman. And yet a Woman must endure these Hardships as well as she can, since the generality of our Country-Gentlemen inure them to't.

Bellair. Never tell me what the generality of Brutes do. Don't you think a fine Woman, in the bloom of her Age, that has brought a noble Fortune into a Family, if she has any Spirit, or resentment of Injuries, must not abominate the stupid, ungrateful Sot that neglects and slights her, that prefers the Company of the vilest Scoundrils to hers, that can hardly afford her a civil Word when he's Sober, and always insults her when he's Drunk? Don't you think, I say, that a Woman must have something very

very Angelical in her Constitution, not to retaliate upon her Husband that uses her thus, when an Opportunity is offered her?

Freeman. I faith I must own 'tis unsupportable Usage; and if I were a Woman, and treated so barbarously, for all the Christianity I pretend to, I am afraid, I should rebell.

Bellair. To return now to my Discourse, from which these Reflexions have insensibly led me. Sir *John* was generally abroad at his Cock-matches, and Horse-races, projecting *New-market* Assignations, Tippling with his Brother Justices of the Peace, managing Elections, punishing the Interlopers upon Game, while his Lady lived as melancholy a Life at home, as if she had been confined to a Nunnery; with this improvement too of her Persecution, That she had nothing to Converse with, but and old, affected, malicious Aunt of Sir *John*, who continually entertain'd her with the dull insipid Histories of the Heroes and Heroines of her Family.

Freeman. And how did she bear it?

Bellair. With a Patience hardly to be parallel'd. I know some malicious People in the Neighbourhood talk strange things of a private Intrigue between her and a certain Gentleman; with which they have so effectually possessed the Knight, that this has occasion'd all the ill Blood between them; tho' I can't imagine what pretence Sir *John* has

has to be Jealous ; for why should a Man be Jealous, that never was capable of Love ; or be concern'd to have that Property invaded, which he always slighted ?

Freeman. As ill an opinion as I have of the Fair Sex, yet I believe, their Miscarriages, generally speaking, are purely owing to the Men. A State must be troubled with Civil Dissentions at home, before any Foreigner will pretend to invade it ; and there must be an ill understanding between the Wife and the Husband, before a Gallant can hope to succeed in the Family.

Bellair. After all, if my Lady has actually trespass'd against Sir *John's* Honour, the Kt. has none to thank but himself ; for let a Husband be never so much the Superiour, and flatter himself never so much with an imaginary pre-eminence, yet if he affects a despotic Sway, takes more upon him than the Laws allow him, and violates the Original Contract, 'tis as natural for Wives as for Subjects to Rebell.

The Belgic Heroe Unmasked :

O R,

*The Deliverer set forth in his
proper Colours.*

In a Dialogue

Between Sir *Walter Raleigh* and *Aaron Smith*.

Sir *W. Ral.* **H**OLD thy impertinent
Tongue, I say, thou ever-
lasting Babbler, or——

A. Smith. Come, come, we Lawyers are
not so easily silenced as you think. Liberty
of Speech is one of the eldest Branches of
Magna Charta. Therefore I will once more
maintain it, before all the World, that the
Reign of my late *Batavian* Master was in
every respect equal to that of the famous
Elizabeth.

Sir *W. Ral.* Not that it's worth my while
to enter the Lists with such a Pettyfogging
Dog as thou art, or the Cause in debate ad-
mits any manner of parallel. But since thou
hast the Impudence to defend so monstrous
a Paradox before all this Company, inform
us what noble things this Heroe has per-
form'd,

form'd, to deserve all that nauseous idle Flattery, which hardly none but *Señaries, Deists, Republicans*, and particularly the Raskals of thy Kidney, when he was alive, conspir'd to give him.

A. Smith. Why in the first place, he deliver'd *England*, then just upon the brink of being devoured by Arbitrary Power and Popery. He won the noble Battle of the *Boyne*, reduc'd *Ireland*, appeas'd the Disorders of *Scotland*, reap'd a new harvest of Glory every Campagne in *Flanders*, and at last, after an obstinate expensive War, forc'd a haughty Tyrant, who had insulted and bullied the whole Christian World for almost forty Years, to clap up a Peace with him upon his own terms at *Ryswick*, by which he was obliged to vomit up numberless Provinces and Towns, which he had dishonourably stolen from their true Proprietors.

Sir W. Ral. And as for his personal Qualities, what have you to say of them?

A. Smith. Whether you behold him at Home or Abroad, in the Cabinet or the Field; in fine, whether you consider him as a King, a General, a Statesman, a Husband, or as a Master, you'll find his Character uniformly bright in all these Relative Stations: Affectionate to his Queen, Merciful to his Subjects, Liberal to his Servants, careful of his Soldiers, and providing, by his

his great Wisdom, against all future Contingencies, that might hereafter disturb the Tranquillity of *Europe*. But as for his Munificence to his Servants and Favourites, I may venture to say, That few Princes in History ever went so far as he.

Sir *W. Ral.* This last Clause is not so great a Commendation to him, as you imagine. — Well, and is this all, for I would not willingly interrupt you, till you have gone the full length of your Panegyric ?

A. Smith. 'Tis all I think needful to say upon the Occasion, and enough in my opinion to establish his Reputation to all succeeding Ages.

Sir *W. Ral.* Let us carefully examine the several Particulars ; and when we have so done, we shall be able to determine, on what side the truth lies. — *Imprimis*, You tell me he deliver'd *England* from Tyranny and Popish Superstition : But, was there no other way of accomplishing this Deliverance, but by sending a certain Relation to Grass, and wounding the Monarchy in so tender a part, which had suffer'd so terribly in the late unnatural Rebellion of 41. ? If what one of the ancient Fathers says, be true, That the whole World is not worth the saving at the expence of a single Lye ; surely *Great Britain*, which makes so small a part of the Universe, hardly deserv'd to be Deliver'd from an imaginary Ruine with so much Perjury.

jury, Infidelity, and Ingratitude. Besides, he solemnly protested in his Declaration, that he had no Intention to make himself King, yet exercis'd the Regal power the very moment he landed : So that, unless there had been a Crown in the case, I am afraid, he would hardly have cross'd the Water to Rescue the Church of *England*.

A. Smith. This is indeed what his Enemies and some Envious people have objected to him.

Sir W. Ral. Nothing of that can be laid to my charge, who was never known to your Heroe either *Beneficio* or *Injuria*; but as I still preserve an invincible Affection for my Native Country, my Zeal for the Welfare of that makes me assume this Freedom. To be plain with you then, I can hardly believe he had any extraordinary Concern for the Prosperity of *England*, upon whom he threw the greatest burthen of the War; whose Troops he suffer'd to Fight without their Pay in *Flanders*, at the same time when a parcel of unworthy Foreigners had store of Gold and Silver in their Pockets. Neither can any Man persuade me, he had the least Affection for the Royal Family, from which he was descended, who suffer'd such numberless Invectives and Libels to be publish'd against his Royal Grandfather, both his Uncles, and, in short, the whole Family of the *Stuarts*, yet never call'd any of the
Authors

Authors or Printers to an account for't, during the whole course of his Reign.

A. Smith. Ay, but a Heroe, you know, has other Business to mind, than the *Bagatelles* of the Press.

Sir W. Ral. And yet this Heroe could condescend to mind these *Bagatelles*, as you call them, with a witness, whenever they were levell'd against Himself, or his Favourites. But to proceed, — Can any one in his Senses believe, that this Deliverer ever set the Monarchy and true Constitution of *England* to heart, under whose Reign all the Democratical Treatises both of this and the last Age were not only publish'd with impunity, but the Abettors of such villanous Doctrines thought the only persons, that were in the true Interest of the Nation, and deserving to be preferr'd? Was *England* so utterly destitute of able Generals, that a Regicide, proscrib'd by Act of Parliament, must be sent for over to Head our Forces in *Ireland*?

A. Smith. You'll never leave off harping upon this string.

Sir W. Ral. And lastly, Have we not very violent reasons to suspect, that he never had any true hearty Concern for the Protestant Interest, whatever he pretended to the contrary, who so notoriously sacrificed it at the Treaty of *Ryswic*, who to enable him to carry on the late Revolution against his

Uncle and Father-in-Law, enter'd into a League; one of the first Articles of which, was to oblige the King of *France* to do Justice to the Usurpations of the *Roman* See. And lastly, who if he had no Aversion, had certainly no Affection for the Church of *England*, the Support as well as Ornament of the whole Reformation, which evidently appear'd by his bestowing its best Preferments upon *illos quos pingere nolo*, a set of moderate lukewarm Gentlemen, that were willing (good Men) to throw up the Constitution, whenever their Enemies should ask them the Question. What shall I say of Others, that were advanc'd for no other Merit, but because they had been justly punish'd in former Reigns for their Seditious practises, or descended from *Oliverian* Parents; or lastly, because they held Antimonarchical and Antihierarchical Doctrines, both in the Pulpit and the Press, which they honestly call'd, *Free Thinking*.

A. Smith. Nay, this is mere Calumny; for, can any thing but the blackest Envy presume to attack him upon the score of Religion?

Sir W. Ral. For once I'll spare his Religion, yet 'tis certain his Ministers had not the least tincture of it. To the eternal Honour of his Reign be it observ'd, All the *Socinian* Treatises, that stole into the World in the late accursed times of Licentiousness and Disorder,

Disorder, were fairly reprinted, and these, together with the modern Improvements of *Deism*, sold in the Face of the Sun, without the least check or discountenance from any at the Helm. 'Twas come to that pitch at last, that a Man might better call the Divinity of our Saviour into question, than the Legality of the Revolution; and safer insult the ashes of K. *James* the I. *Charles* the Martyr, and the whole Royal Line, than attack such a lewd, perjur'd, infamous Scoundril as *Oates*. 'Tis a general Maxim, that the Court always steers its course *ad Exemplum Cæsaris*; and that a shrewd guess may be made of a Prince's Morals, by those of his Ministers. If this Observation holds good, a Man would find himself strangely tempted, to say some harsh things of your Monarch, which good Manners and Decency oblige me to pass over in silence.

A. Smith. But still you say nothing of *Ireland*.

Sir W. Ral. Far be it from me to detract in the least from any Man's Actions; but this I think I may affirm without the least suspicion of Malice, That the Exploit of the *Boyne*, every thing consider'd, is not altogether so miraculous, as his flattering Divines and Courtiers would represent it; for after all, Where was the wonder, that a well-disciplin'd Regular Army should defeat an unfortunate dispirited Monarch, with none but

a few raw, unpractis'd, naked Troops about him? And then his giving the forfeited Estates there to his Minions, in open Contradiction to what he had promis'd the Parliament, does not seem to argue so great a Concern for keeping his Word. As for *Scotland*, the subversion of Episcopacy, and murder of the *Glencow*-Men, (not to mention the perpetuating of the Convention during his whole Reign, and by that means depriving the Country of Electing proper Members) will, I believe, look so frightful in future Story, that few of your Heroe's Flatterers will mention the Administration of that Kingdom to his Credit.

A. Smith, Well then, but *Flanders*.

Sir W. Ral. I thank you for reminding me of it. I am of opinion then, that bating *Namur*, he might have put all the glorious Harvests he yearly reap'd there into his Eye, and not have prejudic'd his Royal Sight in the least. However, as I know full well, what a mighty advantage one powerful Prince, that Commands by his own single Authority, has over a many-headed Confederacy, where all are Commanders, I scorn to insist upon this point. For this reason I will not enumerate, nor enlarge upon the constant ill Success, that everlastingly attended him in *Flanders*, but come to the Peace of *Ryswic*, which was his own proper Act and Deed. And here 'tis worth our observing,

The Belgic Heroe Unmasked, &c. 255
ving, that by his leaving the poor Emperor in the lurch, the City of *Strasburg* unluckily continued in the *French* Hands; and that either out of want of Politics, or of a real Zeal for their Religion, he made no Stipulations for the *German* Protestants, nor took the least Care to have them restor'd to those Churches, of which they had been unjustly dispossest in the War.

A. Smith. Well, but Necessity, you know, may make a Man sometimes act contrary to his Inclination.

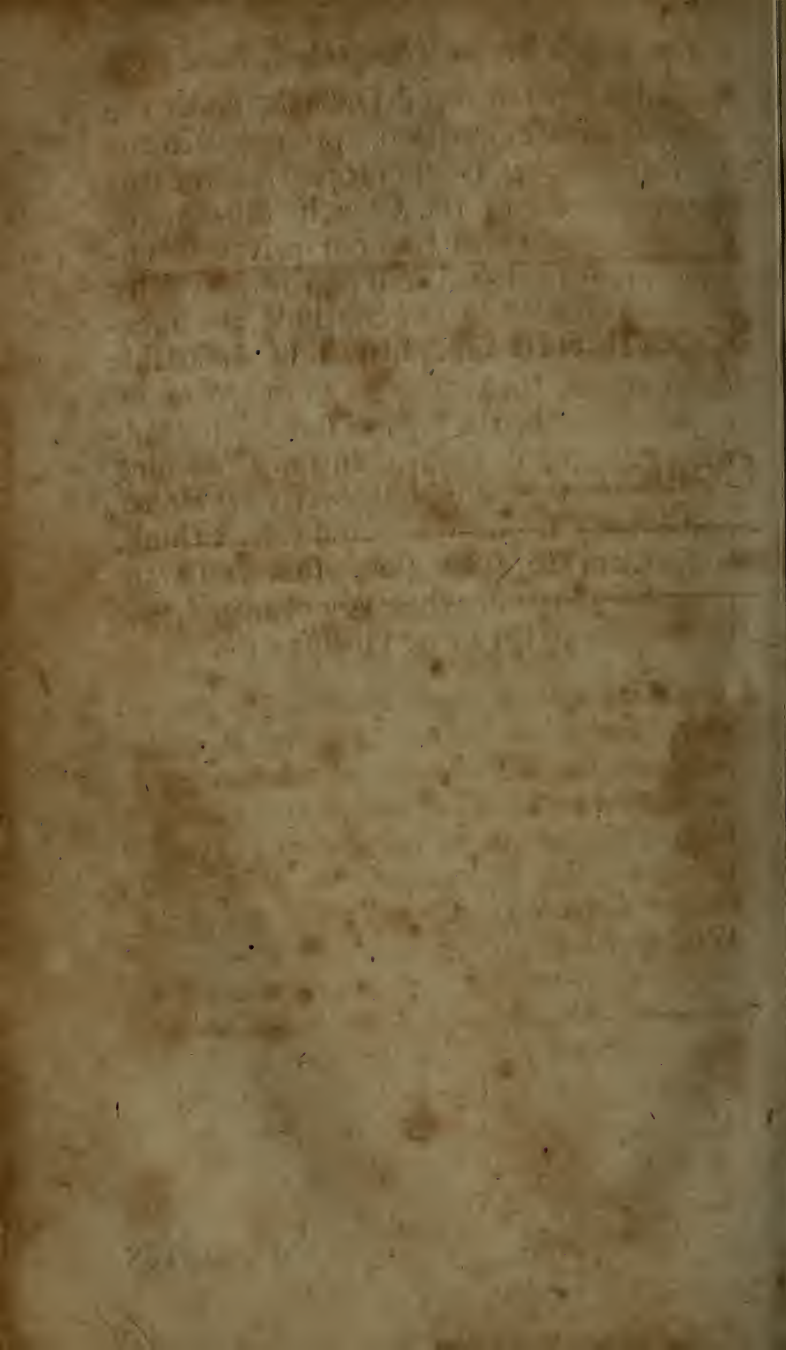
Sir W. Ral. Why then did his Parasites give out, That he was the Controller of the Peace, and forc'd the *French* King to accept of it upon his own Terms. — But not to mention a thousand other things, that might be said upon this Occasion, (for I begin to grow weary of the subject) to stop thy Mouth for good and all, and convince thee, how far superior, in all the arts of Governing, the immortal *Eliza* was to thy *taciturn Heroe*, I'll first give thee a short sketch of her Golden Reign, and afterwards honestly and impartially show thee a prospect of the other.

A. Smith. With all my heart, proceed.

Sir W. Ral. As my Mistress had a true *English* Heart, and made the Prosperity of her people the only Business of her Life, she suffer'd none of her Ministers to carve to themselves extravagant Fortunes out of the public Purse. Tho' Foreigners flock'd into her Dominions as a certain Asy-

lum, yet she never encourag'd them to the detriment of her Native Subjects, nor employ'd them in Foreign Embassies, nor admitted them into her Councils; her Affairs being manag'd with equal Prudence and Integrity, and Encouragements properly distributed, no wonder she was so Fortunate in all her Attempts: Thus we find she supported the Protestants in *France* against the Oppression of the *Guises*; and so well assisted the *Dutch* in the Infancy of their Republic, that *Philip II.* of *Spain*, with all his Forces, was not able to reduce them. She was so far from bestowing her Royal Favours upon the Sectaries, that she suppress'd their growing Insolence with wholesom Laws, and was as careful to see them put in execution. She could display all her Father's Magnificence, when there was a proper occasion to exert it; at other times, she observ'd a strict Parsimony, equally advantageous to her own Subjects, and easie to herself. The establish'd Church flourish'd so well under her auspicious Administration, that *England* never saw so glorious a Constellation of Reverend Bishops and Learned Divines, as in her Reign. She retriev'd the honour of the Exchequer, and manag'd her Payments so wisely, that her people thought their Money as safe in her Coffers, as in their own. — Now, your Deliverer's Reign was the exact reverse of this happy Scene. Schism and Faction advanced,

vanc'd, Hypocrisie and Dullness, under the disguise of Reformation, promoted to the highest Honours, Deism propagated, the true genuine Sons of the Church discourag'd, Foreigners admitted into our private Councils, Trade neglected, our narrow Seas daily insulted, the Public empoverish'd, the Treasury exhausted and pillaged by insatiable Cormorants, the reputation of our Arms decay'd and sunk, the Seamen starv'd, the Soldiers paid with Paper; in short, nothing but ill management and poverty at Home, and infamy Abroad.——And this, I think, is sufficient to show you, that you were plaguily mistaken, when you compar'd, you know who, to the Immortal *Elizabeth*.



Speeches in the *House of Lords*,
AND UPON
Conferences with the *Commons*.

By His Grace *George* late Duke of *Buckingham*.

To which is added

A Collection of the most Remarkable Speeches, spoken in both Houses of Parliament, by several Noblemen and Commoners, in relation to the Government and the Liberty of the Subject, in the Reigns of King Charles I. The Usurpation of the Rump and Oliver Cromwel. King Charles II. and William III. &c.

John W. Smith
1875

John W. Smith
1875

John W. Smith
1875

THE
D U K E
O F

Buckingham's Speech

IN THE
House of Commons,
UPON

The occasion of some *Questions* proposed by that Honourable House to his GRACE; together with his Reply thereunto, in Relation to several Mismanagements of State Affairs, by Advice of some of the Ministry, *January 14th. 1673.*

The Duke of *Buckingham* being called into the House, after having given his Respects to the Speaker, of each Hand, and behind Him, expresses Himself:

Mr. Speaker,

I Give the House my Humble Thanks for the Honour you have twice done me, especially Expressing my self so ill Yesterday. I

A a

hope

2 *The D. of Buckingham's Speech*

hope you will consider the Condition I am in, in danger of passing in the Censure of the World for a vitious Person, and a betrayer of my Country; I have ever had the Misfortune to bear the blame of other Men's Faults. I know the revealing the King's Councils, and corresponding with the King's Enemies, which are laid against me; but I hope for your Pardon if I speak Truth for my self; I told you Yesterday if the Triple League had any advantage in it (I speak it without Vanity) I had as great a Hand in it as any Man. Then upon the instance of the *French* Embassador, I was sent into *France* upon the sad Subject of Condoling the Death of *Madam*, where I urg'd for the service of the King, that the *French* ought not to endeavour to make themselves considerable at Sea, of whom we had reason to be more jealous than of the *Dutch*, because the *French* then would have power to Conquer us. When I return'd, I found all Demonstrations that the *French* had no such thoughts, but that the King of *England* should be master at Sea. I do not pretend to judge whether I or other Men were in the right, I leave the Judgment of that to this Honourable House. At this time my Lord *Shaftsbury* and my self advised not to begin a War without the advice of the Parliament, and the Affections of the People, (for I look upon the King at the head of his Parliament, to be the greatest Prince in the World) this was my
Lord

Lord *Shaftsbury's* Opinion and Mine, but not my Lord *Arlingtons*. My next advice was not to make use of *French* Ships, half their value in Money would have been more serviceable. I alleadged they would be of no use to Us, by reason of their want of Experience in our Seas, and there would be great danger in their learning the use of them, which advice my Lord *Arlington* opposed, notwithstanding the King was so desirous of avoiding a Breach with *France*, that he sent me to *Dunkirk*, and my Lord *Arlington* to *Utrecht*, where I still endeavoured to get Money instead of Ships. At my first Audience, the King of *France* was willing to comply, but after some Returns and Letters from hence it was alter'd, but I make no Reflections upon Persons, but barely state matters of Fact. Then it was my Lord *Shaftsbury's* advice and mine so to order the War, as that the *French* should deliver us some Towns of their Conquests into our Hands, a useful President in former times. Lord *Arlington* would have no Towns at all for one Year, and here is the cause of the Condition of our Affairs. We set out a Fleet with intention to land Men in order to the taking of Towns. The *French* Army go on Conquering and get all, and we get nothing nor agree for any. Pray consider who it was that was so often lockt up with the *French* Ambassador. My Spirit moves me to tell you, when we were to consider what to do, we were to

4 *The D. of Buckingham's Speech*

advise with the *French* Embassador: I will not trouble you with Reports, but pray look not upon me as a Peer, but an honest *English* Gentleman, who has suffered much for my Love to my Country. I had a Regiment given me which was Sir *Edward Scott's*, I gave him 1500*l.* for it: There is no Papist Officer in it, nor *Irish* Man. I shall say nothing of my extraordinary gaines, I am sure I have lost as much Estate as some Men have gotten, (and that is a big word; I am Honest, and when I appear otherwise, I desire to Die. I am not the Man that has gotten by all this; yet after all this I am a Grievance: I am the heapst Grievance this House ever had; and so I humbly ask the Pardon of the House for the trouble I have given.

The Speaker then proceeded to ask the Duke the following Questions by Order of the House.

Question I. Proposed to the Duke of *Buckingham*.

Whether any Persons declared to your Grace any ill Advices against the Liberties and Privileges of this House, or to alter the Government, who they were, and what they Advised?

Duke of Buckingham's Answer.

There is an Old Proverb, Mr. Speaker, *over Boots over Shoes.* This reflects upon one that is not now living, and so I desire Pardon for saying any thing farther, fearing it may be thought a malicious Invention of mine, the person being Dead. I have said nothing yet but what I can justifie, but this I cannot.

Question II.

*Some words fell from your Grace Testerday, wherein you were pleased to say some had gotten 3, 4, or 5000000*l.* the House would know who they were, and by what means they had gotten such Sums?*

Duke of Buckingham's Answer.

I am not well acquainted by what means they got so much, being not at all acquainted with the ways of getting Money. What the Duke of *Ormond* has got is upon Record, being about 500000*l.* my Lord *Arlington* has not got so much, but has got a great deal.

Question III.

By whose Advice was the Army raised, and Monsieur Schomberg made General?

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Duke of Buckingham's Answer.

I cannot say by whose Advice, but upon my Honour not by mine. I was told by a Man that's Dead, that my Lord *Arlington* sent for him, and it will be easily proved.

Question IV.

By whose Advice was this Army brought up to awe the Debates and Resolutions of the House of Commons?

Duke of Buckingham's Answer.

I must make to this the same Answer as I did before; it was a discourse from a Man dead of one now living. If I had deserv'd the Honour I think I might have had the Command of that Army before him, but *Schomberg* was told my Lord *Arlington* would have the Government by an Army.

Question V.

Who made the French League?

Duke of Buckingham's Answer.

My Lord *Arlington*, and my Self were only employ'd to Treat, and finding the danger
we

we were in of being Cheated, we pressed the Embassadours to Sign before they had power ; and though an odd Question, yet they did Sign.

Question VI.

Who made the first Treaty with France, by which the Tripple Alliance was broken ?

Duke of Buckingham's Answer.

I made that Treaty.

Question VII.

By whose Advice was the Exchequer shut up, and the order of payment there broken ?

Duke of Buckingham's Answer.

I was not the Adviser, I am sure I lost 3000 *l.* by it.

Question VIII.

Who advised the Declaration in matter of Religion ?

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Duke of Buckingham's Answer.

I do not disown that I advised it: Being always of Opinion that something was to be done in that Nature in matters of Conscience, but no farther than the King might do by Law.

Question IX.

Who advised the Attacking the Smyrna-Fleet before the War was Proclaimed?

Duke of Buckingham's Answer.

It was my Lord *Arlington's* Advice, I was utterly against it, as careful of the Honour of the Nation, and incurred some Anger by it. My Lord *Arlington* principally moved it, and I might say more.

Question X.

By whose Advice was the second Treaty at Utricht?

Duke of Buckingham's Answer.

My Lord *Arlington* and I were sent over, and I found in *Holland* the greatest Conster-
nation

tion Imaginable, like the burning of the *Rump* in *England*, the people crying, *God Bless the King of England*, and cursing the *States*, and had we then landed we might have conquered the Country. The Prince of *Orange* would have had the same share in the Peace with *France* we had, but though the King's Nephew, I thought he must be kind to his own Country; if we had made Peace then, we had been in a worse condition than before, and lastly the Prince of *Orange* hoped for a good Peace with us upon that Treaty, but I would never consent that *France* must have all and we nothing. The consequence would be that *Holland* must intirely depend upon *France*, and I think it a wise Article, that the *French* were not to make Peace without us.

Question. XI.

By what Counsel was the War begun without the Parliament, and thereupon the Parliament Prorogued?

Duke of Buckingham's Answer.

My Lord *Shaftsbury* and I were for advising with the Parliament and averse to the Prorogation. I can say nothing, but I believe the Parliament will never be against a War for the good of *England*.

The Debate followed.

The

*The Duke's Speech in the House of Lords, Nov. 16th. 75. Upon Liberty of Conscience.**My Lords,*

THere is a thing call'd *Property*, which (whatever some Men may think) is that the People of *England* are fondest off, it is that they will never part with, and it is that His Majesty, in his Speech, has promised us to take a particular care of. This, my Lords, in my Opinion, can never be done without giving an *Indulgence* to all *Protestant Dissenters*. It is certainly a very uneasy kind of Life to any Man, that has either Christian Charity, Humanity, or Good Nature, to see his Fellow-Subjects dayly abus'd, divested of their Liberty and Birth-rights, and miserably thrown out of their Possessions and Free-holds, only because they cannot agree with others in some Niceties of Religion, which their Consciences will not give them leave to consent to; and which, even by the Confession of those, who would impose them upon them, are no ways necessary to Salvation. But, my Lords, besides this, and all that may be said upon it, in order to the improvement of our Trade, and increase of the Wealth, Strength, and Greatness of this Nation, (which under
favour

favour, I shall presume to discourse of some other time) there is, methinks, in this Notion of Persecution a very gross Mistake, both as to the point of Government, and the point of Religion. There is so as to the point of Government, because it makes every Man's satisfaction depend on the wrong place, not upon the Governour, or a Man's living well towards the Civil Government established by Law, but upon his being transported with Zeal for every Opinion that is held by those that have power in the Church then in fashion; and it is, I conceive, a mistake in Religion, because it is positively against the express Doctrine and Example of *Jesus Christ*. Nay, my Lord, as to our *Protestant Religion* there is something in it yet worse; for we *Protestants* maintain that none of those Opinions, which Christians differ about are infallible; and therefore in us it is a somewhat inexcusable Conception, that Men ought to be deprived of their Inheritance and all the certain Consequences and Advantages of Life, because they will not agree with us in our uncertain Opinions of Religion. My humble Motion therefore to your Lordships, is, That you would give me leave to bring in a Bill of Indulgence to all Dissenting Protestants. I know very well, that every Peer of the Realm has a Right to bring one into Parliament, which he conceives to be useful to this Nation; but I thought it more respectful to your Lordships,

to

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to ask your leave for it before ; I cannot think the doing of it will be of any prejudice to the Bill, because I am confident the Reason, the Prudence, and the Charitableness of it, will be able to justify it self to this House and the whole World.

The Duke of Buckingham's Speech at a Conference, 1675.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons.

I Am Commanded by the House of Peers to open to you the matter of the Conference ; which is a Task I could wish their Lordships had laid upon any body else, both for their own sakes and mine : Having observed in the little experience I have made in the World there can be nothing of greater difficulty, than to unite Men in their Opinions whose interest seems to disagree. *This, Gentlemen,* I fear is at present our Case ; but yet I hope when we have a little better considered of it, we shall find, that a greater interest does oblige us at this time rather to join in the preservation of both our Privileges, than differ about the Violation of either. We acknowledge it is our Interest to defend the Right of the Commons ; for should we suffer them to be oppress'd, it would not be long before it might come to be
our

our own Case; and I humbly conceive it will appear to be the Interest of the Commons to uphold the Privilege of the Lords, that so we may be in a contition to stand by and support them. All that their Lordships desire of you on this occasion is, That you will proceed with them as usually Friends do when they are in dispute one with another, that you will not be impatient of hearing Arguments urged against your Opinions, but examine the weight of what is said, and then impartially consider which of us two are likeliest to be in the wrong. If we are in the wrong, we and our Predecessors have been in the wrong these many Hundred Years; and not only our Predecessors, but yours too: This being the first time that ever an Appeal was made in point of Judicature, from the Lords House to the House of Commons. Nay those very Commons, which turn'd the Lords out of this House, though they took from them many other of their Privileges, yet left them the constant practice of this till the very last day of their sitting. And this will be made appear by several Precedents, these Noble Lords will lay before you, much better than I can pretend to do. Since this business has been in Agitation, their Lordships have been a little more curious than ordinary, to inform themselves of the true nature of these matters now in Question before us; which I shall endeavour to explain to you as far as my small Ability

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bility and my Averſion to hard words will give me leave. For howſoever the Law, to make it a Myſtery and a Trade may be wrapt up in Terms of Art, yet it is founded upon Reaſon, and is obvious to common Senſe. The Power of Judicature does naturally deſcend, and not aſcend, that is, no inferiour Court can have any Power, which is not derived to it from ſome Power above it; the King is, by the Laws of this Land, ſupreme Judge in all Cauſes Eccleſiaſtical and Civil. And ſo here is no Court High or Low, can Act, but in ſubordination to him; and tho' they do not all iſſue out their Writs in the King's Name, yet they can iſſue out none but by Vertue of ſome Power they have received from him. Now every particular Court has ſuch a particular Power as the King has given it, and for that reaſon has its bounds: But the higheſt Court, in which the King can poſſibly ſit, that is, his Supreme Court of Lords in Parliament, has in it all Judicial Power, and conſequently no Bounds: I mean no Bounds of Jurisdiction; for the Higheſt Court is to govern according to the Law, as well as the Loweſt. I ſuppoſe none will make a Queſtion, but that every Man and every Cauſe, is to be tryed according to *Magna Charta*, that is, by Peers, or according to the Laws of the Land: And he that is tried by the Eccleſiaſtical Courts, the Court of Admiralty, or the High Court of Lords in Parliament, is tried

as much by the Laws of the Land, as he that is tried by the King's-Bench, or Common-Pleas. When these Inferiour Courts happen to wrangle among themselves, which they must often do, by reason of their being bound up to particular Causes, and their having all equally and earnestly a desire to try all Causes themselves, then the Supreme Court is forc'd to hear their Complaints, because there is no other way of deciding them. And this under favour, is an Original Cause of Courts, tho' not of Men. Now these Original Causes of Courts, must also of necessity induce Men, for saving of Charges, and dispatch-sake, to bring their Cause, originally before the Supreme Court; but then the Court is not obliged to receive them, but proceeds by rules of Prudence, in either retaining or dismissing them, as they think fit. This is, under Favour, the sum of all that your Precedents can shew us; which is nothing but what we practice every day, that is, that very often, because we would not be molested with hearing too many particular Cases, we therefore refer them back again to other Courts: And all the Arguments you can possibly draw from hence, will not in any kind lessen our Power, but only shew an unwillingness we have to trouble our selves often with matters of this Nature. Nor will this appear strange, if you consider the constitution of our House, it being made up, partly of such whose employ-
ments

ments will not give them leisure to attend the hearing of private Causes; and entirely of those that can receive no profit by it. And the truth is, the Dispute at present is not between the House of Lords, and the House of Commons, but between us and *Westminster-Hall*: For, as we desire to have few or no Causes brought before us, because we get nothing by 'em, so they desire to have all Causes brought before them, for a reason a little of the contrary Nature. For this very Reason, it is their business to invent new ways of drawing Causes to their Courts, which ought not to be pleaded there. As for Example, this very Cause of *Skinner*, that is now before us, (and I do not speak this by Roar, for I have the Opinion of a Reverend Judge in the Case, who informed us of it the other day in the House) they have no ways of bringing this Cause in to *Westminster-Hall*, but by this following Form, the Reason and Sence of which I leave you to judge of, the Form is this. *That instead of speaking, as we ordinary Men do. that have no Art, that Mr. Skinner lost a Ship in the East-Indies; to bring this into their Courts, they must say Mr. Skinner lost a Ship in the East-Indies in the Parish of Islington in the County of Middlesex.* Now some of us Lords that did not understand the Refinedness of this Stile, began to examine what the reason of this should be, and so we found, that since they ought not by right to try Causes, they

they are resolved to make bold not only with our Privileges, but the very Sence and Language of the whole Nation. This I thought fit to mention, only to let you see, that this whole Cause, as well as many others, cou'd not be try'd properly in any place but at our Bar; except Mr. *Skinner* should take a fancy, to try the Right of Jurisdiction between *Westminster-Hall* and the Court of Admiralty, instead of seeking relief for the Injuries he had received in the place only, where it was to be given him. One thing I hear is much insisted upon, which is, the Tryal without Juries, to which I could answer, That such Tryals are allowed off in the Chancery and other Courts; and that when there is occasion for them, we make use of Juries too, both by directing them in the *King's-Bench*, and having them brought up to our Bar. But I shall only crave leave to put you in mind, That if you do not allow us, in some Cases, to try Men without Juries, you will then absolutely take away the use of Impeachments, which I humbly conceive you will not think proper to have done at this time.

*The Duke's Speech in the House of Lords, to prove the Parliament Dissolved, 1675.**My Lords,*

I Have often troubled your Lordships with my Discourse in this House; but, I confess I never did it with more trouble to my self, than I do at this time, for I scarce know where I should begin or what I have to say to your Lordships. On the one side, I am afraid of being thought an Unquiet and Pragmatical Man; for in this Age, every Man that cannot bear every thing, is called unquiet; and he that does ask Questions, for which we ought to be concern'd, is looked upon as Pragmatical. On the other side, I am more afraid of being thought a Dishonest Man; and of all Men, I am most afraid of being thought so by my self; for every one is the best judge of the Intregrity of his own Intentions; and though it does not always follow, that he is Pragmatical whom others take to be so; yet this never fails to be true, that he is most certainly a Knave who takes himself to be so. No body is answerable for more understanding than God Almighty has given him; and therefore, tho' I should be in the wrong, if I tell your Lordships truly and plainly what I am really convinced of, I shall be-
have

have my self like an honest Man: For it is my Duty, as long as I have the Honour to sit in this House, to hide nothing from your Lordships which I think may concern His Majesty's Service, your Lordship's Interest, or the good and quiet of the People of *England*. The Question, in my Opinion, which now lies before your Lordships, is not what we are to do, but whether at this time we can do any thing as a Parliament, it being very clear to me, that the Parliament is Dissolved: And if, in this Opinion, I have the misfortune to be mistaken, I have another misfortune joyn'd to it, for I desire to maintain the Argument with all the Judges and Lawyers in *England*, and leave it afterwards to your Lordships to decide, whether I am in the right or no. This, my Lords, I speak not out of Arrogance, but in my own Justification, because if I were not thoroughly convinced, that what I have now to urge, was grounded upon the Fundamental Laws of *England*, and that the not pressing it at this time, might prove to be of a most dangerous consequence both to His Majesty and the whole Nation; I should have been loth to start a Notion, which perhaps may not be very agreeable to some People. And yet, my Lords, when I consider where I am, who I now speak to, and what was spoken in this place about the time of the last Prorogation, I can hardly believe what I have to say, will be distastful to your Lordships. I remem-

ber very well how your Lordships were then displeased with the House of Commons, and I remember too as well, what reasons they gave you to be so. It is not so long since, but that I suppose your Lordships may call to mind, that after several odd passages between us, your Lordships were so incensed, that a motion was made here, for an Address to His Majesty, about the Dissolution of this Parliament; and though it fail'd of being carried in the Affirmative by two or three Voices, yet this in the Debate was remarkable, That it prevail'd much with the major part of your Lordships that were here present, and was only over power'd by the Proxies of those Lords, who never heard the Arguments. What change there has been since either in their behaviour, or in the state of our Affairs, that should make your Lordships change your Opinion, I have not yet heard. And therefore if I can make it appear (as I presume I shall) that by Law the Parliament is Dissolved, I presume your Lordships ought not to be offended at me for it. I have often wondred how it should come to pass, that this House of Commons, in which there are so many honest, and so many worthy Gentlemen, should yet be less respectful to your Lordships, as certainly they have been, than any House of Commons that were ever chosen in *England*; and yet if the matter be a little enquired into, the reason of it will plainly appear. For my
Lords,

Lord, the very nature of the House of Commons is changed; they do not think now that they are an Assembly that are to return to their own homes, and become private Men again, (as by the Laws of the Land, and the Ancient Constitution of Parliaments they ought to be) but they look upon themselves as a *standing Senate*, and as a number of Men pick'd out to be Legislators for the rest of their lives. And if that be the Cause, my Lords, they have reason to believe themselves our Equals. But, my Lords, it is a dangerous thing to try new experiments in a Government: Men do not fore-see the ill consequences that must happen when they go about to alter those essential parts of it, upon which the whole Frame depends, as now in our Case, *the Customs and Constitutions of Parliament*: For all Governments are artificial things, and every part of them has a dependance one upon another. And is with them as with Clocks and Watches; if you should put great Wheels in the place of little ones, and little ones in the place of great ones, all the Movement would stand still: So that we cannot alter any one part of a Government without prejudicing the motions of the Whole. If this, my Lords, were well considered, People would be more cautious how they went out of the Old, Honest, *English* way and method of proceeding. But it is not my business to find Faults, and therefore if your Lordships will give me leave,

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I shall go on to shew you, why, in my Opinion, *we are at this time no Parliament.* The Ground of this Opinion of mine is taken from the ancient and unquestionable Statutes of this Realm, and give me leave to tell your Lordships by the way, *That Statutes are not like Women, for they are not one jot the worse for being Old.* The first Statute that I shall take notice of is that in the 4th. Year of *Edward III.* Chap. 14. thus set down in the Printed Book: *Item, it is Accorded, That a Parliament shall be holden every year once, and more often if need be.* Now though these words are as plain as a Pike-staff, and no Man living that is not a Scholar could possibly mistake the meaning of them, yet the Grammarians of those days did make a shift to explain, that the words *if need be*, did relate as well to the words *every year once*, as to the words *more often*; and so by this Grammatical Whimsey of theirs, had made this Statute to signify just nothing at all. For this Reason, my Lords, in the 36th. year of the same King's Reign, a new Act of Parliament was made, in which those unfortunate words *if need be* are left out, and that Act of Parliament, relating to *Magna Charta* and other Statutes, made for the Publick Good. *Item, For maintainance of these Articles and Statutes, and the redress of divers Mischiefs and Grievances, which dayly happen, a Parliament shall be holden every year; as at other time was ordained by an other Statute.* Here now, my
Lords.

Lords, there is not left the least Colour or Shadow for any further mistake, for it is plainly declared, That the Kings of *England* must call a Parliament once within a Year; and the reasons, why we are bound to do so, are as plainly set down, Namely, *For the Maintenance of Magna Charta and other Statutes of the same Importance, and for preventing the mischiefs and Grievances which daily happen.*

The Question then remaineth, Whether these Statutes have been since repealed by any other Statutes or no? The only Statutes I ever heard mentioned for that, are the two *Triennial Bills*, the one made in the last Kings, and the other in this King's Reign. The *Triennial Bill* in the last King's Reign, was made for the confirmation of the two above mentioned Statutes of *Edward III.* for Parliaments having been omitted to be called every year according to those Statutes, a Statute was made in the last King's Reign to this purpose. *That if the King should fail of calling a Parliament, according to these Statutes of Edw. III. then the third year the People should meet of themselves without any Writs at all, and choose their Parliament-Men.* This way of the Peoples choosing Parliament-Men of themselves, being thought disrespectful to the King, a Statute was made by this last Parliament, which Repealed the *Triennial Bill*; and after the Repealing Clause (which took notice only of the *Triennial Bill*, made in the last King's

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Reign,) there was in this Statute a Paragraph to this purpose: *That because by the Ancient Statutes of the Realm, made in the Reign of Edw. III. Parliaments are to be held very often, it should be Enacted, That within three Tears after the determination of that present Parliament, Parliaments should not be discontinued above three Tears at most, and should be holden oftner, if need required.* There have been several half kind of Arguments drawn out of these *Triennial Bills* against the Statutes of *Edw. III.* which I confess I could never remember, nor indeed those that urged them to me ever durst own: For they always laid their Faults upon some body else, like ugly foolish Children, whom because of their Deformity and want of Wit, the Parents are ashamed of, and so turn them out to the Parish. But, my Lords, let the Arguments be what they will, I have this short answer to all that can be wrested out of these *Triennial Bills*, *That the first Triennial Bill was Repealed before the matter now disputed of was in Question, and the last Triennial Bill will not be in force, till the Question be decided, that is, till this Parliament is Dissolved.* The whole matter, my Lords, is reduced to this short *Dilemma*; either the King's of *England* are bound by the Acts mentioned of *Edw. III.* or else the whole Government of *England* by Parliaments, and by the Law is absolutely at an End: For if the Kings of *England* have Power by an Order of theirs to

invalidate an Act made for the maintainance of *Magna Charta*, they have also Power by an Order of theirs to invalidate *Magna Charta* it self; and if they have Power by an Order of theirs to invalidate *Magna Charta*, they have also Power, when they please, by an Order of theirs to invalidate the Statute it self, *De Tallagio non Concedendo*; and then they may not only without the help of a Parliament raise Money when they please; but also take away any Man's Estate when they please, and deprive every one of his Liberty or Life as they please. This, my Lords, I think is a Power that no Judge nor Lawyer will pretend the King's of *England* have; and yet this Power must be allowed them, or else we that are met here this Day cannot act as a Parliament. For we are now met by virtue of the last Prorogation, and that Prorogation is an Order of the King's point-blank contrary to the two Acts of *Edw. III.* for the Acts say, *That a Parliament shall be holden once within a year*; and the Prorogation saith, *A Parliament shall not be held within a year, but some Months after*; and this (I conceive) is a plain Contradiction, and consequently that the Prorogation is void. Now if we cannot act as a Parliament, by virtue of the last Prorogation, I beseech your Lordships by virtue of what else can we act? Shall we act by virtue of the King's Proclamation? Pray my Lords, how so? Is a Proclamation of more force than a
Pro-

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Propagation? Or if a thing that hath been ordered the first time be not valid, doth the ordering it the second time make it good in Law? I have heard indeed, *That two Negatives makes an Affirmative, but I never heard before that two nothings ever made any thing.* Well, but how then are we met? Is it by our own Adjournment? I suppose no body has the confidence to say that: Which way then is it: Do we meet by Accident? That I think may be granted, but an accidental Meeting can no more make a Parliament, than an accidental clapping a Crown upon a Man's Head, can make a King. There is a great deal of Ceremony required to give a matter of that moment a legal Sanction. The Laws have reposed so great a Trust, and so great a Power in the hands of a Parliament, that every Circumstance relating to the manner of their Electing, Meeting and Proceeding, is look'd after with the nicest Circumspection imaginable. For this reason the King's Writs about the Summons of Parliament, are to be issued out *Verbatim* according to the Form prescribed by the Law, or else that Parliament is Void and Null. For the same reason, if a Parliament summoned by the King's Writ, do not meet the very same day that it is Summoned to meet upon; that Parliament is Void and Null: And by the same reason, if Parliaments be not legally adjourned *De die in Diem*, those Parliaments must be also Void and Null.

Oh!

Oh! but some say, There is nothing in the two Acts of *Edw. III.* to take away the King's Power of Prorogation, and therefore the Prorogation is good. My Lords, under favour this is a very gross mistake; for pray examine the words of the Act: The Act says, *A Parliament shall be holden once a year*; now to whom can these words be directed, but to them who are to call a Parliament? And who are they but the Kings of *England*? It is very true, this does not take away the King's Power of proroguing Parliaments; but it most certainly limits it to be within a year. Well then, but it is said again, if that Prorogation be Null and Void, then things are just as they were before, and therefore the Parliament is still in being. My Lords, I confess there would be some weight in this but for one thing, which is, that not one word of it is true; for if when the King had prorogued us, we had taken no notice of the Prorogation, but had gone on like a Parliament, and had Adjourn'd our selves *De die in Diem*; then I confess things had been just as they were before: But since upon the Prorogation we went away, and took no care of our selves for our meeting again, if we cannot meet and act by vertue of that Prorogation, there is an impossibility of our meeting and acting any other way. One may as properly say, that a Man that is killed by Assault is still alive, because he was killed unlawfully; as that the Parliament is still alive,

live, because the *Prorogation* - was unlawful. The next Argument that those are reduced to, who would maintain this to be yet a Parliament, is, that the Parliament is Prorogued *sine Die*, and therefore the King may call them again by *Proclamation*. In the first part of this *Proposition* I shall not only agree with them, but also do them the favour to prove that it is so in the Eye of the Law, which I never heard they have yet done. For the Statutes say, *That a Parliament shall be holden once within a year*; and the *Prorogation* having put them off till a day without the year, and consequently excepted against by the Law, that day in the Eye of the Law is no day at all, that is, *sine Die*: And the *Prorogation* might as well have put them off till so many Months after *Dooms-day*; and then I think no body would have doubted, but that had been a very sufficient Dissolution. Besides, my Lords, I shall desire your Lordships to take notice, that in the former times the usual way of Dissolving Parliaments was to Dismiss them *sine Die*; for the King, when he Dissolved them, used to say no more, but that he desired them to go home, till he sent for them again, which is a Dismission *sine Die*. Now if there were forty ways of Dissolving Parliaments, if I can prove this Parliament has been Dissolved by any one of them, I suppose there is no great need of the other thirty nine. Another thing, which they much insist upon, is, that they have found out
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a *President* in Queen Elizabeth's time, when a *Parliament* was once prorogued three days beyond a year. In which I cannot chuse but observe, that it is a very great confirmation of the value and esteem all people ever had of the forementioned Acts of *Edw. III.* since from that time to this, there can but one *President* be found for the *Proroguing* a *Parliament* above a year, and that was but for three days neither. Besides, my Lords, this *President* is of a very odd kind of Nature; for it was in time of a very great Plague, when every body of a suddain was forced to run away one from another, and so being in hast, had not leasure to calculate well the time of the *Prorogation*, though the appointing it to be within three days of the Year is an Argument to me, that their design was to keep within the bounds of the Acts of Parliament. And if the mistake had been taken notice of in Queen Elizabeth's time, I make no question but she would have given a lawful Remedy. Now I beseech your Lordships, what more can be drawn from the shewing this *President*, but only that because once upon a time a thing was done illegally, therefore your Lordships should do so again now: Though, my Lords, under Favour, ours is a very different Case from theirs; for this *President* they mention was never taken notice of, and all Lawyers will tell you, that a *President* that passies *sub silentio* is of no validity at all, and will never be admitted in
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30 *The D. of Buckingham's Speech*

any Judicial Court where its pleaded. Nay Judge *Vaughan* saies, in his Reports, *That in Cases, which depend upon Fundamental Principles, from which Demonstrations may be drawn, millions of Presidents are to no purpose.* Oh! but say they, you must think Prudentially of the Inconveniencies which will follow upon it: For if this be allowed, all those Acts which were made in that Session of *Parliament* will be then Void. Whether that be so or no, I shall not now Examine; but this I will pretend to say, That no Man ought to pass for a Prudential Person who only take notice of the Inconveniencies of one side. It is the part of a Wiseman to examine the Inconveniencies of both sides, to weigh which are the greatest, and to be sure to avoid them. And, my Lords, to that kind of Examination I willingly submit this Cause; for I presume it will be easy for your Lordships to Judge, which of these two will be of the most daingerous Consequence to the Nation; either to allow, that the Statutes made in that particular Session in Queen *Elizabeth's* time are Void, (which may easily be confirmed by a lawful *Parliament*) or to lay it down for a Maxim, *That the King's of England by a particular Order of theirs, have power to break all the Laws of England when they please.* And, my Lords, with all the Duty we owe to His Majesty, it is no disrespect to him to say, That His Majesty is bound up by the Laws of *England*; for the
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great King of Heaven and Earth, God Almighty himself, is bound by his own Decrees: And what is an Act of Parliament but a Decree of the King made in the most solemn manner it is possible for him to make it, that is with the consent of the Lords and Commons. It is plain then, in my Opinion, that we are no more a Parliament, and I humbly conceive, your Lordships ought to give God thanks for it, since it has thus pleased him by his Providence to take you out of a Condition, wherein you must have been entirely useless to His Majesty, to your Selves, and the whole Nation: For, I do beseech your Lordships, if nothing of this I have urged were true, what honourable Excuse could we find for our acting again with the *House of Commons*? Except we could pretend to such an Exquisite art of forgetfulness as to avoid calling to mind all that passed between us the last Sessions, and unless we could have also a faculty of teaching the same art to the whole Nation. What Opinion could they have of us, if it should happen that the very same Men, who were so earnest the last Session, for having this *House of Commons* Dissolved, when there was no question of their lawful Sitting, should be now willing to joyn with them again, when without question they are Dissolved? Nothing can be more dangerous to a King or a People, than that the Laws should be made by an Assembly, of which there can be

be a doubt whether they have power to make Laws or no: And it would be in us unexcusable, if we should over look this danger, since there is for it so easie a remedy which the Law requires, and which all the Nation longs for.

The calling a new Parliament it is, That only can put His Majesty into a possibility of receiving Supplies; that can secure your Lordships the Honour of Sitting in this House like Peers, and of being serviceable to your King and Country; and that can restore to all the People of *England* their undoubted Rights of chusing Men frequently to represent their Grievances in Parliament: Without this, all we can do would be in vain; the Nation may languish a while, but must perish at last: We should become a Burden to our selves, and a Prey to our Neighbours. My motion therefore to your Lordships shall be, that we humbly Address our selves to His Majesty, and beg of him for his own sake, as well as for the Peoples sake, to give us speedily a *New Parliament*; that so we may unanimously, before it is too late, use our utmost Endeavours for His Majesty's Service, and for the Safety, the Wellfare, and the Glory of the *English* Nation.

Whilst a nother was speaking, the Duke of Buckingham took a Pen and Writ this Syllogism: And then appealed to the Bishops, whether it
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were not a true Syllogism and to the Judges whether the Propositions were not true in Law?

The Syllogism.

I*T is a Maxime in the Law of England, that the Kings of England are bound up by all the Statutes made Pro bono Publico; that every Order or Direction of theirs contrary to the Scope and full intent of any such Statute, is Void and Null in Law.*

But the last Prorogation of the Parliament was an order of the King's, contrary to an Act of King Edward the Third, made for the greatest Common Good, viz. The Maintenance of all the Statutes of England, and for the Prevention of the Mischiefs and Grievances which daily happen.

*Therefore the last Prorogation of
the Parliament is Void and Null in
Law.*

*Spoken in the House of Lords,
Feb. 15th. 1676.*

*Suffering is Sweet, when Honour
doth Adorn it;
Who flights Revenge? not he that
Fears but, Scorns it.*

*The Speech of George Earl of Bristol
to the House of Commons, 1663.*

Mr. Speaker,

WERE I to be wrought upon by the Arts and Menaces of my Enemys, or by the Alarms in my behalf of my Friends, contrary to the firmness and assurance which a clear Heat and a good Conscience does always uphold in a *Man of Honour*, I should have appeared in this place with such fear and trembling, as could not chuse but disorder any Man's Reason and Elocution. The niceness of the Subject upon which I am brought hither, were enough to discompose one; but over and above that, I am not ignorant, what personal prejudices I am under, and how industriously they have been improv'd among you. But when I look round this illustrious Assembly, and see three parts of it composed of Men, who wear as I do a Sword by their sides, and who have drawn it so often for the King's Service; Gentlemen of Birth, Integrity, and Fortune, all apprehensions vanish from a Man who hath serv'd, and suffered for the King as I have done; *Mr. Speaker*, I know the time of this House, upon whose prudent Deliberations the Happiness of the King and Kingdom depends, is too precious to have any

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part of it spent in vindication of me: But since not only the Reputation and Innocence of one of your Members depends upon what I shall say, but even His Majesty's Honour may in some sort be concern'd in the right apprehension of it, I hope it will be thought no presumption in me to beg of you, as I do, in all humility one quarter of an hours Patience and Attention.—*Mr. Speaker,* I am here expos'd as the bearer of a Message to His Majesty from Sir *Richard Temple*, which he hath thought worthy to be complain'd of to this House, and which Sir *Richard Temple* affirms he never sent. Lay your hands upon your hearts, Gentlemen, and say truly; does not your innate Candour pity my Condition, brought into a straight in all appearance so inextricable? For on the one side, if I avow to have carried from Sir *Richard Temple* the Message, which His Majesty has been pleas'd to make so high and so unusual an expression of his being offended at, and which Sir *Richard Temple* denies to have sent; how can *Men of Honour* forgive me so ungentlemanly a proceeding towards a Person who hath trust'd me as a Friend to do him (as he thought) a good office with His Majesty? On the other side, *Mr. Speaker,* should I disavow the having deliver'd the Message from Sir *Richard Temple*, which His Majesty hath thought fit to affirm that he receiv'd from him and by me, what Subject can
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be strong enough, not to sink for ever under the weight of such a contradiction to his Sovereign? I ask you again, Gentlemen, does not the condition you see me brought into, by the Arts of my Enemys, move you at the same to pitty and indignation? *Mr. Speaker*, when *David* was put to his choice of one of the three Calamities, he made Election of the Plague. And why? That he might fall into the hands of God, and not of Men. In like manner, *Mr. Speaker*, if one of the two extremes, with which I am threatned, be, as it appears, unavoidable, let me fall into the hands of God's Vicegerent, the King. The World never pardon me an unworthy Action; his Goodness, I am sure would in time pardon a generous fault. But when you have heard me out, Gentlemen, I am confident you will find, that I shall need neither the World's Pardon, nor the King's, but only yours. In the first place, *Mr. Speaker*, I am bound to clear *Sir Richard Temple*, which I here do upon my Honour; that he never sent by me a Message to the King, that had in it, the least tincture of an undertaking of his, which I conceive could be the only part, that could give offence to His Majesty, or be a ground for the Complaint made against him.— In the next place, if the King, who, the Law says, *can do no wrong*, hath thought fit to affirm, that I brought him that undertaking Message from *Sir Richard Temple*, it must needs

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be true, and I do with all Submission avow, whatever His Majesty is pleased to affirm of me; but having discharg'd that Duty towards my Soverign, I hope I may be allowed to lay the fault home upon my self, and to tell you that my Tongue, I know not by what Distemper, deliver'd that, which I protest to God, was never in my thoughts; I was so far from thinking to deliver such a message from Sir *Richard Temple*, that I did not think my self charg'd with any thing by way of Message. It is true, Mr. *Speaker*, that being full of indignation at ill Offices done him, I made a warm Address to His Majesty in Sir *Richard Temple's* behalf, wherein I expressed his Grief that His Majesty should be offended with him, and having joyn'd therunto some reasonings of his to justify his Conduct, in relation to His Majesty's Service, very agreeable to my own sentiments, I pursu'd his Expressions with such of my own, as (all circumstances considered) the most attentive person, and the most void of Passion against Sir *Richard Temple* might have easily understood it to be no undertaking of his, but only a warm discourse, and confident undertaking of my own.—Sir *Richard Temple* being thus clear'd without the least contradiction to His Majesty, if to undertake for you, Gentlemen, be a Guilt, it is only I that stand guilty before you. But you are too Noble, I am sure, and too just to condemn me in your Judgments, before

before you have heard the Nature and Circumstances of my undertaking; which with your leave I shall declare to the full, taking the matter (as I must needs, to be rightly understood) from an higher Original. Mr. *Speaker*, having had the Honour heretofore of discharging with Approbation a place of so high Trust, as that of Secretary of State to His Majesty's Father of Blessed Memory, and to himself: And since my quitting that place, being admitted so frequently to the happiness of his Princely Conversation, you cannot imagine but that sometimes he vouchsafed to speak to me of Business, especially of *Parliaments* where I have the Honour at present to be a Peer, and have heretofore been as much versed, as some of my Contemporaries, in the proceedings of the Honourable *House of Commons*. I confess, that before this last Assembling, he did it more than once, and the Opinion I most constantly delivered concerning this House was, that never King was so happy in a *House of Commons*, as he was in you; a House composed of so many Gentlemen of Birth, and Fortune, eminent in their faithfulness to him, and such as could never be suspected of any Sinister designs, or of any other dependance but upon the Crown, and upon their Duty to those that chose them, and such as in the last Sessions had manifested their Affections to him by such large Aids, and Supplies; adding that nothing could be

more important to his Service, than to make, and preserve you still popular with those that sent you. To which end I took the liberty to tell him, that if the necessity of his Affairs (of which I, having no part in his Council, was no good Judge) could admit of it, he ought not in prudence to let you give him any Money this Sitting, but rather to oblige you wholly to apply your selves to the making of such Laws, as might indear both him and you to the People; by which means, at another meeting, he would be Master of the Hearts and Purfes of his Subjects. But that in case his necessities should urge him to press you before the rising for a new supply, that he ought by all means to let it be accompanied, if not preceded by some eminent Acts for the reformation of former abuses, and for the securing his Subjects from the like for the future.—I persisted, Mr. *Speaker*, in pressing upon all occasions this Advice to His Majesty, till within some few weeks after their meeting, when finding my self (I know not by what misfortune) fallen under some prejudices, I thought that a total forbearance from speaking to him of any Business, would be the best way of my serving him, and I protest unto you, Gentlemen, with all sincerity, that from that time, untill that of His Majesty's expressing to me some displeasure against Sir *Richard Temple*, I never once opened my Lips to him of any publick affair whatsoever;

It is true (Mr. *Speaker*) that a ground being given me to enter again with His Majesty, upon a subject, which my heart was still full of, I laid hold upon the occasion, and in pursuance of what I had said in behalf of Sir *Richard Temple*, told His Majesty, perhaps with more freedom and fervour, than did become me, that I found his Courtiers gave him wrong measures, both of the temper of the *House of Commons*, and of the means to attain from them any new supplies, whether by way of Present, Gift, or of such Establishments in his Revenues, as might indeed put him out of necessity; since there could be no reasonable hopes of obtaining from them any such assistance, but by a Concomitance, if not a precedence of such Acts, as might be grateful and beneficial to his Subjects, and secure them that what shall be given hereafter, should be better managed for his Majesty's Service, than those vast sums that had been formerly granted: That if His Majesty in his Princely Wisdom should think fit to drive on his Business upon solid grounds, and not upon the false and self interested measures of some Courtiers, He had a *House of Commons* composed of Members so full of Affection to his Person, and of Zeal for his Prosperity and Glory, that not only Sir *Richard Temple*, but the most unprejudic'd, and wisest Men of the Kingdom, as well as my self durst undertake for them. See here, Gentlemen, the bold undertaking, that

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that such a *House of Commons* would never let him want such present Supplies, as the true necessity of his affairs should require, nor such an established Revenue, as was fit to support the Greatness and Honour of his Crown. If this was a Criminal Undertaking, you have before you, Gentlemen, *Consistentem reum*; but whilst I am endeavoring to clear Sir *Richard Temple*, and to Vindicate or Arrain my self, according as you shall be pleased to understand it, by telling you what pass'd from me to His Majesty, I must not omit to give him the Honour due to him for the Kingly reply he made to me upon this occasion, which was, *That he had a sence of the merit of the House of Commons towards him, even far beyond what I had expressed, and this was the reason, why relying so entirely as he did, upon the affections of that whole body, he was, and ever should be offended at any proposition to carry on his Business there by officious Undertakings, and Caballs, either of his Courtiers or others.* An expression fit to be written with the Raies of the Sun, that all the World may read it; an expression which cannot chuse, but inflame the affections of all this noble Assembly that hear me, and carry you to make good these happy impressions of you, which are so deeply stamp't in his Royal Breast: Such as I should think it a Crime to doubt but that all suspicions being now vanished of His Majesty's owning the supply desired by
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any Acts or Contrivances of others, your own Zeal for his Service, will even in the proportion and timeliness of that exceed the vain proposals of all pick-thank undertakers. Mr. *Speaker*, I should have here put a period to your trouble of hearing me, did I not think, I might not incur the imputation of much weakness, and supineness in my own highest concernments, if vallyuing, as I do, above all earthly concernments, the favour and the esteem of my Country, of which you are the illustrious Representatives, and knowing what industry has been used to blast me with you, I should not lay hold on this just occasion to remove from me some unjust prejudices, under which I have labour'd. And this, Mr. *Speaker* I humbly beg leave to do in a very few words. I appeal, Gentlemen, to numbers of you, that hear me, whether I have not been represented unto you for the giver of Advice of a far different tenour from what you have heard upon this occasion; whether I have not been painted out unto you for an Inflamer of His Majesty against his Parliaments; for an Enemy of the Church of *England*, and for a dangerous driver on of the *Papistical Interest*. It is true, Mr. *Speaker*, I am a Catholick of the Church of *Rome*, not of the Court of *Rome*; no Negotiator there of Cardinal's Caps for His Majesty's Subjects and Domestiques, a true Roman Catholick as to the other World, but a true Englishman as to this: Such a one,

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as had we a King inclined to that profession, (as on the contrary, we have one the most firm and constant to the Protestant Religion, that ever sat upon the Throne.) I would tell him as freely, as the D. of *Sully*, being a Protestant, told his Grandfather *Henry IV.* That if he meant to be a King, that he must be a constant professor and maintainer of the Religion established in his Dominions. Believe me, Gentlemen, Roman Catholick as I am, there is no Man amongst you all more thoroughly perswaded than I am, that the true Pillars that can uphold this Monarchy must ever be the maintaenance of the Subjects just Rights and Liberties, and the careful preservation of that State Ecclesiastical, whereof His Majesty is the Supreme Governour; and I do clearly profess, that should the Pope himself invade that Ecclesiastical right of his, I should as readily draw my Sword against him as against the late U-surper. Mr. *Speaker*, one prejudice more I am under, which ought to have great weight indeed with this Honourable House, if there be a real ground for it: And that is, that the E. of *Bristol* is one of those, who by the vast Grants that he hath got of the King, hath in part contributed to the groans of the People, to find their King still in such necessity, after such unexampled charges laid upon the Subject for his supplies. It is true, Mr. *Speaker*, that though I have neither Offices to keep, nor Offices to sell, His Majesty's Gifts to me have

have been great, in proportion to my Merit, which is none. For in serving and suffering for him with faithfulness, I did but my Duty, which carries a reward with it self, enough to raise a comfort to me, from the very ruine of my Fortune. It is also true, I have had the satisfaction from His Majesty, that he never refus'd me any thing I ask'd him for my self: But I hope I shall make it appear also, that I have not only been a very modest asker, but also a most careful one, to ask nothing considerable but what carried advantage with it, as well to His Majesty's Interest, as my own. I know well, Mr. *Speaker*, that with so kind and so generous a Nature as our King's is, an ill proportion of bounty to Merit, and consequently the largeness and kindness of his Royal heart that way, may have contributed much to the present streights he is in. Happy is the Nation, that hath nothing to fear for the Publick, but from the Virtues of their Prince. It is your proper work, Gentlemen, to reduce the effects of them, to a right temperatement by your prudent inspection, and may you begin it with all my Concernments, which I most readily lay at your feet, humbly begging of you, to appoint a time, when I may display them all faithfully before you: In hopes that no Man, who hath been a partaker of His Majesty's bounty, will prove himself so unworthy of it, as not to follow the example. Mr. *Speaker*, if having thus powred

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out my Soul before you, I have been so happy, as to have begot in this Honourable House a right perswasion of the sincerity of my heart, I expect and implore two gracious effects of it. The first, that you will be pleased to grant me your pardon, if the same Zeal for His Majesty's Service, and the good of my Country, which made me presume (being no Counsellor) to press upon His Majesty my Opinion in matters of such importance, has transported me also at this time in some sort as to become your Adviser. You have heard, Gentlemen, of the Dumb Man whose Tongue was set free, by an eminent danger of his Father's Life; wonder not then, Gentlemen, that such a lover of his King and Country as I am, having seen them within these three years in a prospect of such glory and happiness both at home and abroad, and finding to what a sad condition things are now reduced (by what means its more proper for you to enquire, and may Heaven bless your inspection) wonder not, I say, Gentlemen, that a Man so affected as I am, should by some eruptions of heart, let you see, that *periculum patriæ* ought to have a more powerful effect upon a Man of Publick Soul, than *periculum patris*, and is capable, if I were a mute, to make me become a Counsellor: The next is, Mr. Speaker, that if (as I said before) I have been so happy in what I have express'd, as to have rais'd in you some more favourable thoughts

thoughts concerning me, you would vouchsafe me some demonstration of it, whereby I may no more be made by my Enemies such a Bugbear as I am: As if a gracious look of His Majesty upon me, were enough to ruin all his affairs with you. I shall then continue the way I am in with comfort; but if I be so unfortunate, as that there still remains in this Incomparable Representative of my Country any Umbrage of danger to it by my access to His Majesty, as dear as the Conversation of the amiablest Prince that ever breath'd is to me, I shall banish my self for ever from his sight, into the obscurest part of his Dominions, rather than continue upon me the jealousy of those, on whom his prosperity depends; or if this be not enough, I shall once more try my Fortune abroad, where I trust this Sword, this Head, and this Heart, shall make me live as heretofore, in spite of my Enemies with Lustre to my Self, and some Honour to my Nation.

*The Earl of Bristol's Letter to King
Charles II. upon his being Banished
his Royal Presence.*

May it please your Majesty,

DURING the seven Months sufferance under the misfortune of Your Majesty's heavy Displeasure, banish'd from your presence, deprived of the fruits of your former bounty, branded by Proclamation as guilty of high Crimes against your Person and Government, and lastly prosecuted to such extreams for my Religion, I have chosen to live most of the time a closer Prisoner, then, I dare say, your Clemency would have me, and to undergo all with Submission and Silence, rather than seek advantages from my Enemies, by exposing to censure any thing (how irregular soever) wherein Your Majesty's Name hath been used: And should have continued to do so still, expecting (with an entire resignation to your Will and Pleasure) Your Majesty's own time for Grace and Favour, did not the approaching Session of Parliament impose upon me this Address by way of Duty to your Service, since it appears to me impossible, that the Privilege of Peers in Parliament can suffer one of their own Members to lye under an imputation of Crimes, without being either

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pardon'd, punish'd, or vindicated. This it is which makes me presume at this time, to cast my self at your Majesty's Feet, and most humbly to beg your Pardon for my rash and indiscreet Behaviour, in being more earnest than became me, when I had last the Honour to wait upon you in your Closet; such as I must confess might very justly move your Indignation against me; since no Provocation, nor excess of Zeal whatever can justify such a Freedom from a Subject to a Sovereign. And if my Sufferings and Submissions have not yet been sufficient to expiate that Indiscretion, I am ready to undergo what ever your Majesty shall think fit further to inflict upon me by way of Displeasure, so that it draw along with it no imputation of Crime: for as to that, I must ever crave leave to defend my Innocence against all the World, since this Truth I must justify to my last Breath, That neither then, nor at any time hath my Heart ever been susceptible of a Thought, either to disserve or displease you. But as God himself, whose Vicegerent you are, doth in the judging of Sin admit of Extenuation from high Temptations of Frailty; so I hope your Majesty will be pleas'd to consider how far the Nature of so faithful and passionate a Servant of Yours, as I am, could bear that Provocation of finding his Master, not only so incens'd against him by his Enemies, but continued still in the danger of being betray'd by their Unfaithfulness;

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in the highest Interests of his Estate and Person. Reflecting upon this, I beseech you Sir, what honest Man, loving you as I do, might not have been transported even to Frenzy and Madness? As for my Charging your Lord *Chancellor* in the House of *Peers*, I must confess to have done it without Leave, was a Failure, since no Man ought to think that he is a better judge of his Master's highest Concernment than himself; I do therefore in all Humility beg your Pardon also for any the least appearance of such Presumption. But that done, I must humbly beseech you to weigh in your Princely Thoughts, from what other Motive it could possibly proceed, but from my Zeal to your Service. From particular Spleens your Majesty cannot think it, since you have so often vouchsafed me the Character of a very unvindictive Man; and know so well with what Patience I have born all his malicious Practices against me, without falling upon him publicly, till I thought it could be no longer forborn, without eminent Hazard to your Service and Safety: from Interest much less, since it is evident, that by forbearing to do it, I might have enjoy'd Plenty and Quiet, with Marks of your Favour; and that by doing it, I hazarded and ruined my Fortune, then upon the point of Settlement, and reduc'd myself either to be a Prisoner, or a Vagabond. Nor do I think that any body will say, That finding my self lost with you, I made my
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Court by it to the next in Power. † Lastly, be pleas'd to vouchsafe me one Moment of Reflection back upon the whole Tenour of my Life, in Your Royal Father's Service and Yours; and if in the intire Progress of it Your Princely Heart can accuse me of the least Failure in true Zeal for Your Interest, and Glory of Your Crown, or in Affection for the Honour and Happiness of Your Person, I am so far from desiring Your Pardon, that I desire not to Live. But if on the contrary, Your Excellent Judgment, as well as Nature shall bear me the Testimony within Your Self of a Constant Fervour, and Faithfulness in them both, I hope that with so Gracious a Master, I shall not be ruined for one Transportment of Love beyond the Bound of Discretion. You know, as well as *Solomon*, that *Love* covers a multitude of Faults: it is that which I cannot but promise my self from Your incomparable Goodness, whom I beseech God to Bless, and direct to what may be most for the Honour and Prosperity of Your Affairs, tho it were to be with the certain Destruction of Your Majesty's Humble Servant,

BRISTOL.

A Speech in the House of Peers, by the late Lord Lucas, Feb. 12, 1670. Upon occasion for a Bill for his Majesty's present Supply sent up from the Commons.

My Lords,

WHEN by the Providence of God Almighty this Nation recall'd his *Majesty* to the Exercise of his Regal Power it, was the Hope of all good Men that we should not only be restor'd to his *Majesty's* Royal Presence and to our Laws, but also that we should be free from those heavy Burthens under which we had lain so long oppress'd. We did believe that from thence-forth every Man should sit under his own Vine, enjoy the fruits of Peace and Plenty, and *Astrea* her self long since for the Sins of Men fled up to Heaven, should have been invited by his *Majesty's* most Gracious and Happy Reign, to return hither and dwell with us, and converse here with Mortals again. But alas! we are fallen very short of our Expectations; and our Burthens are so far from being made lighter to us, that they are heavier than ever they were: and as our Burthens are not eas'd, so our Strength also is diminished, and we are less able to support them. For in the Time of
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the late *Usurping Powers*, tho great Taxes were exacted from us, yet we had the means to pay them: we could let our Lands, and sell our Corn and Cattle, and there was plenty of Money through the Nation; now there is nothing of this, *Brick is required of us, and no Straw allow'd to make it.* That our Lands are thrown into our hands, and Corn and Cattle of little value is notorious to all the World, and 'tis evident there is a scarcity of Money: For all the *Parliament's* Money call'd *Breeches* (a fit Stamp for the Coyn of the *Rump*) is wholly vanish'd, the *King's Proclamation* and the *Dutch* have swept it all away: and of his *Majesty's* New Money there appears but very little; so that in effect we have none left for common use, but a *Little old lean Coyn* of the late three former Princes: And what *Supply* is preparing for it, *My Lords*, I hear of none, unless it be of *Copper Farthings*. This is the Mettal that is to *vindicate*, according to the Inscription of it, *the Dominion of the Four Seas*; and yet if amidst the present Scarcity, the vast Sums given were all employ'd for the Advantage of the *King* and Kingdom, it wou'd not much trouble us: But we cannot without infinite regret of Heart, see so great part of it boarded up in the Purses of Private Men, and behold them flourish with our Estates. How many at the time of his *Majesty's* most Happy *Restoration* were worth very little or nothing, and now the same Men

purchase Land, keep rheir Coaches and six Horses, their Pages and Laqueys, and live in all Affluence and Plenty; while in the mean time those that have serv'd the King, are in penury and want, and have scarce sufficient to buy them Bread: And is this (*My Lords*) the Reward of our Services? Have we for this born the Heat of the Day, been Imprison'd, Sequestred, Ventured our Lives, our Families, our Estates, and our Fortunes; and must we after all this sacrifice so much of our poor Remainder, to the will of a few particular Men, and to the Maintainance of their Vanities? But suppose all the Money given were imploy'd for the Use of his *Majesty*, and his *Majesty* were not cheated, as without doubt he is; is there no Bound or Moderation in giving? Will you say yet, If we shall not plentifully supply his *Majesty*, he will not be able to defend us, or to maintain the *Triple League*, and we shall thereby run the hazard of being conquered? 'Tis true, *My Lords*, that this perhaps may be a Reason for giving something, but it is so far from being an Argument for giving so much, that it may be clearly made out to your *Lordships* that it is the direct and ready way to be conquered by a *Forreigner*; and it may be a Policy of the *French King* by those often Alarms of Armies and Fleets, to induce us to consume our Treasures in vain Preparations against him, and after he hath by this means made

us poor and weak enough, the true Alarm may come; he may then thunder upon us, and destroy us. It is not (*My Lords*) the giving of a great deal, but the well-managing of the Money given that must keep us safe from our Enemies. Your *Lordships* may be pleas'd to call to Mind the Story of *Samson*, who while he preserv'd his Hair, wherein his Strength lay, was still Victor over his Enemies: But when by the inticement of his *Dalilub* his Hair was once cut off, the *Philistins* came upon him, and overcame him. And so, *My Lords*, if we shall preserve and husband well our Treasures, wherein our Strength and the Sinews of War lye, and apply it to the right use, we shall be still redoubted by, and superiour to all our Enemies; but if we shall vainly and prodigally mispend it, we shall become an easy prey to them. Besides, *My Lords*, what is this but *Ne moriari mori*, and for fear of being conquer'd, to put our selves into a condition almost as bad as if we were so? *My Lords*, pardon me, if I say in some respects a great deal worse; for when we are under the power of the Victor, we know we can fall no lower, and the certainty of our Misery is some kind of diminution of it; but in this wild way we have no certainty at all: for if you give thus much to day, you may give as much to morrow, and so you may never leave giving, until you have given all that we have away. Now this anxiety of

Mind, which ariseth from this our doubtful estate, is a high addition to our Afflictions. All that we beg (*My Lords*) is that we may be able to make some estimate of our Selves. Would his *Majesty* be pleas'd to have a Quarter of our Estates, for my part he shall have it: Would his *Majesty* have half, for my part upon a good occasion, he shall have it: But I beseech your *Lordships* then that we may have some Assurance of the quiet enjoyment of the remainder, and know what we have to trust to. *My Lords*, the *Commons* have here sent us up a Bill for giving his *Majesty* the twentieth part of our Estates for a Year, at the full extended value, and I hear there are other Bills for Money also preparing, which to gather, according to the best Compute, will amount to little less than 3 Millions of Money: a prodigious Sum, and such that if your *Lordships* shall not afford relief, we must of necessity sink under the weight of so great a Pressure. *My Lords*, the *Scripture* tells us that God Almighty sets bounds to the Ocean, and says unto it, *Hither shall thy proud Waves come, and no farther*; and so I hope your *Lordships* in imitation of the Divinity, will set some Bounds, some Limits to this our over-liberal humour of the *Commons*; and say to them, *Hither shall your Profuseness come, and no farther*. *My Lords*, your *Lordships* can either deny or moderate a Bill for Money, coming from the *Commons*; or if you cannot, then all your great Estates
are

are at their Disposal, and your *Lordships* have nothing that you can properly call your own, and then let us pass this Bill without further Examination: But if you can deny or moderate (as without question you can) your *Lordships* never had, nor possibly ever will have such a fair Occasion to shew your selves——

My Lords, upon the whole matter, I most humbly propose to your *Lordships*, that your *Lordships* will be pleas'd at least to reduce the 12 *d.* per Pound to 8 *d.* and truly, *My Lords*, I have reason to hope that your if *Lordships* duly reflect upon it, you will find it fit to do accordingly: for in the first place it will be so far from being a disservice to his *Majesty*, that your *Lordships* will do his *Majesty* in it the highest Service in the World; for tho' you shall thereby take from his *Majesty* a part of the Sum, you will give him a great deal more in the Love and Hearts of his Subject, and there his *Majesty* must Reign if he will be Great and Glorious; and next your *Lordships* will acquire to your Selves eternal Honour. You shall hereby indear your Selves to the whole Nation, who for the future will look upon you as the Antients did upon their *Tutelary* Gods; nor shall the House of *Commons*, but the House of *Peers* be hereafter precious in their Sight, when your *Lorships* shall thereby express your tender Care of the People, who are at this time in so sad a Condition, and lye under so many Disadvantages and Pressures.——

58 *My Lord Lucas's Speech, &c.*

My Lords, give me leave to mind your *Lordships*, that Noble Acts are the steps whereby the Great Men of the World ascend the Throne of Glory; and can there be a Nobler Act, than to releafe a distressed Kingdom, which by languishing under so many hardships, is going about to be so much oppressed? I do detain your *Lordships* too long, and therefore shall say no more; but must beg your Pardon, and submit to all your better Judgments.

*This was ordered to be burnt by the Hands
of the Common Hang-man.*

*The Earl of Shaftsbury's Speech in the
House of Lords, upon the Debate of
appointing a Day for the hearing Dr.
Shirley's Cause Oct. 20, 1675.*

My Lords,

OUR *All* is at *Stake*, and therefore you must give me leave to speak freely before we part with it. *My Lord Bishop of Salisbury* is of Opinion, That we should rather appoint a day to consider what to do upon the Petition, than to appoint a day of Hearing: and *My Lord Keeper*, for I may name them at a Committee of the whole House, tells us in very Eloquent and Studied Language, That he will propose to us a way far less liable to Exception, and much less offensive and injurious to our own Priviledges, then that of appointing a day of Hearing. And I beseech you, *My Lords*, Did you not after all these fine Words expect some Admirable Proposals, but it ended in this: That your *Lordships* should appoint a day, nay a very long day, to consider what you would do in it: And *My Lord* hath undertaken to convince you, That this is your only Course, by several undeniable Reasons; the first of which is, That *it's against Your Judicature to bear this Cause, since it does not come properly before Us, nor ought to be relieved by*
Us.

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Us. To this, *My Lords*, give me leave to answer, That I did not expect from a Man professing the Law, that after an Answer by order of the Court was put in, and a Day had been appointed for Hearing, which by some Accident was set aside, and the Plaintiff mov'd for a second day to be assigned, that ever without hearing Council on both sides, the Court did enter into the Merits of the Cause. And if your *Lordships* should do it here in a Cause attended with such Circumstances as this is, it would not only be an apparent Injustice, but a plain *Subterfuge* to a void a Point you durst not maintain.

But, *My Lords*, the second Reason speaks the Matter more clearly, for that is, *Because it is a doubtful Case, Whether the Commons have not Priviledge*; and therefore *My Lord* would have you to appoint a further and a very long day to consider of it; which in plain *English* is, That your *Lordships* should confess upon your Books, That you conceive it on Second thoughts a doubtful Case: for so your appointing a day to consider will be interpreted; and that for no other Reason, but because *My Lord Keeper* thinks it so; which I hope will not be a Reason to prevail with your *Lordships*, since we cannot yet by Experience tell that his *Lordship* is capable of thinking your *Lordships* in the right in any Matter against the Judgment of the House of *Commons*; so hard a thing it is even for the ablest of Men to change ill habits.

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But *My Lord's* third Reason is the most Admirable of all, which he stiles Unanswerable; viz. *That your Lordships are all convinced in your Conscience, that this (if prosecuted) will cause a Breach.* I beseech your *Lordships* consider, Whether this Argument thus apply'd, would not overthrow the Law of Nature, and all the Laws of Right and Property in the World: For it's an Argument, and a very good one, that you should not stand or insist on Claims, where you have not a clear Right; or where the Question is not of Consequence or Moment, in a matter that may produce a dangerous or pernicious Breach between Relations, Persons, or Bodies Politick, joyn'd in Interest, and high Concerns together. So on the other hand, if the Obstinacy of the Party in the wrong, shall be made an unanswerable Argument for the other Party to recede and give us their just Right, how long shall the People keep their Liberties, or the Princes, and Governours of the World their Prerogatives? How long shall the Husband maintain his Dominion, or any Man his Property from his Friend or Neighbour's Obstinacy? But, *My Lords*, when I heard *My Lord Keeper* open so Eloquently the fatal Consequence of a Breach, I cannot forbear to fall into some Admiration how it comes to pass, that (if the Consequences be so fatal) the King's *Ministers* in the House of *Commons*, of which there are several that are of the *Cabinet*, and have daily resort

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resort to his *Majesty*, and have the Direction and Trust of his Affairs; I say, that none of these should press these Consequences there, or give the least stop to the Career of that House in this Business; but that all the Votes concerning this Affair, nay even that very Vote, *viz. That No Appeal from the Court of Equity, is cognizable by the House of Lords,* should pass *Nemine contradicente*. And yet all the great Ministers with us here, the Bishops and other Lords of greatest Dependance on the Court contended this Point, as if it were *pro Aris & Trocis*. I hear his *Majesty* in *Scotland* hath been pleas'd to declare against *Appeals* in Parliament. I cannot much blame the Court if they think that with the *Lord Keeper* and the Judges, (being of the King's Naming, and in his power to change) the Justice of the Nation is safe enough, and I, *My Lords*, may think so too, during this King's time, tho' I hear *Scotland*, not without reason, complains already: Yet who can foresee how future Princes may use this Power? for Judges may be made, not Men of Ability or Integrity, but Men of Relation and Dependance, and who will do what they are commanded; and then all Mens Causes will come to be judg'd, and Estates dispos'd on, as Great Men at Court please.

My Lords, the Constitution of our Government hath provided better for Us; and I can never believe so wise a Body as the House of
Commons

Commons will prove that Foolish Woman which plucks down her House with her Hands.

My Lords, I must presume in the next place to say something to what was offer'd by the *Bishop of Salisbury*, a Man of great Learning and Abilities, and always Vers'd in a stronger and closer way of Reasoning, than the Business of that Noble Lord I answer'd before did accustom him to. Now this Reverend Prelate hath stated the matter very fair upon *Two Heads*. The *First*, Whether the hearing Causes and Appeals, and especially in this Point, where the Members have Priviledge, be so material to us, that it ought not to give way to the Reason of State, or greater Affairs that pressed us at that time. The *Second* was, If this Business be of that moment; yet whether the appointing a Day to consider of this Petition would prove of that Consequence and Prejudice to your Cause? *My Lords*, to these give me leave in the first place to say, That this matter is no less than your whole Judicature; and your Judicature is the Life and Soul of the Dignity of the *Peerage of England*; you will quickly grow burthenfom, if you grow useless: You have now the *Greatest* and most *Useful* ends of Parliaments principally in you, which is *not to make new Laws, but to redress Grievances, and to maintain old Land-marks*. The House of *Commons's* Business is to complain, your Lordships to redress, not only the Complaints from them
that

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that are the Eyes of the Nation, but all other particular Persons, that address to you. A Land may groan under a multitude of Laws, and I believe *Ours does*; and when Laws grow so multiplied, they prove oftner *Snares* than *Directions* and *Security* to the People. I look upon it as the Ignorance and Weakness of the latter Age, if not worse, the effect of the Designs of ill Men: that it is grown a general Opinion, That *where there is not a particular Direction in some Acts of Parliament, the Law is defective*; as if the Common-Law had not provided much better, and shorter, and plainer for the Peace and Quiet of the Nation, than intricate, long, perplexed Statutes do; which has made work for the Lawyers, given power to the Judges, lessen'd your *Lordships's* Power, and in a good measure unhinged the Security of the People. My Lord Bishop tells us, That your whole Judicature is not in Question, but only the Priviledge of the House of *Commons*, of their Members not appearing at your Barr. *My Lords*, were it no more, yet for Justice and the People's sake you ought not to part with it. How far a Priviledge of the House of *Commons*, their Servants, and those they own doth extend, *Westminster-Hall* may with grief tell your *Lordships*. And the same Priviledge of their Members being not sued, must be allow'd by your *Lordships* as well: and what a Failure of Justice this would prove, whilst they are *Lords* for Life, and you for Inheritance, let the World judge.

judge. For my part I am willing to come to a Conference whenever the Dispute shall begin again; and dare undertake to your *Lordships*, that they have neither President, Reason, nor any Justifiable Pretence to shew against us; and therefore, *My Lords*, if you part with this undoubted Right meerly for asking, where will the asking stop? And, *My Lords*, I am sure it does not stop here, for they have already, *Nemine contradicente*, Voted against your *Lordships* Power of Appeals from any Court of Equity. So that you may plainly see where this Caution and Reason of State means to stop; not one jot short of laying your whole Judicature aside, for the same Reason of passing the the King's Mony, of not interrupting the good Laws, or whatever else must of necessity avoid all Breach upon what score soever. Thus your *Lordships* plainly see the Breach will be as well made upon your Judicature in general, as upon this; so that when your *Lordships* have appointed a day, a very long day, for to consider whether Dr. *Shirley's* Cause be not too hot to handle; and when you have done the same for Sir *Nicholas Stanton*, whose Petition, I hear, is coming in, your *Lordships* must proceed to a Vote to lay all private Business aside for six Weeks; for that Phrase of *Private Business* hath obtain'd this last Age upon that which is your most *Publick Duty and Business*, namely the Administration of Justice. And I can tell your *Lordships*, besides the Reason that leads to it,

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that I have some Intelligence of the designing such a Vote: For on the second day of your Sitting, at the rising of the *Lord's House*, there came a Gentleman into the *Lobby*, belonging to a very Great Person, and ask'd in very great haste, *Are the Lords up? have they passed the Vote?* And being asked what Vote, he answered, *The Vote for no Private Business for six Weeks.*

My Lords, if this be your Business, see where you are, if you are to postpone our Judicature for fear of offending the House of *Commons* for six Weeks, that they in the *interim* may pass the Mony, and other acceptable Bills that his *Majesty* thinks of importance. Are so many Wise Men in the House of *Commons* to be laid asleep, and to pass all these acceptable things; and when they have done, to let us to be let loose upon them? Will they not remember this next time when there is a want of Mony? Or may not they rather be assured by those Ministers that are amongst them, and go on so unanimously with them, that the *King is on their side in this Controversy?* And when the publick Businesses are over, our time shall be too short to make a Breach, or vindicate ourselves in the matter. And then I beg your *Lordships*, where are you, if after you have asserted but the last Sessions your Right of Judicature so highly, even in this Point, and after the House of *Commons* had gone so high against you on the other hand, as to post up
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their Declaration and Remonstrances on *Westminster-Hall* Doors, the very next Session after you postpone the very same Causes: and not only those but all Judicatures whatsoever; I beseech your *Lordships* will not this prove a full President and Confession against our selves. 'Tis a Maxim, and a Rational one amongst the Lawyers, That *one President, where the Case has been contested, is worth a thousand where there has been not Contest.* My Lords, in saying this, I humbly suppose I have given a sufficient Answer to My Lord Bishop's Second Question: Whether the appointing a Day to consider what you will do with this Petition, be of that Consequence to your Right. For it is a plain Confession, that it is a doubtful Case; and that infinitely stronger than if it were a new thing to you never before heard of: for it is the very same Case and every thing desir'd in that Case, that you formerly order'd, and so strongly asserted, so that upon time and all the Deliberation imaginable, you declare your selves to become doubtful, and put your selves out of your own hands into that Power that you have no reason to believe on your side in this Question. My Lords, I have all the Duty imaginable to his Majesty, and shall with all Submission give way to any thing he shall think of Importance to his Affairs: But in this Point it is to alter the Constitution of the Government, if you are ask'd to lay this aside; and there is no Reason of State can be an Argument

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ment to your selves out of that Interest you have in the Constitution of the Government; 'tis not only your Concern that you maintain your selves in it, but 'tis the Concern of the poorest Man in *England* that you keep your Station: 'Tis your *Lordships's* Concern, and that so highly, that I will be bound to say, the King can give none of you a Requital or a Recompenſe for it. What are empty Titles, what is this present Power or Riches, and a great Estate, wherein I have no firm nor fixed Property? 'Tis your *Lordship's* and every Man else in what he hath: The poorest Lord, if the Birth-right of the Peerage be maintain'd, has a fair prospect before him for himself or his Posterity: but the *greatest Title with the greatest present Power and Riches, is but a mean Creature, and maintain those in Absolute Monarchies, no otherwise than by servile and low Flattery, and upon uncertain Terms.* My Lords, 'tis not only your Interest, but the Interest of the Nation, that you maintain your Rights: for let the House of *Commons* and Gentry of *England* think what they please, *There is no Prince that ever govern'd without a Nobility or Army:* If you will have one, you must have the other, or the Monarchy cannot long support or keep it self from tumbling into a *Democratical Republick.* Your *Lordships* and the People have the same Cause and the same Enemies. *My Lords,* would you be in Favour with the King? 'tis a very ill way to it to put your
selves

selves out of a future Capacity, to be considerable in his Service. I do not find in Story, or in Modern Experience, but that *it is better, and a Man is much more regarded, that is still in a Capacity and Opportunity to serve, than he that hath wholly depriv'd himself of all for his Prince's Service*: And therefore I declare, that I will serve my Prince as a *Peer*, but will not destroy the *Peerage* to serve him. *My Lords*, I have heard of twenty foolish Models and Expedients to secure the Justice of the Nation, and yet to take this Right from your *Lordships*; as the King by his Commission appointing *Commoners* to hear Appeals, or that the Twelve Judges should be the Persons, or that Persons should be appointed by Act of Parliament, which are all not only to take away your *Lordships*'s just Right, that ought not to be alter'd any more than any other part of the Government, but are in themselves, when well-weigh'd ridiculous. I must deal freely with your *Lordships*, these things could never have risen in Men's Minds, but that there has been some kind of Provocation that has given the first rise of it: Pray, *My Lords*, forgive me, if on this Occasion I put you in Mind *Comittee-Dinners*, and the Scandal of it, those *Droves of Ladies* that attend all Canfes; 'twas come to that pass, that *Men hired or borrowed of their Friends handsome Sisters, or handsome Daughters to deliver their Petitions*. But yet for all

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this, I must say, that your Judgments have been Sacred, unless in two or three Causes, and those we owe most to that Bench, from whence we now apprehend most danger.

There is one thing I had forgot to speak, which is, the Conjunction of time, the Hinge on which the Reason of State turns; and to that, *My Lords*, give me leave to say, If this be not a time of Leisure for you to vindicate your Priviledges, you must never expect one. I could almost say, that the Harmony, good Agreement, and Concord that is to be pray'd for at most other times, may be fatal to us now. We owe the Peace of these two last years, and the Disengagement from the *French* Interest, to the Two Houses differing from the Sense and Opinion of *White-Hall*; so at this time, the thing in the World this Nation hath the most reason to apprehend, is a General Peace, which cannot now happen without very Advantagious Terms to the *French*, and Disadvantages to the House of *Austria*. We are the King's Great Counsellors, and if so, have a right to differ, and give contrary Counsels, to those few are nearest about him. I fear they would advance a General Peace, I am sure I could advise against it, and hinder it at this time by all the ways imaginable. I heartily wish nothing from you may add Weight and Repention to those Counsels that would assist the *French*. No Money for Ships, nor Preparations you can make, nor Personal
Assu-

Assurances our Prince can have, can secure us from the *French*, if they are at leisure. He is grown the most Potent of us all at Sea. He has built 24 Ships this last Year, and has 30 more than we; besides the advantage, that all our Ships are out of order, and his so exquisitely provided for, that every Ship has a particular Store-house. It is incredible the Money he has, and what he has laid out in making Harbours; he makes even Nature give way to the Vastness of his Expence; and after all this, shall a Prince so wise, so intent upon his Affairs, be thought to make all these mighty Preparations to sail over Land, and fall on the back of *Hungary*, and batter the Walls of *Kamienieck*! Or is it possible he should oversee his Interest in seizing of *Ireland*, a thing so feasible to him, if he be Master of the Seas, as he certainly now is: which when intirely attain'd, gives him all the Southern, *Mediterranean*, East and West-*India* Trade, and renders him both by Situation and excellent Harbours, perpetual Master of the Seas without dispute. *My Lords*, to conclude this Point, I fear the Court of *England* is mightily mistaken in it, and I do not wish them the Reputation of the Concurrence of the Kingdom, and this out of the most sincere Loyalty to his Majesty, and Love to my Native Country. *My Lords*, I have but one thing more to trouble you with, and that peradventure is a Consideration of the greatest weight and concern,

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both to your *Lordships*, and the whole Nation. I have often seen in this House, that the Arguments with strongest Reason, and most convincing to the *Lay-Lords* in general, have not had the same effect upon the *Bishops Bench*: but that they have unanimously gone against us in Matters, that many of us have thought Essential and undoubted Rights. And I consider that it is not possible, that Men of great Learning, Piety, and Reason, as their *Lordships* are, should not have the same care of doing right, and the same conviction what is right upon clearer Reason offered, than others your *Lordships* have. And therefore, *My Lords*, I must necessarily think we differ in Principles; and then 'tis very easy to apprehend what is clearest Sense to Men of my Principle, may not at all persuade or effect the Conscience of the best Man of a different one. I put your *Lordships* the Case plainly, as 'tis now before us: My Principle is, That *the King is King by Law*, and by the same Law that the Poor Man enjoys his Cottage; and so it becomes the concern of every Man in *England*, that has but his Liberty, to maintain and defend to his utmost the *King* in all his Rights and Prerogatives. My Principle is also, That the *Lords-House* and the Judicature, and the Rights belonging to it, are an Essential part of the Government, and Established by the same Law: The *King* governing and administering Justice by his *House of Lords*, and advising with both
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his *Houses of Parliament*, in all Important Matters, is the Government I own, am Born under, and am obliged to. If ever there should happen in future Ages (which God forbid) a King Governing by an Army, without his *Parliament*, 'tis a Government I own not, am not obliged to, nor was Born under. According to this Principle, every honest Man that holds it, must endeavour equally to preserve the Frame of the Government in all the Parts of it, and cannot satisfy his Conscience to give up the *Lords-House* for the Service of the Crown, or to take away the just Rights and Priviledges of the *House of Commons* to please the *Lords*. But there is another Principle got into the World, *My Lords*, that hath not been long there: for Arch-Bishop *Laud* was the first Author of that I remember; and I cannot find, that the *Jesuites*, or the *Popish* Clergy have ever own'd it, but some of the *Episcopal* of our *British* Isles; and 'tis withal, as 'tis new, so the most dangerous destructive Doctrine to our Government and Law, that ever was. 'Tis the first of the Canons published by the Convocation in 1640, That *Monarchy is of Divine Right*. This Doctrine was then preach'd up, and maintain'd by *Syethop*, *Manwaring*, and others; and of later years by a Book publish'd by Bishop *Sauderson*, under the Name of Arch-Bishop *Usher*, and how much it spread amongst our Dignified Clergy, is very easy known. We all agree, *That the*
King

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King and his Government is to be obey'd for Conscience sake ; and that the Divine Precepts require not only here, but in all parts of the World, Obedience to lawful Governours: But that this Family are our Kings, and this particular Frame of Government is our lawful Constitution, and obliges us, is owing only to the particular Laws of our Country. This Laudean Doctrine was the Root that produced the Bill of Test last Sessions, and some very perplexed Oaths that are of the same Nature with that, and imposed by several Acts this Parliament. In a Word, if this Doctrine be true, our Magna Charta is of no manner of use, our Laws are but Rules amongst our selves during the King's Pleasure. Monarchy, if of Divine Right, can't be bounded or limited by Human Laws: nay, what is more, cannot bind it self: and all our Claims of Right by the Law, or Constitution of the Government, all the Jurisdiction and Priviledge of this House, all the Rights and Priviledges of the House of Commons, all the Properties and Liberties of the People, are to give way not only to the Interest, but the Will and Pleasure of the Crown. And the worthiest Men, holding this Principle, must Vote to deliver up all we have, not only when Reason of State, and the separate Interest of the Crown require it, but when the Will or Pleasure of the Prince is known would have it so: For that must be to a Man of that Principle the only Measure and Rule of
Right

Right and Justice. Therefore, *My Lords*, you see how necessary it is, that our Principles be known: and how fatal to us all it is, that this Principle should be suffered to spread any further. *My Lords*, your *Lordships* have seen of what Consequence this Matter is to you, that appointing a day to consider, is no less than declaring our selves doubtful, upon second and deliberate Thoughts; and that you put your selves out of your own Hands into a more than a Moral Probability of having this Session made a President against you. You see your Duty to your selves and the People, and that 'tis really not the Interest of the *House of Commons*, but may be the Inclination of the Court, that you lose the Power of Appeals. But I beg that our *House* may not be *Felo de se*, but that your *Lordships* would take in this Affair the only course to preserve your selves, and appoint a day, this day three weeks, for the hearing Dr. *Shirley's* Cause, which is my humble Motion.

A Speech by the R. H. the Earlof Shaftsbury concerning the Popish Plot, the Bill of Exclusion, &c. in the year 1680

My Lords,

IN this great Debate concerning the *King's* Speech, the sad State and Condition we are in, and the Remedies hereof, I have offered you my Opinion, and many *Lords* have spoken admirably well to it with great Freedom and Plainness, as the Case requires. Give me Leave to offer you some few Words in Answer to two or three of my *Lords* of the *Earl's Bench*, that have maintain'd the contrary Opinion. My *Lord* near me hath told your *Lordships*, That the President of *Henry* the Fourth that I offered to you (who was a Wise and Magnanimous Prince, yet upon the Address of his Parliament, put away great part of his Family and Council at one time) is no proper Instance; because he was an Usurper, and had an ill Title, and was bound to please the People. *My Lords*, I meddle not with his Title, I am sure our *King* has a very undoubted one: But this, *My Lords*, you must allow, That that Wise Prince, having need of the People, knew no better way to please them, and to create a good Understanding between them and him, than

than to put away those from Court and Council unacceptable to them. If our *King* hath the same necessity to please the People, (tho' for the want of a Title) yet the President holds good, That a *Wise Prince*, when he hath need of his People, will rather part with his Family and Counsellors than displease them. My Lords, this Noble Lord near me hath found fault with that President, that he supposes I offered to your Lordships concerning the chargeable Ladies at Court: But I remember no such thing I said. But if I must speak of 'em, I shall say as the Prophet did to King Saul, *What means the bleating of this kind of Cattle?* And I hope the King will make me the same Answer, *That he preserves them for Sacrifice, and means to deliver them up to please his People.* For there must be in plain English a Change; We must neither have *Popish Wife*, nor *Popish Favourite*, nor *Popish Mistress*, nor *Popish Councillor* at Court, or any *New Convert*. What I spoke was about another Lady that belongs not to the Court, but like *Sempronias* in *Catiline's Conspiracy*, does more Mischief than *Cethegus*. In this time of Distress I could humbly advise our Prince would take the same Course that the Duke of Savoy did, to suffer neither Strangers nor Ambassadors to stay above some few Weeks in this Countrey: For all the Strangers and Ambassadors here have served the Plot and Design against us. I am sure they have no tye to be for us. But, My Lords, what I rose
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78 *The E. of Shaftsbury's Speech*

up to speak was more especially to *My Lord* of the *Earl's Bench* that spokelast, and sits behind me; who, as he has the greatest Influence in our present Councils, so he hath let fall to you the very Root of the Matter, and the Hinges upon which all turns: He tells you that the *House of Commons* have lately made offers to the *King*, and he wonders we do not accept the *King's* Answer to them, before we enter into so hot and high Debates. He tells you, if the *King* be assured of Supplies, we cannot doubt of his Compliance in this and all we can ask: for otherwise the *King* should fall into that, which is the worst Condition of a Prince, to have his People have no Confidence in him. *My Lords*, this is that I know they would put the *King* upon, and this is that we must be ruin'd by, if we may not with Plainness and Freedom open our Case. *My Lords*, it is a very hard thing to say that we cannot trust the *King*, and that we have already been deceived so often, that we see plainly the apprehensions of Discontent in the People is no Argument at Court. And tho' our *Prince* be in himself an Excellent Person, that the People have the greatest Inclination imaginable to Love; yet we must say he is such a one, as no Story affords us a Parallel of: How plain and how many are the Proofs of the Designs to murder him? how little is he apprehensive of it? The Transactions between him and his Brother are Admirable, and Incomprehensible:

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His Brother's Designs being early known to aim at the Crown before his *Majesty's* Restoration to this Kingdom. This Match with the *Portugal Lady*, not like to have Children, contrived by the *Duke's* Father-in-Law, and no sooner effected, but the *Duke* and his Party make Proclamation to the World, that we are like to have no Children, that he must be the certain Heir. He takes his Seat in Parliament as Prince of *Wales*, his Guards about him, the Prince's Lodgings at *Whitehall*, his Guards upon the same Floor, without any Interposition between him and the *King*; so that the *King* was in his Hands and in his Power every Night; all Offices and Preferments being bestowed by him, not a *Bishop* made without him. This Prince changes his Religion to make himself a Party; and such a Party, that his Brother must be sure to Die and be made away, to make room for him: nothing could preserve him, but that which I hope he will never do, give greater earnest to that wicked Party than his Brother could: and after all, this Plot breaks out, plainly headed by the *Duke*, his Interest, and his Design. How the *King* has behaved Himself ever since the breaking out of it the World knows; we have expected every hour that the Court should joyn with the *Duke* against us: And it is evident more has been done to make the Plot a *Presbyterian* Plot than to discover it. The Prorogations, the Dissolutions, the Cutting short of Parliaments, not suffering them
to

80 *The E. of Shaftsbury's Speech*

to have time or opportunity to look into any thing, have shew'd what Reason we have to confide in this Court. We are now come to a Parliament again, but by what Fate or Counsel for my part I cannot guess; neither do I understand the Riddle of it. The *Duke* is quitted and sent away: the *House of Commons* have brought up a Bill to disable him of the Crown, and I think they are so far extreamly in the right; but your *Lordships* are wiser than I, and have rejected it: yet you have thought fit, and the *King* Himself hath made the Proposition, to make such Expedients as shall render him but a *Nominal Prince*. In the mean while where's this *Duke*, that the *King* and both *Houses* have declared unanimously thus dangerous? Why he is in *Scotland*, raising Forces upon the *Terra Firma*, that can enter dry-foot upon us, without hazard of Wind or Seas, the very place he should be in to raise a Party here, to be ready when from hence he shall have Notice: So that this being the Case, where is the Trust? We all think the Business is so Ripe that they have the Garrisons, the Arms, Ammunition, the Seas, and Souldiery all in their Hands; they want but one good Sum of Money, to set up and Crown the Work, and then they have no further need of the People; and I believe, whether they are pleas'd or no, will be no great trouble to them. *My Lords*, I hear of a Bargain in the *House of Commons*, an Address made to the *King*; but this I know,
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and must boldly say it, and plainly, That the Nation is betray'd if upon any terms we part with our Money, till we are sure the *King* is ours; have what Laws you will, and what Conditions you will, they will be of no use but Wast-paper before *Easter*, if the Court has Money to set up for *Popery* and *Arbitrary Designs* in the mean while. On the other hand, give me leave to tell your *Lordships*, the *King* hath no reason to distrust his People; no Man can go home and say, That if the *King* comply with his People, they will do nothing for him, but tear all up from him: We want a Government, and we want a Prince that we may trust, even with the spending of half our Annual Revenues, for some time for the Preservation of these Nations. The growing Greatness of the *French* cannot be stop't with a little Expence, nor without a real and hearty Union of the *King* and his People. It was never known in *England* that our Prince wanted Supplies either for their foreign Designs, or for their Pleasures; nothing ever shut our *English* Purse, but the Fears of having their Money used against them. The hour that the *King* shall satisfy the People, that what we give is not to make us Slaves and *Papists*, he may have what ever he will; and this your *Lordships* know, and all Mankind that know us: Therefore let me plainly tell your *Lordships*, the Arguments the present Ministers use, are to destroy the *King*, not to preserve him: For

82 *The E. of Shaftsbury's Speech, &c.*

if the *King* will first see what we will do for him, it is impossible, if we are in our Senses, we should do any thing. But if he will first shew that he is intirely ours, that he *Weds the Interest and Religion of the Nation*, it is absolutely impossible he should want any thing he can ask, or we can give. But I plainly see how the Argument will be used: *Sir, they will do nothing for you, what should you do with these Men?* But on the other hand, I am bold to say, *Sir, you may have any thing of this Parliament, put away these Men, change your Principles, change your Court, and be your self again;* for the *King* himself may have any thing of us. *My Lords*, if I have been too plain, I beg your Pardons; I thought it the Duty of a true Born *Englishman* at this time to speak plainly or never. I am sure I mean well; and if any Man can answer and oppose Reason to what I alledge, I beg that they would do it: For I do not desire or propose any Question merely for Talking-sake. I beg this Debate may last some Days, and that we may go to the very Bottom of the Matter, and see whether these things are so or no; and what care there is for the Evil that we are in; and then the Result of our Debates may produce some proper Question. However we know who hears, and I am glad of this, That your *Lordships* have dealt so honourably and so clearly in the *King's* Presence, and in the *King's* Hearing, that he can't say he wants a right State of Things: he hath
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it before him, and may take Counsel as he thinks fit.

The Opinion of Sir Francis Pemberton concerning the King's Right of Accepting or Refusing a Speaker for the House of Commons, March the 10th, 1678.

THE Honourable House of *Commons* may be pleased to understand, That from its *First* Constitution (ready to be made out and proved by the best and most authentick Records of the Kingdom) which was in the 49th year of the Reign of K. *Henry* the III. and not before, when He and the Prince his Son and his Great Seal of *England* were for an year and a quarter together kept prisoners in the Army of *Symon de Montfort*, and the Rebellious *Barons*.

And which after an Interval of 30 years (some for the County of *York* only meeting upon that enforced First Summons, and doing nothing) had a *Second* Institution with some Alterations in the 22^d year of the Reign of King *Edward the First*, in a more modest and petitioning way, than hath been of late used.

It had no *Speaker* until the 51st year of the Reign of King *Edward the Third*, which was

near 114 years after its First Institution. And from the first year of the Reign of King *Henry the Fourth* have, saith *Elsing* an ancient Clark of the House of *Commons*, been *Commanded* (or *Willed*, which words in the Language of Kings have ever received a like Signification) to choose their *Speaker*, which appearing to have been a well-ordered and necessary Method to avoid Incertainty as well as Confusion.

'Twas for the Interest of the *Commons* (who before and after were for want of access to their King not seldom accustomed to have the *Lords* to be the Receivers of their Petitions and Triers of them whether to be disallowed or fit to be presented to him, and upon Request interceded for them) to have a *Speaker* of their own, who might have Freedom of Speech and access unto his *Majesty*, and could not without it have that together with a Continuance of their Priviledges (which were not granted by *Magna Charta*, but merely of Grace) and a Protection and Freedom from Arrests, whilst they were busied in an Obedient Attendance of his Affairs.

However, tho' our Kings gave them a Liberty of *Election*, the *Approbation* was of necessity to be his own lodged in the Crown, otherwise in a Matter that so highly conduced to the Security of the Prince, and the publick Tranquility; unless the *King* should have been debarred of that Freedom, which all Mankind not under any Vassalage or Ties of Obedience,
are

are universally allowed to be Masters of. So by the Laws of Nature and Nations are the Credentials of Ambassadors from Foreign Princes, to be allowed or disallowed; so by the Laws of *England* is the Regal Assent to the Elections of *Bishops*, of the *Lord Mayors* of *London*, *Recorders* or *Prolocutors* of Cities and Corporations, and so are the *Knights*, *Citizens* and *Burgessees* elected, to serve and do their Duty in the House of *Commons* in *Parliament*, when they are to stoop under the Oaths of *Allegiance* and *Supremacy*, before they can be admitted into the House.

'Tis acknowledged on all hands, That since that long continued Custom of Choosing and Presenting their *Speaker*, and License obtained for the Exercise of that Place, constant Use hath made it so Necessary and Material, that the House of *Commons* do not, saith *Eljing*, so much as begin to Act or do any Business of Importance, as it appears in the Case of *Thorpe* the *Speaker* in the 31st year of the Reign of King *Henry* the VI. who being taken in Execution, during a Prorogation of *Parliament*, was for Justice-sake detained in Prison, altho' the *Commons* petitioned for his Enlargement, who were yet notwithstanding commanded by the King by certain *Lords* of the *Upper House* sent unto them, to choose a new *Speaker*, which they did accordingly.

And the *Commons* in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, upon the death of their *Speaker*, before

they would proceed to any Business, acquainted the *Lords* therewith, desiring them to intimate it to the Queen, and thereupon they were commanded to choose a new *Speaker*.

But to return from this Digression: The *Commons* certainly being, as they should be, a part of the collected Wisdom of the Nation, would never in so many hundred years, and successive Kings and Queens Reigns have petitioned for an Allowance of their *Speakers*, with a continuance of their Privileges and Freedom of Speech, and from Arrests, if they had not understood and believed that they were to be granted or refused as the King and the Supreme Authority rested in him should judge requisite.

It cannot be imagined but King *Edward* the Second had been invested with his Regal Power and Authority in *Parliament*, and not imprisoned, when Sir *William Trussel* the *Speaker* of the House of *Commons*, who was not then allowed constant *Speaker*, came in their Names to renounce their Homage and Allegiance unto him, would have been so far from receiving his Speech and Renunciation, that he would have punished him severely as he deserved, for such a Treasonable Attempt, and the Vanity and Folly of it, for which the *Commons* needed not to have given their *Procurator* (being then only made use of) any Thanks for that new Trick of Rebel Policy, when at that instant they did by the Feudal Laws and the Customs and Laws of their own Countrey,
forfeit

forfeit not only all their own Lands and Estates, and all their Rights and Liberties claimed by *Magna Charta*, and the often Confirmations thereof, but reduce the Kingdom again into as Arbitrary and Unbounded a Monarchy, as it was when *William the Conqueror* subdued it; and instead of deposing him, would have deposed themselves.

The like being done in the deplorable condition of the imprisoned King *Richard the Second*, after a definitive Sentence of Deprivation from his Crown and Dignity by the Faction of *Henry Duke of Lancaster* his Cousin, afterwards King *Henry the Fourth*, with a Resignation thereupon, followed by a Renunciation of the People's Homage and Allegiance, to as goodly a purpose to destroy themselves as that of *Trussel the Procurator* for the *Commons* in King *Edward the Second* his time had effected.

Nor could the late Blessed Martyr King *Charles* have prognosticated any better Success to himself, if *John Pym*, a plotting Member of the too long lasting seditious *Parliament* had been by him chosen and approved to have been their *Speaker*, whom if he should have refused, their Design would have been but the more encouraged, and the misled and deluded People by his *Powder and Tinder* the more easily inflamed, and set on with their Clamors and Out-cries of the *King's* Endeavours to subvert the Fundamental Laws and Priviledges of *Parliament*; and by that his denying of one, and

such an one as Mr. *Pym* to be *Speaker*, he might one after another deny them all, and by that means not to be suspected in a Prince of his Wildom and Goodness, who in his choice would have been contented with a lesser number) the Power and Authority of the House of *Commons* in *Parliament*; by which to impose upon him a Necessity upon the King to choose wherehe will out of the Bundle some that shall be as dextrous and willing to undo him as the other.

For which Reason it is humbly offered to Consideration, Whether it may not be as Prudential as Convenient, *Rebus sic stantibus*, when by the blessed Influence of the late Rebellion, the Stream of Monarchy runs so low, and the Popular Tide so high, when the *House* has stamped the Name of *Priviledge* upon that, which at first was mere Grace and Favour, That His *Majesty* before the contending Parties fall into heats and choose and present another *Speaker*, would by some Message convey'd to the House of *Commons*, signify to them, that upon Second Thoughts he will be willing to accept of the *Speaker*, which they formerly presented unto Him.

And this will be no Disparagement either to his Judgment or Authority, since the Law hath provided that the *King* should not be deceiv'd in his Grants, nor bound by general Words, and that he may cause even Acts of *Parliament* prepared before he gives them the Royal Sanction and Assent, to be altered or amended:

And

And in the yearly Nomination of *Sheriffs*, when the Judges have presented the Names of Six in every County to the Lord *Chancellor*, and divers of the *King's* Privy Counsel assembled with them in the Court of *Exchequer*, and the Six being reduced to Three, and afterards presented unto him, out of every Three he doth appoint One, and may and doth often upon Intercession and Reasonable Cause shewed, alter his former Choice, and Constitute another.

My Lord Chamberlain, to his Grace the late Duke of Ormond; a Letter of Condoleance upon the Death of his Son the Earl of Ossory, Father to the now Duke of Ormond. July 31st, 1680.

MY Last gave your *Grace* some Hopes of *My Lord* your Son's Recovery, and the next day after those Hopes were strengthened by the concurrent Opinion of all *Physicians*, but we at length were undeceiv'd. On *Friday* at a Quarter past Seven in the Evening it pleased *GOD* to take him from us, to whose Will we resign our selves, as I hope your *Grace* will do in so extraordinary an Occasion, fortify your *Christianity* with your *Prudence* and *Experience*
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90 *The Lord Chamberlain's Letter*

of the Vanity of this World, which we take more pains than we ought to render pleasant and acceptable to us, and value our selves upon Possessions which in a Moment we may lose. His Disease was so strong in his Head (being a High Malignant Fever) that he had but few Intervals free from the *Delirium*, that troubled him more or less all his Sickness, which Dr. *Floyd* with much Care and Prudence laid hold of, for the composing his Mind, and to render him capable of Receiving and Doing other Acts of a Good *Christian*. In the middle of his Sickness he spoke of making a Will, but finding him so ill, I diverted him from it, in the presence of some of his Servants, by telling him the Circumstances, in which he was, did not make it so necessary for him as another Man: For said I, My Lord, I think you have nothing of that Nature to do, but to recommend your Wife and Children to your Father, and to him likewise the Payment of your Debts, and Gratification of your Servants; and this, if you please, I will do in your Name; which he seem'd very well to accept of, and never more mention'd it: and I the rather humour'd this way with him, because in the times he hath heretofore put himself into any extraordinary Actions at Sea or Land, he used to leave a Short-paper with me, which contain'd the same things in effect, and particularly beseeching your *Grace* to increase his Wife's Joynture, which I know
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to his G. the Duke of Ormond. 91

not whether she was ever acquainted with; so I told him the afore-mentioned Points would be over secured by your Grace's Generosity.

I have caused his Body to be prepar'd to be laid in a Vault in *Westminster-Abbey*, that it may be in a condition of being Buried hereafter here, or carried to *Euston*, or to *Kilkenny*, as your Grace shall think fit to direct.

What I have farther ordered concerning his Affairs, you will find in a *Memorandum* I have put into M. M——'s hand to receive your orders thereupon: In the mean time I have presum'd to send to the * *Bishop* to let My Lord JAMES come hither to shew him to the World, whilst they are so much in love with his Father's Memory, and lament to such an Excess the Loss of him, that it would look like Flattery, if I should tell your Grace half the truth.

* *Dr. Fell Bishop of Oxford, and Dean of Christ-Church, in which Colledge My Lord James, the present Duke of Ormond, received his Education.*

I cannot end this Letter without adding, That I never saw a better Set of Orderly, Affectionate, and Deserving Servants, who have sufficiently shown it in his Sickness, each of whom I have promised to recommend to your Grace, as any occasion offers for their Preferments and Advantages. And thus I will dismiss your Grace for the present, and my self from this Unpleasing Theam, reserving my self to Compliment my Lady Dutches, and Lady Ossory upon it, (as my Wife does also) until we have

92 *The D. of Ormond's Answer*

have better recollected our selves a Matter of so hard Digestion; and in the mean time only offering my self to obey all the Commands your *Grace* shall be pleased to lay upon me in this or any other Occasion, I am

Your Grace's, &c.

The Duke's Answer to my Lord Chamberlain.

Kilkenny Aug. 9th, 1680.

TH O' I had much more Fear than Hope of my Son *Ossory's* Recovery from yours of the 27th of the last Month, and did all I could to prepare my self for what yours of the 31st brought me; yet I find I was mistaken in my self, and that I want that Composure I ought to have. The Breach that the Death of such a Son has made in my Family, with all the Consequences of it, come into my Thoughts as fast as Grief will allow them entrance. I consider my own Age, and my Grand-Son's Youth, and how unfit we are to contend with Publick and Domestick Difficulties; but *G O D* having let me see the Vanity and Sinfulness of any Confidence and Reliance upon that Son, will I trust upon a hearty Submission to his Blessed Will, extend his Protection to those

those he has left behind him. I have now in this World no Business of my own belonging to the World, but to provide for his Widow and Fatherless Children; all I have and shall have, is, and, I trust in *GOD*, will be theirs: And I wish for their sakes I had been a better Manager than I have been. My Son's Kindness to his Wife and Care of her Increases, my Value of him and my Sorrow for him; and I am glad he express it so frequently when he thought of that Hour that is come upon us: But there was no other need of it than the Manifestation of his Good-nature, for I am ready to do for her, what ever she or her Friends can wish, knowing that who are her Friends must be her Children's. What is to be done in Relation to the Payment of Debts, and Rewards of Servants, I must have more time and more settled Thoughts to resolve upon; only in General my Intention is to fulfil all his Desires as far as they can be reasonably executed. The Body I wish may remain in a decent Repository, till I am able to think of removing it where I purpose to lye my self. I am not able to judge of the Advantage of his Son's Appearing so early; but if the *Bishop* has delay'd the sending him on your last Summons till he hears from me, as by a Letter from him I find his Intention was, I desire he may be left there till I am in a Case to offer your *Lordship* my Sense concerning the Disposing of him for the time to come. And if
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94 *The Lord Falkland's Speech*

the Youth be with You, I wish he may be sent back as soon as you have produced him where you think fit. I should now own all your Kindnesses to my Son, which have been so long, so constant, and so useful to him to the last, and I am confident your Love will transfer to those he hath left. Think but how I Loved and Valued him; think me Grateful, and then you will make some Estimate of my Sense of your Concernment for him.

The L. Falkland's Speech to the Lords of the Upper House of Parliament, the 14th of Jan. 1640. upon the carrying up the Impeachment against the Lord Keeper Finch.

My Lords,

THESE Articles against My Lord *Finch* being read, I may be bold to apply that of the Poet, *Nil refer tales versus quàm voce leguntur*, and doubt not but you Lordships must be of the same Opinion, of which the House of Commons appears to have been, by the Choice they have made of me, that the Charge I have brought is such as need no Assistance from the Bringer, leaving not so much as the Colour of a Colour for my Defence, including all possible Evidence and all possible Aggravation, that Ad-
dition

dition alone excepted, which he alone could make, and hath made; I mean *his Confession* included in his *Flight*. Here are many and mighty Degrees of *Supererogation*, (so that *High Treason* is but a *part* of his Charge) pursued by him so forcibly in every kind of Condition, being a *Silent Speaker*, an *Unjust Judge*, and an *Unconscionable Keeper*; that his Life appears a *Perpetual Warfare*, by Mines, and by Battery, by Battel, and by Stratagem against our *Fundamental Laws*, which by his own Confession our several *Conquests* had left *untoucht*, against the *Excellent Constitution* of this Kingdom, which hath ever made it appear to Strangers rather an *Idea* than a *real* Common-wealth, and procured the Honour and Happiness of this to be the *Wonder* and *Envy* of other Nations; and with this unfortunate *Success* as he always intended to make our *Ruine* the ground of his *Advancement*, so he ever made his Advancement the means of our *further* Ruine after; that contrary to the very *end* of this Place, and the end of that *Meeting*, in which he held his Place, he had as it were gagg'd the Commonwealth, taking away (to his Power) all Power of *Speech* from that *Body*, of which he ought to have been the *Mouth*, and which alone can perfectly represent the *Condition* of the People, whom that only represents; which if he had not done, in all probability what so Grave and Judicious an *Assembly* might have offered to the Consideration of so Gracious, and so Good

a Prince had occasioned the *Redress* of the Grievances they then suffered, and prevented those which we have since endured. According to the ancient Maxim of——*odisse quod læseris*, he pursued this Offence towards the *Parliament*, by inveighing against the Members, by *scandalizing* the Proceedings, by *trampling* upon the Acts and Declarations, by *usurping* and by devolving the Right, by *diminishing* and *abrogating* the Power both of that and other *Parliaments*, and making them as much as in him lay, both *useless* and *odious* to his Majesty, and pursued his Hatred to this *Fountain* of Justice by corrupting the *Streams* of it, the *Laws*, and by perverting the *Conduit-pipes*, the *Judges*.

He practised the annihilating of the *Ancient* and notorious *Perambulations* of particular *Forests*, the better to prepare and enable himself to annihilate the *Ancient* and *Notorious* *Perambulations* of the whole *Kingdom*, the *Metes* and *Bounds* between the *Liberties* of the Subjects and *Sovereign Power*; he endeavoured to have all the *Tenures* *Durante bene placito*, to bring all Law from his Majesty's *Doctors* into his Majesty's *Breast*; he gave our Goods to the *King*, our Lands to his *Deer*, our *Liberties* to his *Sheriffs*; so that there was no way by which he did not, equal to his Power, overthrew the *Common-wealth* in his Crime, that this being out-thrown, *In optimi Principis sinum occidit*, is not so much as his *Excuse*.

He

He not only by this Means made us *liable* to all the effects of an *Invasion* from within, but by a Destruction of our *Industry* made us liable to the *terriblest* of all *Invasions*, that of *Want* and *Poverty*; so that if what he plotted had taken *root*, and he made as sure, as his Declaration would make it that himself was not Parliament-proof in this Wealthy and Happy Kingdom, there would have been left no *abundance* but of *Grievances* and *Discontentments*, no *Satisfaction* but amongst the *Guilty*. It is generally observed of the *Plague*, that the *inferiour* of others is an earnest and constant *Desire* of all that are seised by it, and as this *Design* resembles that *Disease*, in the ruine and dissolution it would have wrought, so it seems no less *like* it in this Effect; he having so *laboured* to make others *share* in that Guilt, that his Sollicitations were not only his Accounts, but his Works, making use both of his Authority, his Interest, and Importunity to perswade, and of his *Majesty's* Name (whose *Piety* is known) to give that extraordinary and godly Prerogative to his Person that the Law gives to his place, *not to be able to do wrong*, to threaten the rest of the Judges to sign Opinions contrary to Law, to assign Answers contrary to their Opinions, to give Judgment which they ought not have given, and to recant Judgment when they had given as they ought; so that whatsoever this considers his Care of our Concernment both in the Growth and Im-

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mortality of this Project, cannot but by the same way, by which the *Wiseſt Judgment* found the *true Mother* of the *Child*, discover him not only to have been the *Foſterer*, but the *Father* of this moſt pernicious and envious Deſign. I ſhall not need to obſerve that this was *plotted* by an *Engliſhman* againſt *England*, which increaſeth the Crime to no leſs a degree, than *Parricide* is beyond *Murder*: That this was done in the greateſt *Matter* againſt the greateſt *Truſt*, joyn'd to the greateſt *Bold*, being againſt the general *Liberty* and Publick *Propriety*, by a *Sworn Judge*; and if *Salt* it ſelf become *unſavoury*, the *Gospel* it ſelf hath decided whither it muſt be caſt; that he poisoned our very *Antidotes*, and turned our *Guard* into a *Deſtruction*, making the Law the ground of *Illegality*: That he uſed this Law not only againſt *Us*, but againſt *it ſelf*, making it (as I may ſay) *Felo de ſe*, making the *Pretence* (for I can ſcarce ſay the *Appearance*) of it ſo to contribute to the Utterance of it ſelf.

I ſhall not need to ſay, that this either or nothing can be of the higheſt *Kind*, and in the higheſt *Degree* of *Parliamentary Treason*; a *Treason*, which needs not a Computation of many ſeveral accounts, that *alone* were not *Treason* to prove a *Treason altogether*, and by what *Demonſtration* of the *Intention* to make that *formally Treason* which was *materially* but *Miſdeemeanor*, a *Treason*, as well againſt the *King*, as againſt the *Kingdom*; for whatſoever is againſt the

Whole,

Whole, is undoubtedly against the *Head*, which takes from his *Majesty* the ground of his Rule, the *Law* (for if *Foundation* be destroyed, the *Pinnacles* are most endangered) which takes from his *Majesty* the principal *Honour* of his Rule, the ruling over *Freemen*, a Power as much nobler than that over *Villains*, as that is over *Beasts*; which endeavoured to take from his *Majesty* the principal *Support* of his Rule, their *Hearts* and *Affections* over whom he rules, a better and surer *Strength* and *Wall* to the *King*, than the *Sea* is to the *Kingdom*, and by creating a mutual *Distrust*, and by that a mutual *Disaffection* between them, and to hazard the danger even of the *Destruction* of Both.

My Lords, I shall the less need to *press* this, because *Unreasonable* in any Case to *suspect* your Justice, and your Interest so nearly united; your great Share in the Possessions giving you an equal Concernment in the Propriety, the Cares, and Pains used by your Noble Ancestors in the Founding and Asserting of our Common Liberties, rendering the Just *Defence* of them your most proper and peculiar *Inheritance*, and both exciting you to *oppose* and *extirpate* all such Designs, as did *introduce*, and would have *settled* an Arbitrary, that is, an intolerable Form of Government, and even made your *Lordships* and your *Posterity* but *Right Honourable Slaves*.

My Lords, I will spend no more words *luctando cum larvâ*, in accusing the Ghost of a

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departed Person, whom his Crimes accuse more than I can do, and his *Absence* accuseth no less than his *Crime*; neither will I excuse either the *Length* of what I have said, because I cannot add an Excuse without *adding* to the Fault of my own Imperfections, either in the Matter or Manner of it, which I know must appear the *greater* by being *compared* with that *Learned Gentleman's* great Ability, who hath preceded me at this time: I will only desire by the *Command*, and in the *Behalf* of the House of *Commons*, that this Proceeding against the Lord *Finch* may be put in as *speedy* a way of dispatch, as in such Cases the *Course* of *Parliament* will allow.

My L. Falkland's Speech the 7th of December 1640. in the House of Commons, against the Lord Keeper Finch and others of the Judges.

Mr. Speaker,

I Rejoyce very much to see this day, and the want hath not lain in my *Affections*, but in my *Lungs*: if to all that hath past my *Tea* hath not been as *loud* as any Man's in the *House*, yet truly my Opinion is, We have yet done *nothing* if we do no more: I shall add what I humbly conceive ought to be *added*, as soon

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soon as I have said something with reference to him that said it.

I will first desire the Forgiveness of this *House*, if in ought I say I seem to intrench upon another's *Profession*, and enter upon the Work of another *to be*, since I have been *entrusted* by the Report of a Learned *Committee*, and *confirmed* by the *uncontradicted* Vote of the whole House; since I shall say nothing of this kind but in order to somewhat further: And (what moves me most to venture my Opinion and to expect your Pardon,) since I am confident that *this Case* alone is sufficient to shew this Judgment contrary to our *Laws*, and *Logic* alone is sufficient to prove it destructive to our *Propriety*, which every *Free and Noble Person* values no less than his Possession.

I will not profess that I know my self, yet all those who know me, know this of me, that my *Natural* Disposition is far from inclining to *Severity*, much less to *Cruelty*; that I have no particular Provocation from their *Persons*, and have particular Obligations to their *Callings*, against whom I am to speak; and that tho' not so much, yea for more than all I have, so I hope it will be believ'd, that only the *Publick Interest* hath *extorted* this from me, which I would not say, if I conceived it not both so true and necessary, that no Meat *undigested* can lye heavier upon the *Stomach*, than this *unsaid* would have lain upon my *Conscience*.

Mr. *Speaker*, the *Constitution* of this Commonwealth hath established, or rather endeavoured to establish to us the Security of *Goods*, and the Security of good *Laws*, which should secure us our *Goods*, by appointing for us *Judges*, so settled, so sworn, that there can be no *Oppression*, but they of necessity must be *necessary*; since if they neither *deny* nor *delay* us Justice (which neither for the Great nor little they ought to do) the greatest Person in the Kingdom cannot continue the least violence upon the Meanest. But this *Security*, Mr. *Speaker*, hath almost been our *Ruine*: This *Bulwark* for us hath been turn'd, or rather hath turn'd it self, into a *Battery* against us; and those Persons that should have been as *Dogs* to defend the Flock, have become the *Wolves* to worry it.

These Judges, Mr. *Speaker*, (to instance not in them *only*, but their *greatest Crime*) have delivered an *Opinion* and a *Judgment*: the First in an *Extrajudicial Manner*, and both upon *Extrajudicial Matter*; that is, such as came not within their *Cognizance*: they being Judges of *Law* and not of *necessity* (that is, being Judges, and neither Philosophers, nor Politicians) in which, when it is evident and absolute, the *Law of the Land* ceaseth, and that of general *Reason and Equity*, by which *Particular Laws* at first were framed, returns to her *Throne and Government*; I mean which is, the *Salus Populi*, becomes not only the *Supreme* but *Sola Sex*; at which time, and to which

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end, whosoever would dispense with the *King* to make use of our Money, dispenseth equally with us to make use of his and one another's. In this Judgment they *Contradicted* many and Clear *Acts* and *Declarations* of *Parliament*, and those in this very *Reign*; so that for them they needed to have Consulted with no other *Records* but their own *Memories*.

Secondly, They have Contradicted apparent *Evidences*, by supposing Mighty and Eminent *Dangers* in the most Serene, Quiet, and *Halcion* Days that could possibly be imagined; few Contemptible *Pirates* being our most formidable *Enemies*, and there being neither *Prince* nor *State*, which and from whom we had not either *Ambassadors*, or *Amity*, or both.

Thirdly, They Contradicted the *Writ* it self, by supposing these *Supposed* Dangers to be so suddain, that they could not stay for a *Parliament*, which required but *Forty Days* stay; the *Writ* being in no such *hast*, but being content to stay *Seven Months*, which is that time four times over.

Mr. *Speaker*, It seemed generally *strange* that they who saw not the *Law*, which all Men else saw, should see that *danger*, which no Man else saw but themselves; yet tho' this begot the more general *Admiration*, the other Particulars begot the more general *Indignation*.

The *First* of all their Reasons for this Judgment was such, that they needed not any from the *Adverse* Part to help them, to convert these

few who had before the least Suspicion of the *Legality* of that most *Illegal* Writ; there being fewer that *approved* of the Judgment, than there were that *Judged* it; for I am confident they did not that *Themselves*.

Secondly, When they had allowed to the King the Sole Power in necessity, and the Sole Judgment of necessity, and by that enabled him to take from us both what he would, when he would, and how he would, they yet Contemned us enough to offer to persuade us they had left us our *Proprieties*.

The *Third* and last, (and that which, I confess, moved me most) that by the *Transformation* of this from the State of *Free Subjects*, (a good Purchase, Mr. Speaker, under Dr. Heylin's Favour) into that of *Villains*, they disabled us by illegal and involuntary Supplies to express our Affections to His Majesty, and by that to cherish his to us; that is, to *Parliaments*. Mr. Speaker, the Cause of all the *Miseries* we have suffered, and the Cause of all the *Jealousies* we have had that we should yet suffer more, is, that a most *Excellent* Prince hath been most infinitely abused; his Judges telling him that in *Law*, his Divines telling him that in *Conscience*, and his Counsellors telling him that in *Policy* he might do what he pleased. With the *First* of these we are to deal now; which may be a good *Leading Card* to the rest, and sure the Pennig of these Laws upon which those Men have trampled, our Ancestors have shewed
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the utmost Care and Wisdom, so an uneffected Security, Words having done nothing, and yet have done all that Words could do, we must now be forced to think of the Abolishing of our Grievances, by Abolishing our Grievours, by taking away this *Judgment*, and these *Judges* together, and of *Regulating* their Successes by their most Exemplary *Punishment*, who would not Regulate themselves by most Evident *Laws*. Of the *Degree* of this Punishment, I will not speak; I will only say we have accused a *Great Person* of *High Treason*, for *intending* to subvert our *Fundamental Laws*, and introduce *Arbitrary Government*; whereas what we *suppose* he *meant* to do, we are *sure* they have *done*; there being no *Law* more *Fundamental* than that they have already *Subverted*, and no Government more *Absolute*, than they have really *introduced*.

Mr. Speaker, Not only the Severe *Punishment* of these Men, but the suddain *Removal* of them will have a very large *Effect* in one very important Consideration. Mr. Speaker, we only *Accuse*, and the House of *Lords Condemns*; in which *Condemnation* they usually receive *Advice*, tho' not *Direction* from the *Judges*, and I leave it to every Man to imagine how *Prejudicial* this would be to us, that is, to the *Common-wealth*, and how *Partial* to their Fellow-Malefactors.

The *Advice* of such Judges is like to be most undoubtedly for their own *Sakes*; they will
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conduce to their Power that every Account be adjudged to be a *less fault*, and each Person to be *less faulty*, than in *Justice* they ought to be.

Amongst these, Mr. *Speaker*, there is one I must not lose in the *Crowd*, whom I doubt not but we shall find when we examine the rest of them: With what *Hopes* they have been tempted, and by what *Fears* they have been assayed, and by what and by whose *Importunity* they have been pursued, before they *Consented* to do what they did; I say I doubt not but we shall then find him to have been a most Admirable *Sollicitor*, though a most abominable *Judge*. He it is whom not only gave away with his *Breath* what our Ancestors had purchased for us by so large an Expence of their *Time*, their *Care*, their *Treasure*, and their *Blood*; but imploy'd an *Industry* as great as his *Injustice* to perswade others not only to *Joyn* with him in that *Deed of Guilt*, but strive to root up those Liberties which he had cut down, and to make our Grievances *immortal*, as well as our Slavery *irreparable*, least any part of our *Posterity* might want occasion to *Curse* him, declared that *Power* to be so, *Inherent* in the *Crown*, that it was not in the Power of a *Parliament* to divide them.

I have here, Mr. *Speaker*, and I think here that *Common Fame* is ground enough for this House to accuse upon, and then undoubtedly enough to be accused upon in this House; she hath so generally reported this, that I expect not you should

should bid me *Name* him whom you all know: nor do I look to tell you *News*, when I tell you 'tis My *Lord Keeper*; but this I think to put you in Mind of, That his *Place* admits him to his *Majesty's Ear*, and trusts him with his *Majesty's Conscience*, and how pernicious every Moment must be to us, whilst the *one* gives him means to *infuse* such *unjust* Opinions of this *House* into His *Majesty* (many believing him to have been the Principal Secretary) and the *other* puts the *vast* and almost *unlimited* Power of the *Chancery* into *such* Hands, which in the *Safest* would be Dangerous. For my part I can think no Man here *secure* that he shall find himself *worth* any thing when he riseth, whilst all our *Estates* are in his Breast, who hath *sacrificed* his Country to his *Ambition*, whilst he who hath *prostituted* his own Conscience, and the *keeping* of the *King's*, and he who hath undone us already by *Wholesale*, hath Power left in him to undo us by *Retail*.

Mr. *Speaker*, In the beginning of this *Parliament*, he told us, and I am confident every Man here *believed* it, before he told it, and not the *more* for his telling of it, tho' a *sorry* Witness is a *good* Testimony against himself, That his *Majesty* never *required* any thing from any of his Ministers but *Justice* and *Integrity*, against which if any of them have *transgressed*, upon their Heads, and that *deservedly*, it was to fall: And truly after he hath in this Saying pronounced his own *Condemnation*, we shall be
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more *partial* to him, than he is to Himself, if we be slow to pursue it.

It is therefore my *Just* and *Humble* Motion, That we may Choose a *Select Committee*, to draw up his and their *Charge*, and to examine the Carriage of this particular, to make use of it in the Charge; and if he shall be found guilty of *Tampering* with Judges again against the *Publick* Security, who has thought *Tampering* with Witnesses in a *Private* Cause worthy of so severe a Fine; if he shall be found not only to have gone *before*, but *beyond* the rest in his Judgment, that in the Punishment for it, the *Justice* of this *House* may not deny him that due *Honour* both *precede* and *exceed* the rest.

The Famous Speech spoken in the High Court of Parliament in the First year of the Reign of Henry the IVth, by the Pious and Learned Thomas Mercks Bishop of Carlile. Wherein he declares his Opinion upon the Question, What should be done with the Deposed King Richard the Second.

Right Honourable,

THIS Question concerneth a Matter of great Consequence and Weight, the Determining whereof will assuredly procure either Quiet or Turmoil, both to the Publick State, and our particular Consciences. Therefore before any Resolution thereof be given, I beseech you to take into your more Serious Consideration these two things: First, Whether King *Richard* be sufficiently Deposed, or not: Secondly, Whether King *Henry* be by Justice and good Advise ment Seated in the Succession: In the first Point is to be examined, Whether a King by Lineal Succession, Crowned, Anointed, and Lawfully Invested, may upon Imputation, either of Negligence or Tyranny, be Deposed by his Subjects? Secondly, What *Richard* had omitted in the one, or committed in the other, that might deserve that heavy Judgment? I
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will not dispute what may be done, in a Popular, or Consular Estate, in which tho' one beareth the Title and Honour of a Prince, yet he hath no Supreme Power of a King: But in the one the Nobility, and Chief Men of State; in the other, the People have greatest Prerogative: in neither the Prince. Of the last sort was the Common-wealth of the *Lacedemonians*, who by that Form of Government which *Licurgus* framed oftentimes fined, sometimes fettered their Princes, sometimes put them to Death: such were the Petty Kings in *France* in *Cæsar's* time, who were oftentimes arraign'd and executed: and the Princes of the *Leodienses*, as *Ambiorix* confessed, had no greater Power over their Subjects, than their Subjects had over them. And of the Second Condition were the *Roman* Emperors at the first, being subject to the Censure of the *Senate*; and such are now the Emperors of *Germany*; whom the other Princes by their *Aristocratical* Power, do not only restrain, but sometimes remove; such are the Kings of *Denmark* and *Swethland*, who are many times by their Nobility dejected, either into Prison or Exile: such are the Dukes of *Venice*, and some other Free States of *Italy*: And the chiefeft cause why *Lewis* Earl of *Flanders* was lately expelled, was for assuming unto himself the Cognizance of Life and Death, which Authority was never incident to his Dignity. In these and such like Governments, the Prince hath not Absolute Regality, but is himself

himself subject to that Power, which is more transcendent than his, whether it be in the Nobility or Multitude. But if the Sovereign Majesty be in the Prince, as it was in the first three Empires, and in the Kingdoms of *Judæa* and *Israel*, and is now in the Kingdoms of *England*, *France*, *Scotland*, *Spain*, *Muscovy*, *Turky*, *Tartary*, *Persia*, *Ethiopia*, and almost all the Kingdoms of *Asia*, and *Africa*; altho' for his Vices, he be unprofitable to the Subjects, yea hurtful, yea intolerable; yet can they neither hazard his Power, nor harm his Person, either by Judicial Proceedings, or by Force; for neither one, nor all Magistrates have any Authority over the Prince, from whom all Authority is derived, and whose only Presence doth silence and suspend all Inferiour Jurisdiction and Force. And for Power, what Subject can Assist or Counsel, or Conceal Violence against his Prince, and not incur the high and heinous Crime of Tawsonry, or Treason? It is a Common Saying, *Thought is free*; free indeed from Punishment of Secular Laws, except by Word or Deed it break forth into Action; yet the Secret Thoughts against the Sacred Majesty of a Prince, without Attempt, without Endeavour, have been adjudged to Death. And some, who in Auricular Confession, have discovered their treacherous Devises against the King in Person, have for the same been executed. All Laws do exempt a Mad Man from Punishment, because their Actions are not governed by their Will, and the Will of Man
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being set apart, all his Deeds are indifferent; neither can the Body offend without a corrupt or erroneous Mind, yet if a Mad Man but draw his Weapon upon his King, it hath been adjudged worthy Death. And lest any Man should surmise, that Princes for the Maintenance of their own Safety, and Sovereignty, are the only Authors of these Judgments; Let us examine with Consideration the Patterns and Precepts to this Purpose, set forth in the Sacred Text. *Nebuchadnezzar* King of *Assyria*, wasted all *Palæstine* with Fire and Sword, oppugned the whole City a great while, and at the last expugned it; slaughtered the King, burnt the Temple, carried away the Holy Vessels and Treasures, and permitted the Souldiers with unmerciful Cruelty to spoil and ransack all the People with Fire and Sword, and whom from thence had escaped, and the Pestilence had spared, he led captive into *Chaldea*, and there erected his Golden Image, commanding those that refused to worship it, to be cast into the fiery Furnace: notwithstanding God called *Nebuchadnezzar* his Servant, and promiseth him Wages for his Service. And the Prophets *Jeremiah* and *Baruck* did write unto the *Jews* to pray for the Life of him, and of *Balthazar* his Son, that their Days upon Earth might be as the Days of Heaven: And *Ezekiel* with bitter Terms upbraideth the Disloyalty of *Zedechiah*, for revolting from *Nebuchadnezzar*, after Homage done unto him.

Did

Did not *Saul* put all the Priests to death, because one of them did relieve holy and harmless *David*? Did he not prosecute his faithful Servant, and dutiful Son-in-law, yet was not he spared, nay, protected by him? And was not *David* much grieved for but taking away the Lap of his Garment, and afterwards caused the Messenger to be slain, that upon Request, and for Pitty did lend his Hand (as he himself reported) to hasten the voluntary Death of that Sacred King? As for the contrary Examples of *Jehu*, they were done by expresse Oracle and Revelation from God, and are no more set down for our Imitation, than the robbing of the *Egyptians* or any other particular or priviledged Commandment; but in the General Precept, which all Men must generally follow, not only our Actions, but our Speeches also, and our very Thoughts are strictly charged with Duty and Obedience to Princes, whether they be good or evil. The Law of God ordained, That *he that doth presumptuously against the Prince, shall die*, Deut. 17. 12. And the Prophet *David* forbiddeth both by Precept and Practice, to touch the Lord's Anointed: *Thou shalt not* (saith the Lord) *rail upon the Judges, neither speak evil of the Ruler of the People.* And the Apostles do demand further, that even our Thoughts and Souls, be obedient to Higher Powers. And lest any should imagine, that they meant of good Princes only, they speak generally of all. And further,

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to take away all doubt, they make expresse mention of the evil: For the Power and Authority of wicked Princes, is the Ordinance of God. And therefore *Christ* told *Pilate*, That the Power which he had, was given him from above. And the Propphet *Esay* called *Cyrus*, being a Prophane and Heathen Prince, the Lord's Anointed: For, God turneth the Hearts even of wicked Princes to do his Will. And as *Jehosaphat* said to his Rulers, They execute not the Judgment of Man, but of the Lord. In regard whereof *David* calleth them Gods, because they have the Rule and Authority ever from God; which if they do abuse, they are not to be adjudged by their Subjects, for no Power within their Dominion is Superiour to theirs. But Godre serveth them to their forest Tryal, *Horribly and suddenly* (saith the Wiseman) *will the Lord appear to them, and a hard Judgment shall they have.* The Law of God commandeth, that the Child should be put to death, for any contumely done unto the Parents: but what if the Father be a Robber? if a Murtherer? if for excess of Villanies, odious and execrable both to God and Man? surely he deserveth the greatest degree of Punishment, and yet must not the Son lift up his Hand against him, for no Man can be so great an Offender as to be punished by Parricide. But our Country is (or ought to be) more dear to us than our Parents. And the Prince is the Father of the Countrey, and therefore

fore more sacred and dear to us, than our Parents by Nature, and must not be violated, how imperious, how impious soever he be? Doth he command or demand our Purse or Persons? we must not shun the one, nor shrink from the other: for as *Nekemias* saith, Kings have dominion over the Cattel of their Subjects at their pleasure. Doth he injoyne those Actions, which are contrary to the Laws of God, we must neither wholly obey, nor violently resist; but with a constant Courage, submit our selves to all manner of Punishment, and shew our Subjection, by Suffering and not Performing; yea, the Church hath declared it to be an Heresy, to hold, that a Prince may be slain, or deposed by his Subjects, for any Default or Disorder of Life, or Default in Government. There will be Defaults so long as there be Men; and as we endure with Patience a Barren Year, if it happen, and Unseasonable Weather; so must we tolerate the Imperfections of Rulers, and quietly expect either Reformation or Alteration. But alas! what such Cruelty, what such Impiety hath King *Richard* committed? examine the Imputations objected, with the false Circumstances of Aggravation, and you shall find but little of Truth, or of great moment: it may be many Oversight have escaped (as who lives without offending) yet none so grievous to be termed Tyranny, as proceeding rather from unexperienced Ignorance, or corrupt Counsel, than from any Na-

tural or Wilful Malice. Oh! how should the World be pestered with Tyrants, if Subjects might be permitted to rebel, upon Pretence of Tyranny; how many good Princes should often be suppressed by those by whom they ought to be supported? if they but levy a Subsidy, or any other Taxation, it shall be judged Oppression; if they put any to death for traitorous Attempts against their Persons, it shall be exclaimed at for Cruelty; if they shall do any thing against the good-liking of their People, it shall be proclaimed Tyranny.

But let it be that without Desert in him, or Authority in us, King *Richard* must be Deposed; yet what Right hath the Duke of *Lancaster* to the Crown? or what Reason have we, without Right, to give it him? If he make Title as Heir to King *Richard*, then must he stay King *Richard's* Death; for no Man can succeed as Heir to the Living: But 'tis well known to all Men, who are not wilfully blind, or grossly ignorant, That there are some yet alive, Lincally Descended from *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*, whose Issue by the Judgment of the High Court of *Parliament*, in the 8th year of King *Richard's* Reign, was declared Heir apparent to the Crown, in case King *Richard* should die without Issue. The Claim from *Edmund Crouch-back*, I pass over the Authors thereof, themselves being ashamed of so absurd an Abuse; and therefore all the Pretence now on foot, is by Right of Conquest; and the King's
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Resignation and Grant, and the Consent of the many: it is bad Stuff that will take no Colour, what Conquest can a Subject make against a Sovereign, where the War is Insurrection, and the Victory high Treason? King *Richard's* Resignation, being in Prison, is an Act of Exaction by Force, and therefore of no Force to bind him: And by the Laws of this Realm, the King by himself cannot alienate the ancient Jewels and Ornaments of the Crown, much less give away his Crown and Kingdom. And Custom we have none, for the Vulgar to elect their King, but they are alwayes ty'd to accept of Him, whom the Right of Succession enables to the Crown, much less can they make good that Title, which is by Violence usurped; for nothing can be said to be freely done, when Liberty is restrained by Fear. As for the Deposing of *Edward* the Second, it is no more to be urged, than the Poysoning of King *John*, or the Muathering of a Lawful Prince: we must live according to Laws, not Examples, yet the Kingdom then was not taken from Lawful Successors: But if we look back to Times past, we shall find that these Titles were more strong in King *Stephen*, than they are now in the Duke of *Lancaster*; for King *Henry* the First being at Liberty, neither restrained, nor constrained, the People assented to this Designment, and thereupon without Fear or Force he was anointed and Crowned King. Yet *Henry Fitz-Empress*, having a nearer

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Right to the Crown by his Mother (notwithstanding his Father was a Stranger, and he born beyond the Seas) never ceased the Prosecution of bloody Wars, to the great Effusion of Blood, and spoiling the Countrey, until his Lawful Inheritance was assured him. It terrifieth me but to think, how many flourishing Kingdoms have been by such Contentions, either rent by Intestine Division, or Subdued to Foreign Princes, under Pretence of Assistance and Aid. This Kingdom hath had too woful Experience of these several Mischiefs; and yet neither Examples of other Countreys, or Miseries of our own, are sufficient to make us be wary. Certainly, I fear, it will betide us as it did to *Esop's* Frogs, who being desirous to have a King, had a Beam given them, the first fall affright them; but when they saw it lye still, they contemptuously insulted thereon, and desired a King of more Active Spirit: Then a Stork was sent them, which stalking amongst them daily devoured them. King *Richard's* Mildness hath bred in us this Scorn, interpreting it to be Cowardise and Dulness of Nature; I dare not say (yet give me leave to suspect) with greater Courage, we may find greater Cruelty. And thus have I declared my Opinion with more Words, you may perhaps conjecture than Wisdom; yet fewer than the weight of the Cause did require. And I do resolutely conclude, that we have neither Power nor Policy, either to Depose K. *Richard*,

or in his place to Elect Duke *Henry*. That King *Richard* remaineth still our Sovereign Lord, and therefore it is not Lawful for us to give Judgment against him: That the Duke, whom you are pleased to stile *King*, hath more transgressed the King and Realm, than *Richard* hath done either against him or us: For he being banished the Realm for ten years by the King and Council (amongst whom his own Father was Chief) and given Oath not to return without Special Lincense; he hath not only broken his Oath, but disturbed the Peace of the Land, dispossessed the King of his Royal Estate, and now demandeth Judgment against his Person, without Offence proved, or Defence heard: if this Injury move not, yet let both our Private and Publick Dangers somewhat withdraw us from these violent Proceedings.

King Edward the Fourth's Speech to his Privy-Council and Nobility, to perswade a War with France. By which it will appear that the present French King does not degenerate from one of his Predecessors.

My Lords,

THE Injuries I have receiv'd are divulg'd every where, and the Eye of the World is fixt upon me, to observe with what Countenance I suffer. And I must confess they are of so strange a Nature, that I remain rather amazed, than enraged: Had I dealt with any Prince, not *Civilized by Laws*, or inured to *Commerce*, I had yet the *Religion* of so many Oaths, and the *Reason* of every Politick Circumstance so clear, that I could no way have suspected this foul and foolish Breach of Faith. But in a *Christian King* (and who pretends to be *Most Christian*) I have met with so horrid a *Perjury*, and so disgraceful to our Nation, that as all Mankind must *abhor* him as Barbarous; so in my own particular I must neglect the Principal Office of a Prince, if I omit to Chastise him. Most of you (My Lords) are Witnesses to the Solemnity of his Vows, when humbly he declined the Ruine to his Kingdom: and I, to avoid so great a Massacre, as the War would
have

have endangered, condescended to end all Controversies by Accord. My Clemency is now become my Scorn: and I reap Indignities where I sowed Favours. For this *Ungrateful* Man, (*Prince* I must not term him, who hath by Perjury forfeited that Sacred Title) in contempt of all Law, both Humane and Divine, denies not only the Marriage of the *Dauphin* to our Daughter, which would have proved so great an Honour to his Blood, and Security to his Kingdom; but even the Annual Tribute of Fifty Thousand Crowns; a slender for so large a Country, as by our Permission he hath hitherto enjoy'd.

This Contumely I am resolved to punish; and I cannot doubt Success, Almighty *GOD* strengthens still his Arm, who undertakes a War for *Justice*. In our Expeditions heretofore against the *French*, what Prosperity waited upon the *English* Armies, is known to all the World: and yet Ambition then appear'd the Chief Counsellor to War. Now besides all that Right, which led *Edward* the Third, our Glorious Ancestor, and *Henry* the Fifth, our Predecessor, we seem to have a *Deputiship* from Heaven, to execute the Office of the Supreme Judge in chastising the Impious.

When we were last in *France*, an innate Fear in this False Man forc'd him down to a sordid purchase of Security: How low will a wicked Conscience, (which even makes the Valiant Cowardly to tremble) bend him now? Now
when

122 *K. Edward the Fourth's Speech,*

when an implacable Resolution for Revenge set a far sharper Edge upon your Swords: Now when he hath no Hypocrisies left undiscovered, nor *Subterfuge* for his former Perjury, nor Art to gain Belief to new Dissimulation: Now when our Ears shall be deaf to all Submission, and when our Conscience is so well resolv'd for the necessity of this War; that Mercy will be thought a vicious Lenity, and the most savage Cruelty, but an Act of Justice.

I need not repeat how much Age hath informed him (and indeed I think it was his Dorage committed this foolish Crime) nor yet how hated he is rendered Abroad by his unfaithful Dealing, at Home by his Severe Government. The Commonalty sunk down by heavy Impositions; the Nobility by proud Neglect, exasperated to desire any Innovation But we want not Advantage; in the Judice of our Cause, and Valour of our People we have enough. It is confest our *Confederacies* are quite dissolv'd; and I recjoyce in that we shall undertake this great Business alone: For Experience in our last Attempt shewed, that *Princes of several Nations* (how ever they pretend the same) have still several Aims. And oftentimes a Confederate is a greater Enemy to the Prosperity of a War, than the Enemy himself: Envy begetting more difficulty in a Camp, than any Opposition from the adverse Army. Our Brother of *Burgundy* and Uncle of *Saint Paul*, are both dead. How little their Amity advanced

us, may how a just Jealousy of their secret Practices hinder'd our Designs then on *France*, you may well remember: and how in our Return towards *England*, we had more fear to be assaulted by their Trayterous Weapons, than by any Arms from the Enemy. But we will spare their Memory; they laboured their own Safety, not our Glory. This I am secure, that as by death they are rendred unprofitable to us, so likewise not dangerous. And as for *Brittain*, if his Weakness disables him as to our aid, I am confident it will continue him a Neuter. Neither is it to be forgot, how securely now we may leave *England* rather than heretofore, considering our so entire Friendship with the *Scots*: whose Hostility was always sharp upon us at home, when we attempted Victorie abroad.

But I detain you by my Speech too long from Action. I see the Clouds of due Revenge gather'd in your Brows, and the Lightning of of Fury break from your Eyes; which abodes Thunder against our Enemies. Let us therefore lose no time, but suddenly and severely scourge this *Perjured Coward* to a too late Repentance; and regain Honour to our Nation, and his Kingdom to our Crown.

Queen

*Queen Elizabeth's Speech to her Last
Parliament, upon her Reasumption of
several Grants that were a Grievance
to the Subject, &c.*

Mr. Speaker,

WE perceive your coming is to present
Thanks unto Us; Know I accept them
with no less Joy than your Loves can have
desire to offer such a Present, and do more
esteem it than any Treasure or Riches; for
those We know how to prize, but Loyalty,
Love and Thanks, I account them invaluable:
and tho' God hath raised Me high, yet this
I account the Glory of my Crown, that I have
reigned with your Loves. This makes that I
do not so much rejoyce that God hath made
Me to be a Queen, as to be a Queen over so
Thankful a People; and to be the mean under
God to conserve you in Safety, and preserve
you from Danger; yea, to be the Instrument
to deliver you from Dishonour, from Shame,
and from Infamy: to keep you from out of
Servitude, and from Slavery under our En-
emies, and cruel Tyranny, and vile Oppression
intended against Us: For the better withstand-
ing whereof, We take very acceptably your
intendended Helps, and chiefly in that it ma-
nifesteth your Loves and Largeness of Heart
to

to your Sovereign. Of My self I must say this, I never was any greedy scraping Grasper, nor a strict Fast-holding Princess, nor yet a Waster: My Heart was never set upon any Worldly Goods, but only for My Subjects Good. What you do bestow on Me, I will not hoard up, but receive it to bestow on you again: Yea, Mine own Properties I account yours, to be expended for your good, and your Eyes shall see the Bestowing of it for your Welfare.

Mr. Speaker, I would wish you and the rest to stand up, for I fear I shall yet trouble you with longer Speech.

Mr. Speaker, You give me Thanks, but I am more to thank you, and I charge you thank them of the *Lower-House* from Me; for had I not receiv'd Knowledge from you, I might had fallen into the lapse of an Error, only for want of true Information.

Since I was Queen yet I did never put My Pen to any Grant, but upon pretext and semblance made Me, that it was for the good and avail of My Subjects generally, tho' a Private Profit to some of My ancient Servants, who have deserved well: But that My Grants shall be made Grievances to My People, and Oppressions, to be priviledged under colour of Our Patents, Our Princely Dignity shall not suffer it.

When I heard it, I could give no rest unto My Thoughts until I had reformed it, and those

those Varlets, lewd Persons, abusers of My Bounty, shall know I will not suffer it. And, *Mr. Speaker*, tell the *House* from Me, I take it exceeding grateful, that the knowledge of these things are come unto Me from them. And tho' amongst them the Principal Members are such as are not touch'd in Private, and therefore need not speak from any feeling of the Grief; yet We have heard that other Gentlemen also of the *House*, who stand as free, have spoken as freely in it: which gives Us to know that no Respects or Interests have moved them other than the Mindes they bear to suffer no diminution of our Honour, and our Subjects Love unto Us. The zeal of which affection, tending to ease My People, and knit their Hearts unto Us, I embrace with a Princely Care far above all earthly Treasures. I esteem my People's Love, more than which I desire not to merit: And God that gave me here to sit, and placed Me over you, knows that I never respected My Self, but as your Good was conserved in Me; yet what dangers, what practices, and what perils I have passed, some, if not all of you know: but none of these things do move me, or ever made me fear, but it is God that hath delivered me.

And in My Governing this Land, I have ever set the last Judgment-day before Mine Eyes, and so to Rule, as I shall be judged, and answer before a higher Judge, to whose Judgment Seat I do appeal in that never thought

was cherished in my Heart, that tended not to my People's Good.

And if My Princely Bounty have been abused, and my Grants turned to the hurt of My People, contrary to My Will and Meaning; or if any in Authority under Me have neglected, or converted what I have committed unto them, I hope God will not lay their Culps to my Charge.

To be a King, and wear a Crown, is a thing more Glorious to them that see it, than it is pleasant to them that bear it: For My Self, I never was so much inticed with the Glorious Name of a King, or the Royal Authority of a Queen, as delighted that God hath made me His Instrument to maintain His Truth and Glory, and to defend this Kingdom from Dishonour, Dammage, Tyranny, and Oppression. But should I ascribe any of these things unto My Self, or My Sexly Weakness, I were not worthy to Live; and of all most unworthy of the Mercies I have receiv'd at God's Hands, but to God only and wholly all is given and ascribed.

The Cares and Trouble of a Crown I cannot more fitly resemble than to the Drugs of a Learned *Physician*, perfumed with some Aromaticall Savour; or to Bitter Pills gilded over, by which they are made more acceptable, or less offensive, which indeed are bitter and unpleasant to take: and for My own Part, were it not for Conscience sake, to discharge the Duty that God hath laid upon me, and to main-
tain

tain his Glory, and keep you in Safety, in Mine own disposition I should be willing to resign the Place I hold to any other, and glad to be freed of the Glory with the Labours; for it is not My Desire to Live nor to Reign longer, than My Life and Reign shall be for your Good. And tho' you have had; and may have many Mightier and Wiser Princes sitting in this Seat, yet you never had, nor shall have any that will Love you better.

Thus, *Mr. Speaker*, I commend me to your Loyal Loves, and yours to my best Care and your further Councils; and I pray you, *Mr. Controuller*, and *Mr. Secretary*, and you of My Council, that before these Gentlemen depart into their Countreys, you bring them all to Kiss My Hand.

Sir

Sir Edward Deering's Speech in Parliament, concerning the Liturgy of the Church of England, and a National Synod, 1641.

Mr. Speaker;

THE Question is, Whether this Clause concerning some pretended Erroneous Passages in our Liturgy shall be laid by, or not.

I am of opinion to delinè them here, but not to bury them in perpetual silence.

In this Period, you give us (in general Terms) a promise of a *National Synod*: I do still wish the presence of it; it brings to my Understanding the only proper Cure and Remedy for all our Church Distractions.

The promised *Synod* is too far off, let me have better Assurance than a Promise; which that I may obtain, I will be bold to give you Reasons to induce that Assembly, and speed it also.

Mr. Speaker, Much hath been said, and something attempted to be done, to regulate the exteriour part of Religion; but, Sir, we bleed inwardly, much endeavour hath been to amend the deformed Forms, and to New-govern the Government.

Yet, Sir, this is but the Leaves of good Religion, fit (I confess notwithstanding) to be
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taken

taken care of, for Beauty and Ornament : Nay some Leaves are fit and necessary to be preserved for shadows and for shelter to the Blossoms and the Fruit.

The Fruit of all is a good Life, which you must never expect to see, unless the Blossoms be pure and good ; that is, unless your Doctrine be sound and true.

Sir, I speak it with full Grief of Heart, whilst we are thus long pruning and composing of the Leaves, or rather whilst some would pluck all Leaves away, our Blossoms are blasted ; and whilst we sit here in cure of Government and Ceremonies, we are poisoned in our Doctrinals : And on whose door will the Guilt and Sin of this lye ?

Qui non vetat peccare cum potest ; jubet. Senec.

It is true that this Mischief growes not by our Consent, and yet I know not by what unhappy Fate, there is at present such an All-daring Liberty, such a lewd Licentiousness for venting all Mens several Sences (fenceless Sences) in Religion, as never was in any Age or Nation, until this present Parliament was met together.

Sir, it belongs to us to take heed, that our Countenancing (the Countenance of this Honourable House) be not prostituted to sinister ends by bold Offenders : if it be in our Power to give a Remedy, a timely and seasonable Remedy to these dangerous Evils, and if we
(being

(being also put in Mind shall neglect to do it; we pluck their Sins on our own Heads.

Alienum qui fert scelus, facit suum. Senec.

Shall I be bold to give you a very few Instances: one for a hundred, wherewith our Pulpits and our Presses do groan?

1. *Mr. Speaker*, There is a certain New-born, Unseen, Ignorant, Dangerous, Desperate way of *Independency*: Are we, Sir, for this *Independency*? Nay, Sir, are we for the Elder Brother of it, the *Presbyterial Form*? I have not yet heard any one Gentleman within these Walls stand up and assert his Thoughts here, for either of these so different, so repugnant Innovations, witness the several Dedications to us.

Nay, both these Ways, together with the *Episcopal*, come rushing in upon us, every one pretending a Forehead of Divinity:

1. *Episcopacy* says, It is by Divine Right: and certainly, Sir, it comes much nearer to its Claim than any other.

2. *Presbytery*, that saith, It is by Divine Right.

3. Nay, this illegitimate thing, this New-born *Independency*, that dares to say it is by Divine Right also.

Thus the *Church of England*, (not long since the Glory of the *Reformed Religion*) is miserably torn and distracted; whither shall we turn for Cure?

2. Another Instance: If I deal with a *Papist*, to reduce him, he answers, I have been answered so already: To what Religion would you perswade me? what is the Religion you profess? Your XXXIX Articles, they are contested against; your Publick Solemn Liturgy that is detested; and, which is more than both these, the Three Essential, Proper, and only Marks of a True Church, they are protested against: What Religion would you perswade me to? where may I find, and know, and see, and read the Religion you profess? I beseech you, Sir, help me an Answer to this *Papist*.

Nay, Sir, the *Papist* herein hath assistance even amongst our selves, and doth get the Tongues of some Men, whose Hearts are far from them: For at one of our Committees I heard it publicly asserted by one of that Committee, that some of our Articles do contain some things contrary to Holy Scripture.

3. *Mr. Speaker, Sunday is a Sabbath: Sunday no Sabbath*: both true, both untrue in their several acceptions, and the knot, I think, too hard for our Teeth. Shall I give you an easier Instance?

4. Some say it is lawful to kneel at Receiving the Elements of our Holy Communion: and others plead it as expedient: some do press it as necessary: and there wants not others who abhor it as idolatrous. And, Sir, I am confident you cannot so state this easy
Question

Question to pass amongst us, but that there will be many *Contradicentes*.

5. The second *Epistle* of St. Peter is now newly denied to be the Apostle's: our *Creed*, the holy *Apostles Creed*, is now disputed, denied, inverted, and exploded by some who would be thought the *Best Christians* amongst us. I startled with Wonder and with Anger, to hear a bold Mechanick tell me, that my *Creed* is not my *Creed*: he wondred at my Wonder, and said, I hope your Worship is too wise to believe that which you call your *Creed*.

O Deus bone, in quæ tempora reservasti nos!
[Polycarp,

Thus ἐν τῷ ἀτύπῳ δοθέντι ἐπὶ τὰλλα συμβαίνει
Arist. One Absurdity leads in a thousand. And when you are down the Hill of Errour, there is no bottom but in *Hell*, and that is bottomless too.

6. Sir, I shall be bould to give one (and but one) Instance more. Much clamour now there is against our Publick *Liturgy*, tho' *Hallowed* with the *Blood* of some of the first *Composers* of it. And surely, Sir, some parts of it may be very well corrected; but the clamours now go very high; Impudence or Ignorance is now grown so Frontless, that it is loudly expected by many, that you should utterly abrogate all Forms of Publick Worship: As for Extirpation of *Episcopacy*, that hope is already swallowed; and now some Men are as greedy for the Abolishing

lishing of the *Liturgy*, that so the *Church of England* in her Publick Prayers, nay her *Offer-ture*, may be as a Babblers at all adventures; a brainless, stupid, and an ignorant Conceit of some.

Mr. Speaker, The Wisdom of this *House* will (I am confident) never sink so low, never fall into such a delinquency of Judgment and Piety: when you do, I shall humbly submit my self unto the Stake and Faggot; I mean for certainly, Sir, I shall then be a *Parliament Heretick*.

Thus much for a Taste of that whereof there is too much abroad: for the divisions of *Reuben*, there are great things of that abroad.

Sir, thus we are engaged, enclosed in Points of Divinity, and with the favour of that Gentleman who did last time discuse it, I must again propound my doubtful *Quære* to be resolved by the Wisdom of this *House*, Whether we be *Idonei & competentes Judices*, in Doctrinal Resolutions? in my Opinion we are not: let us maintain the Doctrine Established in the *Church of England*, it will be neither Safety nor Wisdom for us to determine new.

Sir, I do again repeat and avow my former Words, and do confidently affirm, That it was never seen, known in any Age, in any Nation throughout the World, that a set of *Lay-men*, Gentlemen, Souldiers, Lawyers of both Gowns, Physicians, Merchants, Citizens, all Professions admitted, or at least admittable,

but

but the *Professors* of Religion alone excluded, that we should determine upon *Doctrinal Divinity*.

Shall the *Clergy* hold different Doctrine from us? or shall our determination bind them also? they are a considerable Body in the Kingdom. They are herein surely as much concerned as we, and ought not to be thought fit for no other than for Spiritual Employment: how shall we answer it to God and a good Conscience, if we shut them out of that, which we our selves pretend to be only their proper Work?

Mr. Speaker, We cannot brag of an Unerring Spirit: *Infallibility* is no more tied to your Chair, than to the *Pope's*. And if I may speak Truth, as I love Truth, with Clearness and with Plainness, I do here ingeniously profess unto you, that I shall not *acquiesce*, and sit down upon the Doctrinal Resolutions of this House, unless it be where my own *Genius* doth lead and prompt me, to the same Conclusions.

Mr. Speaker, We are here convened by his Majesty's Writ to treat *Super arduis negotiis Regni & Ecclesiæ*; I beseech you let us not turn *Negotia Ecclesiæ* into *Dogmata Fidei*: there is a great difference in *objecto*, between the *Agends* and the *Credends* of a Christian: let us so take care to settle the Government, that we do not unsettle the Doctrines.

The

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The short Close of all with a Motion, is but this: We are poisoned in many Points of Doctrine, and I know no *Antidote*, no *Recipe* for Cure but one; A Well-chosen and a Well tempered *National Synod*, and *G O D's* Blessing thereon: this may cure us, and without this (in my poor Opinion *England* is like to turn it self into a great *Amsterdam*; and unless this Counsel be very speedy, the Disease will be above the Cure.

Therefore that we may have a full Fruition of what is here but promised, I do humbly move, That you will command forth the Bill for a *National Synod*, to be read the next Morning. I saw the Bill above five Months since in the Hand of a Worthy *Member* of this *House*; if that Bill be not to be had, then my humble Motion is (as formerly) that you would name a Committee to draw up another.

This being once resolved, I would then desire, that all Motions of *Religion* (this about the *Liturgy* especially) may be transferred thither; and you will find it to be the way of Peace and Unity amongst us here.

Sir

Sir John Wray's Speech the 13th of November, 1641. concerning the Unlawfulness of Bishops, and Episcopal Authority.

THE first Challenge for Lordly Primacy hath of old been grounded out of the *Great Charter*, by which they hold an Episcopal Primacy or Jurisdiction to belong to their States of Prelacy: this is their Temporal Foundation and main Objection.

Here I demand of them, Unto what Church this *Great Charter* was granted, and, Whether it were not granted to the Church of God in *England*; let the words of *Magna Charta* decide this, which are thus, *Concessimus pro nobis & in perpetuum quod Ecclesia Anglicana libera sit, habeat omnia sua Jura integra, & libertates suas illæsas*. Now by this *Charter*, if it be rightly interpreted, there is first Provision made, the Honour and Worship should be yielded unto God, as truly, and indeed it belongs to him.

2. Secondly, That not only such Rights and Liberties as the King and his Progenitors, but also such as God had ordained the Church of *England*, which should be inviolably preserved. And indeed such only are to be preserved, indeed such only are to be called the Rights and Liberties of the Church of *England*, which God himself

himself hath given by his Law unto the Universal Church. And not that which the Kings of *England* by their *Charter* have bequeathed to the particular Church of *England*. And this no doubt was the Cause that moved *Henry the Eighth* so effectually and powerfully to bend himself against the *Pope's* Supremacy usurped at that time over the Church of *England*: For, saith the King, we will with hazard of our Life, and loss of our Crown, uphold and defend in our Realms, whatsoever we shall know to be the Will of God.

The Church of *God* in *England* not being free, according to the *Great Charter*, but in bondage and Servitude to the See of *Rome*, contrary to the Law of *God*, the King judged it to stand highly with his Honour, and with his Oath, to reform, redress, and amend the abuses of the same See.

If therefore it might please our Gracious Sovereign Lord King *Charles*, in imitation of those his Noble Progenitors, to vouchsafe an abolishment of all Lordly Supremacy, executed by Archiepiscopal and Episcopal Authority, over the Ministers of *Christ*: his Highness in so doing could no more rightly be charged with the Violation of the *Great Charter*, than might K. *Henry the Eighth* with the Banishment of the *Pope's* Supremacy, or then our late Sovereign Queen *Elizabeth* could be justly burthened with the Breach of her Oath, by the Establishment of the Gospel.

Now

Now if the Kings of *England* by reason of their Oath, were so straitly tied to the words of the *Great Charter*, that they might not in any sort have disannulled any supposed Rights or Liberties of the Church than used, and confirmed by the said *Charter*, unto the Church that then was supposed to be the Church of God in *England*: Then belike King *Henry the Eighth* might be attainted to have gone against the *Great Charter*, and against his Oath, when by the overthrow of Abbies and Monasteries, he took away the Rights and Liberties of Abbots and Priors; for by the expresse word of the *Great Charter*, Abbots and Priors, had as large and ample a Patent for their Rights and Liberties, as our Archbishops and Bishops can at this day challenge for their Primacy.

If then the Rights and Liberties of the one, as being against the Law of God, be duly and lawfully taken away, notwithstanding any Matter, Clause, or Sentence contained in the *Great Charter*; the other have but little reason under the colour of the Same, to stand upon their Pantables, and contend for their painted Sheaths: For this is a Rule and Maxim in God's Laws, *Quod in omni Juramento semper excipitur Autoritas Majoris*: Unless then they be able to justify by the Holy Scriptures, that such Rights and Liberties, as they pretend for their Spiritual Supremacy over the Ministers of *Christ*, be in deed and truth conferred unto them by the Holy Law of God, I suppose the
King's

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King's Highness, as Successor to Henry the Eighth, and as more just Inheritor to the Crown of England, by the words of the Great Charter, and by his Oath, is bound utterly to to abolish all Lordly Primacy as hitherto upheld, and defended, partly by Ignorance, and partly by unreasonable and evil Custom.

Sir Benjamin Rudyerd's Speech concerning Bishops, Deans and Chapters, at a Committee of the whole House.

Mr. Hyde,

WE are now upon a very great Business; so great indeed, as it requires our soundest, our saddest Consideration; our best Judgment for the present, our utmost Fore-sight for the future.

But, Sir, one thing doth exceedingly trouble me, it turns me round about, it makes my whole Reason verriginous, which is, that so many do believe, against the Wisdom of all Ages, that now there can be no Reformation without Destruction; as if every sick Body must be presently knockt in the Head, as past hope of Cure.

Religion was first and best planted in Cities; God did spread his Net where most might be caught. Cities had Bishops and Presbyters:
Presby-

Presbyters were the Seminaries out of which were sent Labourers by the Bishops to propagate and cultivate the Gospel. The Clergy then lived wholly upon the Free-will Offerings and Bounty of the People.

Afterwards, when Kings and States grew to be Christians, the outward Settlement of the Church grew up with them. They erected Bishopricks, founded Cathedral Churches, endowed them with large Possessions: Landlords built Parish Churches gleab'd them with some Portion of Land, for which they have still a Right of Presentation.

I do confess that some of our Bishops have had ambitious, dangerous aims, and have so still, that in their Government there are very great Enormities: but I am not of their Opinion who believe, that there is an innate ill Quality in Episcopacy, like a specifical Property, which is a Refuge, not a Reason. I hope there is not Original Sin in Episcopacy; and tho' there were, yet may the Calling be as well Reformed, as the Person Regenerated. Bishops have governed the Church for fifteen hundred years without interruption; and no Man will say, but that God hath saved Souls in all those times under their Government. Let them be reduced according to the Usage of ancient Churches in the best times, so restrained as they may not be able hereafter to shame the Calling. I love not those that hate to be Reformed, and do therefore think them worthy
of

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of the more strict, the more close Reformation.

We have often complained, That Bishops are too absolute, too singular. Altho' Cathedral Churches are now for the most part but Receptacles of Drones, and Non-residents; yet some good Men may be found or placed there to be Assessors with the Bishops, to assist them in Actions of moment, and in Causes of Importance; there is Maintenance already provided for them. If either in Bishopricks, or Cathedral Churches there be too much, some may be pared off, to relieve them that have too little. If yet more may be spared, it may be employed to the setting up of a Preaching Ministry thro' the whole Kingdom. And until this be done, altho' we are Christians, yet we are not a Christian State. There are some Places in *England* that are not in Christendom, the People are so ignorant, they live so without God in the World; for which Parliaments are to answer both to God and Man. Let us look to it, for it lies like one of the Burdens of the Prophet *Esay*, heavy and flat upon Parliaments.

I have often seriously considered with myself, what strong concurrent motives and causes did meet together in that time; when Abbeyes and Monasteries were overthrown? Certainly God's Hand was the greatest, for he was most offended. The prophane Superstitions, the abominable Idolatries, the filthy nefandous wickedness

ness of their Lives did stink in God's Nostrils, did call down for Vengeance, for Reformation. A good party of Religious Men were zealous Instruments in that great Work, as likewise many Covetous Ambitious Persons, gaping for Fat Morfels, did lustily drive it on.

But, *Mr. Hyde*, there was a Principal Parliamentary Motive, which did facilitate the rest: For it was propounded in Parliament, that the accession of Abby Lands would so enrich the Crown, as the People should never be put to pay Subsidies again. This was plausible both to Court and Countrey: Besides, with the overplus there should maintain a standing Army of forty thousand Men, for a perpetual defence of the Kingdom. This was Safety at Home, Terrour and Honour Abroad: the Parliament would make all sure.

God's Part; Religion by his Blessing, hath been reasonably well preserv'd; but it hath been sav'd as by Fire: for the rest is consumed and vanished: the People have pay'd Subsidies ever since, and we are now in no very good case to pay an Army.

Let us be ware, *Mr. Hyde*, that we do not look with a Worldly, Carnal, Evil Eye upon Church Lands; let us clear our Sight, search our Hearts, that we may have unmixt and sincere Ends, without the least thought of saving own own Purfes. Church Lands will still be fittest to maintain Church Men, by a proportionable and orderly Distribution.

We

We are very strict and curious to uphold our own Propriety, and there is greater Reason for it: are the Clergy only a sort of Men who have no Propriety at all in that which is called *Theirs*? I am sure they are *English* Men, they are Subjects.

If we pull down Bishopricks, and pull down Cathedral Churches, in a short time we must be forced to pull down Colledges too; for Schollars will live and die there as in Cells, if there be not considerable Preferment to invite them abroad. And the Example we are making now, will be an easy Temptation to the less-pressing Necessities of future Times.

This is the next way to bring in Barbarism, to make the Clergy an unlearned contemptible Vocation, not to be desired, but by the basest of the People; and then where shall we find Men able to convince an Aversary?

A Clergyman ought to have a far greater Proportion to live upon, than any other Man of an equal Condition. He is not bred to multiply Three-pences, it becomes him not to live mechanically, and sordidly: he must be given to Hospitality. I do know my self a Clergyman, no Dignitary, whose Books have cost him a thousand Pounds, which when he dies, may be worth to his Wife and Children, about two hundred.

It will be a shameful Reproach to so Flourishing a Kingdom as this, to have a poor beggarly Clergy. For my part, I think nothing too much
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nothing too good for a good Minister, a good Clergyman. They ought least to want, who best know how to abound. Burning and shining Lights do well deserve to be set in good Candlesticks.

Mr. Hyde, I am as much for Reformation, for Purging and Maintaining Religion, as any Man whatsoever: but I profess, I am not for Innovation, Demolition, nor Abolition.

A Seasonable Speech spoken by Alderman Atkins in the Rump-Parliament.

Mr. Speaker,

AFTER so many *Dispensations* and *Outgoings* of Providence, we are now the Third time return'd to sit in this Honourable House again; but how long we shall do so, I believe the wisest of us all cannot tell: For *the Souldiers have of late set up Governments, as Boyes do Nine-pins, to throw 'em down again.* But how oft soever they turn us out hereafter, I shall never doubt to get in again: for I perceive those Changes, and Revolutions (as they call them) are just like casting of *Knives* at Cards, where some *play*, and some *sit out* till the Set be up, or till the Gamesters fall out and throw up their Cards, and then they stand fair to be in again. But notwithstanding so

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many Interruptions, and Disturbances, many *mighty* and *great* Works have been carried on by Us *Worms* and *No-men*. You, *Sir*, have a a New-wainscot Chair, and our Seats that were but covered with *Mats*, when we came first to sit here, are now lined with good *Broad Cloth* of 16 Sh. per Yard, and the whole House is hang'd in a better manner, than any Man expected. But this is not all that we have done, for we have reform'd *Religion*, and brought the *Church* as nigh to what it was in the Primitive Times amongst the *Jews* and *Pagans* as may be; for the *Christians* have sold all they have long since, and laid it at our Feet, and we begin once more to have all things in *Common*. Besides, *Sir*, we have done *Strange Justice* on the late *Tyrant*, and transform'd the *Kingdom* into a *Common-wealth*, as *Nebuchadnezzar* was into a *Beast*. But there is one thing that we have omitted, and which indeed the People have much more reason to expect from us; for *Reformation*, as well as *Charity*, begins at home: to hold forth my Meaning in brief to you, *Sir*, 'tis the *Cleansing of our House of Office*; and if that Name be not *Mannerly* enough for this Place, it is in your Power to help it: for there is a spare Name that hath been lately conferr'd upon this *Honourable House* by the People, which was once call'd *The House of Parliament*, as it is now the *Rump*. This Name, in my Opinion, we cannot better dispose of than in conferring it on the *House* I spoke of;

for

for not only that, but all other Houses of the same Quality, (of which ours is the *Representative*) may in the Right thereof hereafter be call'd a *Rump*, as being a Name more proper and Significant in regard of the Relation it hath to the *Part*: And truly, *Sir*, I believe the Wisdom and Justice of this *House* can do no less; if you please but to consider the near and intimate Correspondence that *House* has ever held with this, as having ever been intrusted with the most urgent and weighty Matters that we have ever carried on, and so necessary, that I may boldly say, without that recourse which we have had to it in our greatest *Extremities*, this *House* might have suffer'd for it many time and oft. It is now, *Sir*, as full as this Honourable *House* was once of Members, and as *unuseful*; until we take some Course to empty it, as we did this, which I humbly conceive, we can by no means avoid. For, under favour, I do not think we can use this *House* as we did the *House of Lords*; I mean, *Vote it down*, when it will serve our turns no longer: No, this is a matter of a higher Nature, and more weighty Concernment; and as the Difference is great in Reason of State, so it is also in Point of Conscience: For tho' it is true we engag'd and swore to maintain the *House of Lords*, yet we did it not after a right Manner; for we read it was a Custom among the *Jews*, when they made any Solemn Vow, to put their Hands under one another's Hams; and if we had done so when we

swore that, and kiss'd the Book, I grant we had been bound in Conscience to have upheld it longer than we did, I mean longer than we had need of it; but we, quite contrary, held up our Hands, and so were not bound to keep it otherways than we took it, *viz.* Hand over Head; for unless we *differ'd* from the *Jews* in other Matters, more than we do, I know no Reason why we should in this. But now I speak of the *Jews*, give me leave by observing one Passage in their History, to hold forth unto you the *Danger* of Suppressing the aforesaid *House*. *Saul*, for want of such a Convenience, going into a Cave where *David* had hid himself, had like to have lost his Life; for if *David* had been *One* of us, I know what would have become of *Saul*; he would rather have cut off his *Head*, than a piece of His Coat; as I wonder he did not, since being a *Prophet*, he might have made *Scripture* of purpose to have proved him a *Tyrant*, and a *Traytor*, as we did *Law* to Condemn the late *King* after he was put to Death. But tho' *David* was wiser than his Teachers, he was not so wise as we were: 'Tis true, for his own Advantage he knew how to make the silly *Philistians* believe he was *Mad*; but I am mistaken if we have not outdone him this way too, and made the *Wise*st think us so. But to return to the Purpose: Suppose, *Sir*, the Army should have occasion to give this *Honourable House* a *Purge* again, you would be loth it should *work* here, and truly I do not know

know what other way you have to avoid it, unless we should make use of that Place where the *Assembly of Divines* lately sat, which for my part I like very well, if it were nearer; and certainly they have no reason to take it ill, for it is according to the Example of the best *Reformed Churches*. And I know no reason why we may not as well *Sit* there, and make *sower* Faces at our own *charges*, as they did at the charge of the Common-wealth. For my own part (did not the common Good provoke me to it) I have as *little* reason to speak as another, and perhaps *less*; for my Breeches are made close at the Knees, and so better fitted against a *Mischance*. Besides I know the *worst* of it; for I believe you have often heard what I have suffer'd in the *Service* of my Country. But let that pass, tho' it were the worse for my Reputation and my Breeches, it was the better for my Body and my Soul too, for I have *edified* much by it: 'Tis true the Boys hold their Noses, and cry, *Fogh* when they see me in the Streets; but what of that? a wise Man knows how to make advantage of the greatest Disasters, and so have I done. For there was a time, *Mr. Speaker*, when this *Honourable House* had like to have been a *Foul House*; and when was that? why truly it was when the *Apprentices* came hither to shew us one Trick more than ever we taught them: then did I take this Worshipful Chain off my Neck, and very Politickly put it into my *Codpiece*; for I knew

well enough that No-body in this Town, where I am so well known, would *venture* to look for it there; and I was not mistaken, for here you see I have it still. The same thing I did at another time, and that was when, (as you well remember) a piece of Plaister falling from the Roof, some of the Members cry'd, *Treason*, and many made haste to get out of the House, as fast as they could, so did not I, No, Sir, I resolv'd to stay by it; and therefore having put my Chain into my *Codpiece*, I crept under the Bench, in this very place where I now sit, and there I lay *close* till I heard some that were near me say, they smelt *Gun-powder*; but then I knew it was a *Mistake*, and so it proved indeed: but if it had been otherwise, no Danger should have made me forsake my Duty. No, Sir, I have been so *Faithful* to this House, and so *Constant* to my Principles, that I have not *changed* so much as my *Seat* since the happy Beginning of this Parliament: In this very Place did I sit then, on both sides of me sat two Members, that prov'd *Malignants*, for they took snuff at something that fell from me in my Zeal to the *Cause*, and ran to *Oxford* to the *King*: their Estates are long since sold, for which the Common wealth may thank me; for verily, Sir, I have not been altogether an *Unprofitable* Member according to my *Talent*, and the Disposition of what was in me: for my *Bowels* have been oft *poured out* for the Prosperity of this House, and I hope my *Con-*
versation

versation hath held forth much of the *Inward Man*, as may be sufficient to satisfy the Well-affected by whom I am intrusted: and as for any Backbiters, I forgive them freely. Alas! they hurt themselves, and not me; for if they get any thing by dealing with me that way, they must have *Good luck*.——Sir, I have used the more Freedom with you, because I have some Pretence of your Pardon; for I believe you have often observ'd, That when any thing has *fallen* from any of my Fellow-Members, that the House has *resented*, it has been presently laid to my *Charge*, and I have always *taken* it upon me freely; for I shall never refuse to serve this *House* in any Sence whatsoever. I shall therefore humbly move, That you would be pleased to order this *Honourable House* to *Adjourn* for a Convenient time, until the *House* be *emptied*, and made *sweet* again; for if we should sit here before, it will not be in the Power of any one Man to own so much *Stink* as will be laid to my *Charge*.

Three Notable Speeches at
Grocers-Hall, on the late So-
 lemn Day of *Thanksgiving*,
 Thursday *June 7th*, 1649.

*Alderman Atkins's Speech before Dinner
 to the Speaker, the General, Lieute-
 nant General, and Lord President
 Bradshaw, at Grocers-Hall.*

Mr. Speaker,

O H! this is a blessed Day (*Mr. Speaker*) and
marvailous in our eyes, to see you become
 our *Supreme Head and Governour*, now that we
 have cut off the *King's Head*. And (as I take
 it) it is one main Reason of this Heavenly
Thanksgiving to My Lord *Lieutenant General*,
 and *Mr. General's Excellency* for their great
 Pains in the Business. Verily (*Mr. Speaker*) I
 cannot chuse but weep for joy to think on't; and
 yet I cannot tell you for what, tho' I shall tell
 you by and by — In the mean time —
Pretkee Mr. Steward, set aside a couple of Custards
and a Tart for my Wife — In the mean time
 (I say) I see no reason but why I may cry as
 well as bawl. I say, Sir, I can bawl as well

as

as my Lord *Pembroke* here, or any Man else: my Mouth was made for Bawling, and I think you all know it well enough in the *House* upon occasion: For you may remember, Mr. *Speaker*, how I bawl'd at the *Apprentices*, two years since, when the *House of Commons* had like to have gone to wrack like a *Bawdy-house*. I am sure I was Mr. *Speaker*-then; for you lookt as white as the *Driven Custard*, and had neither *Tongue*, nor *Eyes*, nor *Ears*, nor *Nose*, nor *Brains*, nor any thing else, but were in the same pickle as when the *King* came to demand the *Five Members*. I wonder he did not smell me out too for a *Traytor*: For I had my Breeches full on't then, as I had half a year before in *Finsbury*, at the General Muster of the New *Militia*: At which time, I pray, Sir, I was one of the *City-Collonels*, and came off cleanly (tho' I say it:) For, being wounded in the Belly, I retreated home; and having asked Counsel of a *Surgeon*, the Malignant Knave would not undertake me; and so the *State* might have lost a *Servant* for want of a *Plaisler*, but that my *Kitchin-wench* made a shift to cure me with a *Dish-clout*.

But having escap't this *Scouring* (Mr. *Speaker*) and lived to see this Glorious Day, now let us sing the Song of old *Simeon*, and depart in peace; but first let's have our *Belly-fulls*. O Death, I defy thee, for here's a good Dinner coming in. Twelve *Bucks* out of *Eltham Park*, besides those of the *City*; not a *Presbyterian Bit* (I promise you) therefore sit down *Gentlemen*, and eat lustily;

lustily; I promise you 'tis well season'd. I'll pass my Word for the *Cooks*; for I was one of the *Committee* that examined them, and put them * every Man to their *Oaths*,

* Every Cook
was sworn.

to forswear *Rat-bane*, *Mercury* and *Monarchy*. Besides, here's *My Lord President* (for more *Security*) hath brought a dozen *Tasters* along with him. I hope he will lend us some of them. And now, *Mr. Speaker*, you are wellcome; in the Name of my *Brethren Representatives* of the *City*, I bid you heartily wellcome; you may eat, drink, and be merry; for, you have laid up Goods for many years, and now you are laying up the *King's Goods*. *More Sacks to the Mill still*. Sit down *M. Speaker*, you are a good *old Speaker*; you are the *Representative* of the *Supreme Authority*. It was the *Pope's* first, next it was the *King's*, and now it is yours, thank the *Army*. How daintily things are come about, *Mr. Speaker*, as well as you and I! For, as I take it, you and I, and many more here have been at all *Thanksgivings* these *Seven Years*. We have waited upon his old Excellency *Essex*, and the Admiral *Warwick*, and sung *Psalms* with the *Assembly-Men* here over and over: And now those *Black-birds* are all flown, and out of Tune: here's not a Man of them but *Thomas Goodwin*, and he is every jot as honest a Man as his Name-sake *John*; for neither of them cares much for saying *Grace*: Therefore sit down, *Mr. Speaker*, we have his *New Excellency* here now, and General

neral *Cromwell's* Honour, that cares as little as they. Indeed you must sit down first, and My Lord Mayor next; for the *Army* (I am sure) made us vote it so, and that the *City-Sword* should be yielded up to you to make a *Thanksgiving Trencher-Kife*, and so you were as good a Man as the *King*, and a better Man than My Lord Mayor, and so you might have been still, had you not given him his *Sword* again; for you lose your place in yielding up the *Sword*, and leave the *Supreme Authority* in My Lord Mayor and the *Army*. Howsoever sit still, Sir, I hope the *General* will not oppose the *Votes* of the *House*, now that it is the *Army's* own *House*, but let them pass an't be but for *Fashions sake*: and therefore (Mr. Speaker) for *Fashions sake* you may sit uppermost, and next to you My Lord Mayor.

I think too, for *Fashions sake* (My Lord General) your *Excellency* may sit down next. I would be loth to displease Mr. *Lieutenant General's* Honour, I hope he will not be angry at your *Excellency*, nor me. I could wish you had voted all your Places before you came hither: But your *Excellency* may sit, I suppose; for Mr. *Lieutenant General* looks as if he gave you Leave. On my Conscience, that's a meek humble Soul, and will take some other time to set you beside the *Saddle*.

And for you (My Lord President) I should have placed you uppermost; for I know none so fit to have represented the *Supreme Authority*,

rity, as you that commanded the Cutting off
 that *Head* of it! Oh, this *Scarlet-Gown* be-
 comes your Honour! It suits exceeding well
 with mine and My *Lord Mayor's*; for you sen-
 tenced the Old *King* as a *Traytor*, and we have
 proclaim'd the Young *King* to be no *King*, and
 a *Traytor*, when we can catch him. It was a
 dangerous piece of Work indeed; I was as a-
 fraid as you were of following Dr. *Dorisslaus*,
 the People did so threaten, as if they would
 have torn us for the very Rags of *Authority*,
 and cried up *Charles the Second* louder than we
 could cry him down. I think the rest of my
Brethren carried it a little better than my self;
 for my *Guts* began to *crow* after their old tune,
 and wrought like *Bottle-beer*, insomuch that
 I wisht for Coll. *Pride* to stop the *Bung-hole*,
 till the *Troopers* reliev'd us.

But now (my good *Lord President*) let's
 comfort one another: And tho' you deserve
 to be uppermost, yet sit down and be content
 with your Place. For *Fashion's* sake Mr. *Lieu-*
tenant General's Honour is content to let it
 be so, till he find it convenient to turn you
 off as well as his *Excellency*. Pray take it not
 ill that I whisper this in your Ear; for, now
 that he hath made you serve his Ends, he cares
 not so he were rid of you, since you may serve
 them all as you did the *King*, in a new *High*
Court of Justice, because you are pleased to let
 it be so.

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The next Place (*Mr. Lieut. Gen.*) must needs be yours. By his *Excellency's* Leave, you are the *Saviour of the Three Kingdoms*. You are he that hath filled our Hearts this Day with Thanksgiving and Gladness. You trained the *King* into a Snare at *Carisbrook* Castle, and fooled and routed all his *Party*. You set up a *High Court* to cut him off, and you lie at catch for his *Son*. You have made us a *Common-wealth*, that is (as *Malignants* say) have given us Power to put a Finger in every Man's *Purse* and *Pocket*. You have made the *People* the *Supreme Authority*, and left them no *Laws*. And well done (*Sir*) for what should we do with any *Law* but the *Sword*? Or what *Law* like *Liberty of Conscience* and *Power* met together? You it is that lead his *Excellency* by the Nose like a *Bear*, and at last will bring him to the *Stake*. You have new Moulded the *City*. You are the *Joy of our Hearts*, the *Light of our Eyes*, and the *Breath of our Nostrils*, tho' *Cavaliers* call you the *Cut-throat* of our *Lives* and *Liberties*. For all which we set this Day apart to give *Thanks* to *G O D*, and a *Dinner* to you, and somewhat else into the Bargain, as you shall see after *Dinner*. In the mean time fall to; a *Short Life* and a *Merry*; (may it please your *Honour*) a *Short Life* and a *Merry*; and so give me leave to conclude heartily with part of the *Lord's Prayer* (tho' I do not use it) *Thy Kingdom come*; or as the *Thief* did upon the *Cross*, *Remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom*,
and

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and I promise you faithfully I will never beshite
the Palace.

*Alderman Pennington's Speech at the
presenting of the Golden Bason and
Ewer unto the General, with a Plate of
300 l. value, and 200 l. in Gold in
a Purse to the Lieutenant General.*

GIve Ear O Heavens, and regard O Earth ;
May it please your *Excellency* to open
your Mouth wide, and I shall fill it. I *Isaac*
Pennington Alderman of *London*, confess my
felt altogether unable to speak the Praises due
unto your self, Mr. *Lieutenant General*, and all
the faithful Officers and Souldiers of your *Ar-*
my. Yet why should I hold my peace ? I will
speak, tho' I cannot speak ; and tho' I cannot
speak, I will not keep silence. Some have been
so bold as to brand me for a *Crackt Vessel*, yet
I have been meet for my Master's use, and they
shall find me as found as *sounding Brass*, or as
a *tinkling Cymbal*. *Moses* was a Man flow of
Speech, yet he was a Great Leader ; and so
have I been, and so is your *Excellency*. But as
for Mr. *Lieutenant General*, tho' he be such a one
too, yet he hath the Tongues of Men and Angels
so much at his *Devotion*, that the very noise of
them drowns the Fame of your *Excellency*, and
swallows up your *Senses*. For

For my part, I bless G O D exceedingly for you both, for all your *Labour of Love* in *Gunpowder* and *Gospel*, and carrying on that *Glorious Work of Reformation*; which tho' I began in *Desperation*, yet you have brought it to *Perfection*. Henceforth therefore all *Generations* shall call you *Blessed*, and me no *Mad Man*, tho' I have been as mad as any of you all; and yet I think I am fit enough to deliver the *Sense* of the *City*, who by me returns you *Thanks* for the great *Pains* you have taken in purging the *Malignant Presbyterians* out of the *Common Council*, as well as the *House*; by which means you made shift to *New-model* the *City*, as you did the *Army*, turning out all that were not of your own *Temper*: so that we are all now of one *Soul* and one *Mind*, and lay all *Things in Common* for the use of the *State*, but what is our own.

Add to these things your *Borrowing Money* of the *City*, but never paying them again, your breaking all their *Priviledges*, and putting daily affronts upon them, your imprisoning, fining, assessing, taxing, excising, free-quartering, and fleecing all their *Fellows*; your conquering them by treachery, and riding thro' their *Streets* in triumph, your over-awing them with the *Military Power*, and destroying their *Trade* by *Land*, and *Traffick* by *Sea*. For all which unexpressible Favours, with the *Extirpation* of *Presbytery*, and the *Suppressing* of *Levellers*,
they

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they conceive themselves bound to return an Acknowledgment, and rejoyce in the Opportunity of *Dedicating this Day of Thanksgiving* unto you and your *Bellies*.

But since Man lives not by *Bread* only, but by killing of *Kings* and *Loyal Subjects*, and seizing on their Goods and Estates, and turning them into Money; since *Gold* is the only Goddess of this *Reformation*, and the *Saints* cannot establish their *King* without it; since your *Excellency*, and your Lieutenant-General Guardian, have vouchsafed this Favour of a Visit, which you denied to the *Presbyters*, we here present your *Excellency*, with the same golden *Basin* and *Ewer*, which you refused from their hands. It cost them one *Thousand Pounds*; and because it was of their Providing, we can the more freely bestow it you. I have been an old *Thanksgiving-Sinner*, as well as Mr. *Speaker*, or any of them all, in the days of old *Effex*, who (I am sure) never received such a *Present* for all his Pains, but was content to be fobb'd off with a *Close-stool* and a Pipe of *Tobacco*; which was the reason, I conceive, why my Brother *Atkins* here in those days, kept so close to him after Dinner.

And as for you (Mr. *Lieutenant General*) tho' your Merits out-weigh whatever we can present unto you; and tho' in all the before-named Exploits we must allow you the greatest share, yet be pleased to accept of the less Requital, a
poor

at the presenting the *G. Bason, &c.* 161
poor Pittance of 300 *l.* in Plate, and a *Vision*
of *Golden Angels* in a Purse, to the value of 200
l. at the cost of our own *Fraternity*.

As for the rest of the *Lords* and *Gentlemen*
here present, I hope they will excuse us, and
think themselves well satisfied with their *Dinner* :
And in particular you, My *Lord President*,
who deserve much in the Settling of this *Repub-*
lick. But having done but one single Act to-
wards it, if you expect more than a *Dinner*;
we must leave you to the Consideration of
M. *Lieutenant General*, who set you on Work,
and in the end, no doubt, will pay your *Wages*.

I have but one Word more to say, and that
is this: We have great cause to rejoyce in the
happy Settlement of this *Common-wealth*, but
I fear we shall not be quiet yet: God bless us
from untoward Dreams and restless Nights;
and send us well to digest this *Thanksgiving-*
Dinner, and to have no more of them, nor oc-
casion for them in hast: for the frights they put
us into before-hand are terrible, and the Dinners
themselves are chargeable, and will prove very
chargeable indeed, if *Malignants* speak truth;
who say this very Day's *Thanksgiving* will cost
us no less than our *Heads*, if not our *Souls* too
into the Bargain. Therefore, *Gentlemen*, in a
word, I think we have but one Play, and that
is to hold up the *State* as long as we can, and to
make sure of our *Heads* and *Estates*, and pillage
other Men's, when we can hold it no longer:

Hugh Peters's *Thanksgiving Speech* for
a Farewel to the City, in the behalf
of the General and Lieutenant Ge-
neral.

Mr. Alderman Pennington, and the rest of the
Representatives of the City,

I Must tell you, I have been half the World
over, and yet I come back again; and by
my Faith, *Sirs*, I must tell you, I never saw
such a godly jolly Crew as are there, all Heigh!
fellowswellmettogether.'Tis merry when *Malt-*
men meet; and (they say) some of us here have
been *Brewers*, and worse Trades too: But uh—
uh—let that pass. I defy *Brewing*, for I have
been all over your *Wine Cellar*, and that's
another World, but it's as slippery a World as
this, and runs round too. What a *Nicodemus*
is the *Butler*! he was loth to own me but by
Night; he bad me stay till Night, and then I
should have my *Belly-full*: Now, *Sirs*, I con-
ceive a *Belly-full* is a *Belly-full*; and if a Man
have not his *Belly full*, it is no *Thanksgiving*:
And if you, *Gentlemen of the City*, have not a
Belly-full of this *Thanksgiving*, I say may you
have a *Belly full*.

Had Dr. *Dorisslaus* been so wise as to have staid
at home, he might have had another kind of
Belly-full than he had at the *Hague*: But a *Belly-*
full

full still is a *Belly-full*; and *Grocers-Hall* is a better Ordinary than a *Dutch Ordinary* for a *Belly-full*. Pox o' your *Dutch Ordinaries*, I think they will become *English*, and give us all a *Belly-full*; but in another kind, I fear, than I gave my *Dutch Land-Lady* and her Daughter.

But no matter for that, a *Belly-full* is a *Belly-full*: their *Bellies* were empty, and so was mine; for I had not so much as a *Stiver* to bleis my self, and they would never let me be quiet; and I scor'd up still, and so I got my *Belly-full*, and they got their *Belly-full*; which was one *Belly-full* for another, and so at length I was quit with them.

Then I went to *New-England*, and there I saw a blessed Sight; a World of Wild Women and Men lying round a fire in a ring stark naked. If this Custom should come up in *London* (as I see no reason but it may, if the State will vote it) then every Woman may have her *Belly-full*; and it would be a certain cure for *Cuckolds* and *Jealousy*, and so the City would lose nothing by this *Thanksgiving*.

But now to come home in the Point in hand: My Lord Mayor, and you Gentlemen of the City, I am commanded to give you Thanks: but I would know for what? for your *Dinner*? yes, I will when I have my *Belly-full*; but your Butler is no *True Trojan*; he knows not how to tap and toss the *Stingo*. Sure, he is some *Presbyterian Spie* that is slinkt into Office; some Cowardly Fellow that pines away at *Scandalous Sins*, and

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the *Stool of Repentance*, and he will never do well till he be drench'd for the Humour; so that now I see I am like to go away without my *Belly-full*, and have never a Jig to the Tune of *Arthur of Bradley*.——Sing O! brave *Arther of Bradley*——Sing O!

But if things go thus, what should I see you for? The *States* foresaw that sorry *Good fellows* you would be, or else some of you had been *Knighted*, as well as *My Lord of Pembroke*. Nay it was *GOD's* Mercy you had not all been *Knighted*: for it was put to the Vote (I tell you) whether *My Lord Mayor* should be *Knighted*; and whether, you *Alderman Pennington*, and *Alderman Atkins*, should be *Dubb'd Sir Isaac* and *Sir Thomas* of the *States* own *Creation*. But since it's resolved otherwise, I pray you bid the *Butler* bring up his *Cannikins*, and I'll make you all *Lords* like my self, for now I am no less in Title than *Hugo de Santo Pietro Puntado*, and every jot as merry as forty *Beggars*.

Now I warrant, you expect I should thank you for his *Excellency's* *Golden Bason* and *Ewer*. 'Tis true, I was commanded to do so; but what care for I a *Bason* and *Ewer*? Give me a *Pipe* and a *Chamber-pot*: I mean a *Pipe* of *Canary* into the *Bargain*, or else it shall be no *Thanksgiving-Day* for me. Oh! for a *Conduit* from *Malago*, and we knew how to convey *Middleton's Pipes* to the *Canary Islands*, then there would be no end of *Thanksgiving*.

I am

for a Farewel to the City. 165

I am commanded likewise to thank you for the *Lieutenant General's* Plate, and his Purse of Gold: and I am so much the more willing to do it, because I hope to have a feeling out of it anon when we come home: But (as I take it) you have more reason to thank him, than he you. For you gave him a little Purse of Money, and 'tis his Goodness he does not take all. I observe too you have given him but the value of 500 *l.* and his *Excellency*, forsooth, as much more. Do ye know what you do? Could you not have askt my Councel before? You may chance to be switch't, I' faith, for not setting the *Saddle* upon the *Right Horse*: and well you deserve it, if I be not furnish't with a Pipe of *Canary*. Let me not be put off with nothing, like *My Lord President*, and *Mr. Speaker*; you know where to send, *Sirs*. My Lodging is sometimes at *St. James's*, but most an end in *Thames Street*. There my *Maid*, a handsom *Lass*, I tell you, will take it in, as well as my self, or else I would never keep her. Farewell, *Sirs*, here's nothing to do, I see.

*A Pox on your Butler and his lean Fowls,
There's Liberty lies in the bottom of t' Bowls.*

Thus it is in one of our *Modern Authors*; but I profess I can have none of this *Liberty*, tho' it be the First Year of *Freedom*; and then judge you Whether the State or the State's Servants have any cause of *Thanks*. Farewel, *Sirs*, I am gone. O! for a *Milk-bowl*, or his *Excel-*

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*lency's Bafon and Ewer now to fpew in, and make
an end of Thankfgiving.*

*A Speech in the Houfe of Commons,
on Occafion of the Bill for raifing Mo-
ny for the Civil Lift, in the First
Year of the Reign of K. William the
Third: By Sir Charles Sedley B^t.*

Mr. Speaker,

WE have provided for the Army; We have provided for the Navy; And now, at laft, a new Reckoning is brought us; We muft provide likewise for the Civil Lift. Truly, *Mr. Speaker*, it's a fad Reflection, that fome Men fhould wallow in Wealth, and Places; whilft others pay away in Taxes the Fourth Part of their Revenue for the Support of the fame Government. We are not upon equal Terms for his Majefty's Service: The Courtiers and great Officers *Charge*, as it were *in Armour*; they feel not the Taxes, by reafon of their Places, whilft the Country Gentlemen are *Shot thro' and thro'* by them.

The King is pleafed to lay his Wants before us, and I am confident expects our Advice upon it: We ought therefore to tell him what Pensions are too Great; what Places may be
extin-

extinguish'd, during the time of the War and Publick Calamity. His Majesty is encompassed with nothing but Foreigners; His Majesty sees nothing but Coaches and Six Horses, and great Tables, &c. and therefore cannot imagine the Want and Misery of the rest of his Subjects. He is a Brave and Generous Prince; but he is a Young King, encompass'd and hemm'd in by a Company of Crafty Old Courtiers, to say no more. Some have Places of 3000 *l.* some of 6000 *l.* and others 6800 *l. per Annum*; and I am told the Commissioners of the Treasury have 16000 *l. per Annum* apiece. Certainly Publick Pensions, whatever they have been formerly, are much too great for the present Want and Calamity that Reigns evere-where.

And it's a General Scandal, that *A Government so sick at Heart, as ours is, should look so well in the Face.*

We must save the King Money where ever we can; for I am afraid the War is too great for our Purfes, if things be not managed with all imaginable Thrift: When the People of *England* see all things are saved that can be saved; that there are no exorbitant Pensions, nor unnecessary Salaries: And all this apply'd to the Use to which they are given, we shall Give, and they shall chearfully Pay, whatever His Majesty can want to secure the *Protestant Religion*, and to keep out the King of *France*, and King *James* too; whom (by the way) I

have not heard named this Sessions ; whether out of Fear, Discretion, or Respect, I cannot tell. — I conclude, *Mr. Speaker*, let us save the King what we can ; And let us proceed to give him what we are able.

A Speech in the House of Commons, against the Naturalizing of Foreigners; shewing the ill Consequences of passing any such Act, &c. By Sir John Knight. In the Year 1693.

Mr. Speaker,

I Have heard of a Ship in a violent Storm, in danger of perishing every moment ; [it was not such a Sham-storm as we were entertain'd with in the *Gazette*, which deceives the People, that many Ships going for *France*, laden with Corn, were cast away, tho' those Ships, and many more are since safely arrived in *France* ; but it was such a real Storm, as the Seventh of the last Month, destroy'd on the Coast of *Cornwall*, upward of 70 Sails of our *English* Ships, most of which were laden with Corn, and several sorts of Provisions, for the use of our *Dutch* Allies, to enable them to live cheap, by making the same dear at Home : (perhaps some was for the Support of our half-starv'd and unpay'd *English* Souldiers now in *Flanders* ;) when perished

rished likewise more than 700 Sailors, who have left Thousands of Widows, Children and poor Relations, to curse our Conduct at Sea, the cause of this Calamity:] In such a dreadful Storm it was that the foresaid Ship was in, when the good Commander seeing the Danger, and apprehending Death, desired his Crew to Assist with Resolution, and preserve Themselves and the Ship; which the Sailors refusing to do, he retired to his Cabbin, humbled himself in Prayer, and implored the Powers, that alone can Save in time of Need; that tho' the Ship and the Company might be swallowed up, for the Disobedience of the Sailors, yet that he, and his Cabbin might suffer no Damage.

Sir, I cannot, as that good Commander did, be so vain as to hope, that either my self, or the Place for which I serve, can be preserved from the General Inundation, which this Bill, we are now debating, lets in, on the Liberties of my Native Country and Countrymen, and therefore be unconcerned for the good of *England*, provided *Bristol* were safe: To hope for and expect Happiness in Life, when all Mankind but my self are dead, would not be more deceiving, than to propose Comfort and Security to my self and *Corporation*, when Strangers are admitted to possess and enjoy, by a Law, all that's valuable in this Kingdom; for this *Bill* doth enfranchise all Strangers, that will swear and protest against *Popery*, with the Liberties of every *English* Man, after the vast expence

expenditure of Treasure, and *English* Blood, it hath cost this Kingdom in all Times and Ages of our Fore-father, to secure them to themselves, and their Posterity.

Wherefore, *Mr. Speaker*, I must beg Pardon, if at this time I cannot sit silent, but express a zealous Concern, as well for the Kingdom in general, as for the Place I represent in particular; and I am more moved thereunto, whilst I see so many Members, sent here by their *Country*, for the Conservation of the *English* Men's Liberties, so warm as to part with all to Strangers with one Vote.

The Argument of the Honourable Person near me, to render all the Care of our Fore-father of no Esteem amongst us, who are, or ought to be the Representatives of the Kingdom, was to prove, That this Age and Generation are *Wiser* (he did not say *Honester*) than the former.

I remember a West Countryman, many years past, undertook to prove the same to me, and my Company beyond Sea, by declaring his Father was a Fool to him, I yielded him that Point, by concluding both to be such, and yet our Fore-fathers might be Wise Men; I shall not at this time question the Wisdom of those who promote the *Bill*, or their Fathers. For my self, I declare in behalf of the Wisdom and Honesty of our Predecessors; nor can I assent to the yielding up of the Liberties and Laws they derived unto us, only because some
Gen-

Gentlemen think better of themselves (and perhaps mistakingly) than of their Parents.

Sir, I was early instructed in a Principle of Deference to the Wisdom of our Ancestors; and at this time I tremble, when I reflect on the Correction given me by my Master, that I might not forget, but imitate and defend in all times these Rules: *Let them be accounted Good, Just, and Wise Men, who Regard and Defend the Statutes, Laws, Ordinances, and Liberties, which our Fore-fathers Wisdom and Experience obtained for themselves and Posterity.* Now it is my Opinion, Mr. Speaker, that if those Gentlemen, who approve of this *Bill*, had not only been taught that *Rule*, but as well Corrected as myself, they would be of my Judgment; and I wish that they who depart from that *Rule*, and sacrifice our *English* Liberties, to a number of Mercenary Foreigners, may not meet with a much more Rigorous and Exemplary Chastisement from their Enraged and Ruined Countrymen.

The Arguments used for the *Bill*, are in substance: *First*, A want of Purchasers for our Lands. *Secondly*, Of Merchants. *Thirdly*, Manufacturers who can work cheaper than the *English*. *Fourthly*, of Husbandmen to till the Ground.

To all these I shall return short Answers: But if I debate not on them, with that Advantage and Reason, as our Land-Admirals can, no doubt, with great Ingenuity on Sea Politicks; I hope the *House* will pardon me, for my Observations,

servations never cost the Kingdom such Expence of Money at Home, and Losses at Sea, as hath the Experience of those Honourable Persons in Sea Affairs.

First, It's argued by some, That we want Purchasers for our Lands: This is a melancholy Consideration, I therefore desire those Gentlemen, who approve of this *Bill*, to tell me what it is hath brought us to this Condition, that the Landed Men of *England* are Reduc'd to so low an Ebb, that they must Sell, and none left able to Buy, unless Foreigners and Naturalized? Doth this prove our Fore-fathers wanted Understanding; Or, doth it not rather conclude it's occasioned by our want of theirs, and not following their Examples, who never Taxed their Country to the Ruin both of themselves and their Posterity; nor did they Expend the Money of the Kingdom on such Allies as ours, who, as we have been informed by some of the *Privy Council*, are not in our Interest, and will spare us none of their Men for our Pay, without great Pensions likewise for themselves? Can any Man hope to perswade me, that our Fore-fathers would have brought Foreign Souldiers into *England*, and pay them, and Naturalize them likewise, and at the same time send the *English* Souldiers abroad to fight in a strange Land without their Pay?

Let us abate our Taxes, and after the wise President of our Fathers, pay our own Seamen at Home, and send the Foreigners back. Then
the

the Money will be found Circulating at Home, in such *English* Mens Hands, who may Buy the Lands that are to be Sold, without Naturalizing Strangers.

Secondly, It's said we want more Merchants: Whom we may thank for bringing so many to Poverty? but I shall forbear grating, and desire the Liberty to consider in short how the Trade of *England* hath hitherto been carried on. Gentlemen have placed their Younger Children to Merchants, and their Masters observing their Honesty and Diligence, when they have gained some Experience in the Necessary part of Trade, generally send them Abroad to *Turky*, all parts of the *Levant*, *Spain*, to *Portugal*, the East and West *Indies*, and all parts where *England* holds any considerable Commerce: there the Young Men are employed by, and entrusted with the Stocks and Estates of their Masters and Friends, whereby all Parties, both the Principals at Home, and the Factors Abroad are advantaged, and *England* enriched (for therein the end all Centers) and at last, when they are satisfied with Gain, they return to their Native Soil, their Friends, and Relations, for Ease and Enjoyment, making room for a Younger Generation to succeed them in their Profitable Employments. Thus hitherto this Kingdom hath advanced in Riches, whilst Foreigners could not with success plant their Factories on us, thro' the Advantage we had by our Laws: let us but turn the Tables; and
confi-

consider the Consequence. Suppose we pass this *Bill* and the *Dutch*, (who no doubt will take the Oaths, as this *Bill* directs, and protest against *Popery* and *Paganism*, and on occasion *Christianity* too, as at *Japan*) send their Servants and Factors hither, and we Naturalize them, and let the Capital Stock, which gets an Imply to these New-made *Englishmen* belong to their Masters and Friends, who never did or ever will live amongst us: Will it not then follow, that the Profit will be theirs and not *England's*, and will not the New-made *English* (yet *Dutchmen* still) return to their Country and Friends with their Gain, as our People hitherto have done? We may observe by our Inland Trade, that it's seldom they who make the *Manufactories* gain Estates, but those who employ their Stocks in Buying and Selling what others make, and it's the same with the Merchants, those that Export and Import are the Gainers; the First-maker very seldom, the Consumptioner never.

The Conclusion of this Experiment must be this: That what hath hitherto been Gain to *England* by *English* Merchants and Factors, will be turned to a Foreign Land, by the Foreign Merchants being Naturalized, for their own good, not *England's*.

But this is not all, for at once the Art of Navigation will be rendred useless. Whence then will be Nursery for Sea Men? For Foreign Merchants will Naturalize Foreign Sea Men;

Men, and when the Press-Masters find them, they will *Dutch spraken, Ta min Heer*, and avoid the Service; but at the *Custom-House, Exchange*, and in all Corporations, they will be found as good *English Men* as any be in this *House*; from whence it followeth, that Trade will be carried on by Foreign Merchants and Sea Men, and the *English Sea Men* condemned to our Men of War, and perhaps live there, as hitherto without their Pay, till another Million be owing them for Wages, and in the *interim* have this only Consolation and Reward for Service done, and to be done, that their Wives and Children may be subsisted with the Alms of the Parish, whilst Foreign Souldiers are maintained at Home and Abroad with *their Pay*.

A Third Argument for admitting *Foreigners*, is upon a supposed want we have of *Manufacturers*, especially of such as will work cheaper than the *English*: In my Opinion this Reasoning is extraordinary, and ought not to take air out of the *House*, least the Old *English Spirit* should exert it self in defence of its Liberties; for at this time, when all Provisions are become excessive dear, by the great quantities exported to *Holland*, which puts the poor *English Manufacturers* on starving in most parts of *England*, for want of a full Employ to enable them to support their Families by their honest and painful Labour and Industry, shall an *English Parliament* let in Strangers to undersell our Country? which they may easily do, whilst they

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they live in *Garrets*, pay no Taxes, and are bound to no Dutie: How shall we answer this to our Country, who sent us here? when by so doing, instead of making the Kingdom more Populous, we Provide only for the Subsistence of Foreigners, and put our Countrymen to the Choice of starving at Home, or to turn Souldiers, and be sent to *Flanders*, and starve there for want of their Pay; for it's well known that at this time, more Commodities are made in *England* than can be consumed Abroad, or at Home, which makes the poor Manufacturers so miserable. All Country Gentlemen within this *House* have for several Sessions laboured what they could to raise the Price of the Provisions which their Lands produce, and some think it not great enough yet, and they would despise that Man, who should endeavour to lower the Rates, by proposing a free Importation of *Irish* Cattel and Corn, tho' he had no other Design, than that Charitable and Necessary one of Relieving the Poor; and yet these very Gentlemen are for this *Bill*, because they would have the Labour of the Poor brought to a lower advantage. In my Opinion this is a very unequal way of Reasoning, that whilst we raise the Price of the Product of the Land, for the Gentlemen to live in greater State, at the same time our Consults are how to make the half-starved Manufacturers, that live by their daily Labour, more and more miserable. What Opinion will the Common
 People

People of *England* have of this *House*, and the Gentlemen of the Kingdom, whom nothing can please, but what is made by Foreigners, or comes from Abroad?

Our Palats for a long time have been so nice, that nothing but *French* Cooks could please, nor could we perswade our selves that our Cloathing was good; unless from Head to Foot we were *à la Mode de France*: The Gentleman was not well served without a *Frenchman*, and the Lady's Commode could not sit right, if her *Frenchwoman* did not put it on: Now on a sudden, the Change is as violent in favour of the *Dutch*, who are great Courtiers, and the only Taking People: and our *English* are a sort of Clumsy-fisted People, if compared with the Modish *Dutch* *Hans* and *Frow*; in short, fit for nothing, but to be sent to *Flanders*, and there either to fight, steal, or starve for want of Pay. There is one thing, *Mr, Speaker*, which comes into my Mind, with which I shall close this Consideration. What reason was there to blame the Mayors, Aldermen, Common-Councils, and other Governours of Corporations, for surrendring the Charters, tho' they still retain the Rights for *Englishmen* only to come into New Charters, and at the same time hope to justify our Proceedings, tho' we throw up the *Great Charter* of our *English* Liberties, to admit Strangers?

A Fourth Pretence for this *Bill* is, A want of Husbandmen to Till the Ground: I shall say

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little on this Head, but request the Honourable Person below me, to tell me of the *Forty Thousand French*, which he confesseth are come into *England*, how many does he know, that at this time follow the Plow-tail? for it's my firm Opinion, that not only the *French*, but any other Nation this *Bill* shall let in upon us, will never transplant themselves for the Benefit of going to Plow; they will contentedly leave the *English* the sole Monopoly of that Slavery.

Upon the whole, *Sir*, it's my Judgment, that should this *Bill* pass, it will bring as great Afflictions on this Nation, as ever fell upon the *Ægyptians*; and one of their Plagues we have at this time very severe upon us. I mean that of their Land bringing *Frogs* in abundance, even in the Chambers of their Kings; for there is no entring the Courts of *St. James* and *White-Hall*, the Palaces of our Hereditary Kings, for the great noise and Croaking of the *Frog-Landers*.

Mr. Speaker, This Nation is a *Religious, Just, and Zealous* Nation; who, in some of their Fits and Zeal, have not only Quarrelled and Fought for the same, but have Murthered and Deposed *Kings, Nobles, Bishops, and Priests*, for the sake of their Religion and Liberties, which they pretended to prove from the *Bible*. We are the *Religious Representatives* of this *Religious People*. Let us therefore learn Instruction in this Case before us from that *Good Book*; where we may be informed, that

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St. Paul by being born Free of Heathen Rome, escaped a Whipping, and valued, and pleaded that Priviledge; and the Chief Captain of the Romans prides himself, that he, with a great Sum, had obtained that Freedom, and feared greatly when he had violated St. Paul's Liberty, only by binding of him; and shall we set at nought the Freedoms of the *English* Nation, who are a Religious Christian Kingdom, and part with the same to Strangers, for nothing unless the Undoing of our own Countrymen, who sent Us here but not on this Errand? Certainly we should follow the Example of the *Roman* Captain, and fear and tremble when we consider the Just Provocation we shall give to the Kingdom, who will expect that We Preserve, and not Destroy every *Englishman's* Birth-right.

Sir, We may further learn, from that *Book*, the Fate of the *Ægyptians*, who experimented on the score of Charity, what it is a People may expect from admitting Strangers into their Country and Councils: *Joseph* was a Stranger, sold a Slave into *Ægypt*; yet being taken into *Pharaoh's* Council, he, by Taxes, and other fine Projects, brought the Seven Years Plenty God had blest the *Ægyptians* with, into the Granaries of *Pharaoh*: but when Dearth came on the Land, and the People cried to their King for Relief, they were sent to the Stranger *Joseph*, who getteth from them, for that which was once their own, all their Money, their Cattle, their Lands, and last of all, their Persons into slavery: tho',

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at the same time, he did far otherwise by his own Countrymen, for he plac'd them in the best of the Land, the Land of *Goshen*, and nourished them from the King's Stores. This Example should teach us to be wise in time, seeing all this was done by the Advice of one Foreigner in the Privy Council; and what may that Country expect, where the Head and many of the Council are Foreigners?

Sir, I perceive some Gentlemen are uneasy, perhaps I have offended them, in supposing they are Religious Representatives; or concluding that their Religion is to be proved from the *Bible*: If that be it which displeaseth, I beg their Pardon, and promise not to offend again on that score; and will Conclude all with this Motion, That the *Serjeant* be commanded to open the Doors, and let us first Kick the *Bill* out of the *House*, and then Foreigners out of the Kingdom.

A Speech in Parliament on the Bill for Disbanding the Army, An. 1699.

Mr. Speaker,

I Hope my Beheaviour in this *House* has put me above the Censure of one who would obstruct His Majesty's Affairs: I was as early in the Apprehensions of the Power of *France* as

as any Man: I never stuck at Money for Fleets, Armies, Alliances, or whatever Expences seem'd to have the Preservation of our New-settled Government for their end. I am still of the same Mind; but that was War, and this is Peace: And if I shall now differ from some Worthy Gentlemen, who have spoke before me, they will be so just as to believe it is not about the End, but the Means we contend.

Some may think *England* cannot be safe without a Standing Army of 30000 Men; and will tell us the King of *France* has 200000 in Pay, Disciplin'd Troops; that all our Neighbours are armed in another manner than they were wont to be; that we must not imagine that we can defend our selves with Ordinary and Legal Forces.

All this is very Material, and would have great Weight with me, if *England* were not an Island, accessible only by Sea; and in that Case, not till they have destroy'd our Navy, which is or may be made Superiour to any Force that can be brought against us.

It is very difficult to land Forces in an Enemy's Country. The *Spanish Armada* was beaten at Sea, and never set foot on *English* Ground; his present Majesty, with all the Shipping of *Holland*, could bring over but 14000 or 15000 Men, and that so publickly, that nothing but an infatuated Prince would have permitted their Landing. Our Attempts upon *Brest* shew us, that it is easy with a small Force to prevent

an Assault from t'other Side of the Water. As we are capable of being Attaqu'd in several Places, so it may be urg'd, as a reason for several Troops more than our Purfes can bear; but if we burthen the People thus far in Peace, it may tempt some to wish for War again, every Change carrying a Prospect of better Times, and none can make it worse than a Standing Army (of any number of Men) will at present. If we are true to our selves, 10000 Men are enough; but if not, 100000 too few.

*A Speech upon the Bill relating to the
Civil List.*

WE shall, I hope, return to our Vote, and make Provision by a *Bill*, or otherwise by a Clause in this or some other, that no Member of Parliament may be concern'd in the Revenue: For it sounds, *Mr. Speaker*, harsh, that the same Men should be both Givers and Receivers of the Revenue. The worthy Gentleman, that spoke last, tells us we can expect nothing toward this Supply from the Revenue, for that the ordinary Revenue will not pay the Civil List by 10000 *l.* I suppose he means as the Civil List stands now. But there was not long ago an Offer made by the Courtiers, That the Profits, Fees and Salaries of
their

their respective Offices and Places exceeding 800 *l. per Annum* clear Mony, should go toward the Charge of the War; and then, I hope, we may expect something. Sir *Harry Vane* did a thing of this kind in *Cromwell's* time; being then Treasurer of the Navy, he acquainted the *House*, That the Profits of his Office were too great for any particular Person, during such Distress and Calamity of the Common-wealth, and desired he might have a convenient Salary; and the rest go toward the Charge of the War. Now to find a whole Set of Courtiers as generous as I had ever yet known any one Man, charm'd me exceedingly; I think I broke out into some Raptures of Kindness towards the Worthy Gentlemen who shew'd such Zeal for their Master's Service, and the Defence of their Nation, as to part with something of their own as well as ours for those Publick Ends.

Mr. Speaker, The King and People have always the same Interest, and it is not the King's to take one Penny more from the People than will just carry on the Government; it is the Peoples Interest to give full as much: But it is the Courtiers Interest to get all they can for him here, that they may obtain their Requests the more easily at *White-Hall*: That the Interest of the King and Courtier do sometimes differ, I think I can give you an undeniable Instance: King *Charles* the Second, when he came to the Crown had 360000 *l. per An-*

num in Land; it was certainly the Interest of the Crown he should have kept those Lands descending to him from his Ancestors, that they might be a constant Support and Supply for such Occasions as could not wait the Delays and Method of Parliaments; it was the Peoples Interest that the King should have kept that Revenue, for having so much of his own, he might lye the less heavy upon them: Yet the Courtiers prevail'd, and got away that whole Revenue in a few Years, devouring not only the Income, but the very Stock of their Master's Liberality; and, as I humbly conceive, contrary to the Interest of both King and People, and even of all succeeding Courtiers; whom we find since quarter'd upon other Branches of the Revenue. King *James* thought 500 *l. per Annum* sufficient for the Gentlemen of his Bed-Chamber; certainly that Salary may suffice a Man that has an Estate of his own already, and is as much as any Waiting-man can pretend to for his Service.

*A Speech upon the Bill for Retrenching
all Unnecessary Expences of the
Crown.*

I Believe, *Mr. Speaker*, when we come to consider of it, we shall find, That it is convenient, not only to lessen the Officers of the the Court and State, in point of Profit, but in point of Number too: We have Nine Commissioners of Excise, Seven of the Admiralty, Three of the Post-Office, Six of the Customs; I know not why half may not do the Business as well. But when I consider all these, or most of them are Members of Parliament, my Wonder is over: for tho' it may be a Dispute, Whether Many Heads are better than One, 'tis certainly true, that Many Votes are better than One: Many of these Gentlemen have two Offices, besides their Seat in Parliament, which require Attendance in several Places, and Abilities of divers Natures; but Members of Parliament, tho' well principled, have no Priviledges to be fit for any thing without Practice, Study, and Application.

Sir, We are call'd by the King, and sent up by the People, and ought to regard no Interests but theirs; which, as I told you before, are always the same. Let us therefore proceed accordingly. The late Proposals of the Courtiers
them.

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themselves, to save the King Money, was, by applying the Profits, Salaries, and Fees of their Places, that exceed 800 *l. per Annum*, to the War: thus will the Publick Charge lye easier upon the People, and the present Reign be more and more endear'd to 'em. What is necessary we shall chearfully supply, when we see all Men set their Shoulders to the Burthen, and stand upon an equal Footing for our Common Defence, and what we give apply'd to those Uses for which we gave them, and the Army pay'd. This Offer, *Sir*, as I remember, began when an Observation was made by you of the long Accounts, and that a great part of the King's Revenue remain'd in the Hands of the Receivers; to which a Worthy Member answer'd, It could not be helpt, by reason some Receivers were Members of Parliament, and stood upon their Priviledges. To which another Member answer'd, That we could not deprive Members of their Priviledge; but that to remedy the like for the future, we were ready to pass a Vote, That no Member of Parliament shoul'd be a Receiver of the King's Revenue. This alarm'd the whole Body of Men in Office; so that some stood up, and (to prevent the House from harping any longer upon that String) said, They so little valu'd their own Profit, that they were willing to resign all their Fees, Salaries, and Perquisites, exceeding 300 *l. per Annum*, toward the next Year's Charge. This if really intended, was very generous;

generous; but if it were only a Compliment, Shift, or Expedient, to avoid the present Vote we were upon, That no Member of Parliament should be Receiver of the Revenue, nothing was more disingenuous; nor could a greater Abuse be offer'd to Us; for the *House* proceeded so far as to Vote, the *Speaker*, *Judges*, and some others should not be comprehended. People abroad, that receiv'd our Votes, will think strange of it, if, after all those Preparations, we do nothing in it, and suffer our selves to be thus gull'd: But I hope better of the Worthy Gentlemen, and cannot but think they were in earnest with this *House* upon so Solemn a Debate.

A Noble Speech in the Parliament of Scotland, by Sir Alexander Bruce, against the Presbyterian Government; for which he was Expell'd the House for the Remaining part of that Parliament.

My Lord Chancellor,

I Have the Honour of being an Old Servant to the Crown, and to my Country; and I am very sorry to see what has now happened amongst us. There was never such a Conjunction in this Kingdom; nor can Imagination form a more Dismal Prospect.

I own that my Wishes agree'd with the Universal Opinion for a New Parliament; judging that to be most for the Honour and Service of the *Queen*, and for the Satisfaction of the whole Nation; with which the Saving or Supporting a few Unhappy Instruments of the late Administration is never to be put into the Balance.

Yet without Knowing or Enquiring into the Motives for Continuing Us, I submit my own Judgment, and choose to stay within Doors, that Malice it self may find no Objection against my Obedience to the *Queen*, or my Respect to Her High Commissioner.

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But by staying in this Assembly, I do not mean in the least to renounce my Liberty of Speaking my Thoughts very freely, tho' they may be very different from those of others. And the Subject at present before Us being the *Presbyterian* Government, I shall give my Opinion on that Head in very few Words, and very plain Language.

My Lord, We may all Remember in what Manner, and for what Reasons, the Zeal of this *House* pull'd down *Episcopacy* at the Revolution. It had been the Legal Establishment for many Years before: And it was always formerly the Government of our Church in Orderly Times of Peace and Loyalty.

It is a very Melancholy Reflection, to consider how many Excellent Pastors We Lost by that Alteration: For, pray give me leave to say it impartially, that our Pulpits were fill'd with a Set of Men at that time, who for good Life and good Doctrine, were Inferiour to no Church in Christendom, in proportion to our number.

The Misery of these poor Gentlemen, and their Starving Families at Home, or their Wandering in Want over the World, has brought a Reproach on our Country; and it is but a very indifferent Charm to Invite any Country in the World to Unite with Us, while we are in this Situation.

The Reason we gave to the World for our New Fabrick of *Presbytery*, was its being Suitable to the Inclinations of the People, and both
our

our Neighbour-Nation, and Strangers generally believe it to be so. But I wish we had first Poll'd the Kingdom, to know their Inclinations.

The *Episcopal Clergy* have alwas offered to put the Cause upon that Issue, being very confident of a vast Inequality; and truly the Force, and the other extraordinary Methods that were us'd in most Places to pull them from their Parishes, were no great Proofs of the Inclinations of their People against them.

But seeing We pretend to go by this Rule; and seeing the Inclinations of all the People are Changeable; perhaps tho' *Presbytery* has been the Inclinations of the People at the Revolution, it may be very far from it at present. And therefore, that We may not Support an Error by Publick Authority, My humble Opinion is, That it is both Just and Necessary at this great Period of time, and in the Beginning of Her Majesty's Reign, to Address Her Majesty to take the properest Methods of Consulting the Inclinations of the Kingdom in this Matter.

I'm afraid our Spiritual Rulers will Oppose it as an Ungodly Numbering of the People; and they are not ignorant how little Ground they have gain'd by their late Domination. But it is neither Fair nor Excusable, not to put it to a Tryal, now when themselves are in the Saddle, and possess'd of the Chair with the means of Influence.

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For my part, without waiting for that Occasion, I declare my own Judgment freely. I was formerly pretty Indifferent, as many of us Gentlemen us'd to be, in these Points. We fancy'd it a kind of Generosity too, to pity those that were under the Hatches. But now we have seen them in their own Colours, and, there is *No Argument like Matter of Fact*.

When our Blood and our Stomachs are in Disorder, we are for Extraordinary Meats, and sometimes for Mountebank-Receipts and Experiments. But when our Pulse comes to beat more calmly, and we have a little Recovered our Health, with a Sedate Temper; our Plain and Natural Ordinary Food is not only more Nourishing and Healthy, but also more Agreeable.

To be very plain, *My Lord Chancellor*, I have Read, and Heard, and Seen a great deal of the Old *Presbyterians*, and I have Practis'd many of the New ones, and for my part, I have enough of them.

I'm perswaded that King *James* the VI. had reason for what he said and wrote against the *Puritans*. He was Bred by the Bigots of that Sect, and his Experience and Knowledge of them brought him to hate them: As indeed the Breeding a King to any sort of Bigottry, is the readiest way to give him an Aversion to it, when he comes to make use of his own Reason, and has a more Liberal Conversation.

Nor can I reflect without Indignation on the *Presbyterians* of the late Rebellious Times,
who

who hatch'd and promoted, and too late repented the Destruction of the Best of *Kings*, Whose Birth was an Honour to this Country.

I shall say nothing of the Nature of this Government it self while it is by Law Establish'd: And perhaps our Modern *Presbyterians* may be brought to Renounce the Maxims of their Predecessors.

But of former Times I may safely say, That such Hellish Principles were advanc'd, and the Practises so suitable to the Principles, as gave a full Demonstration to the Sober part of the World, that *Presbytery* was Inconsistent with *Monarchy*; that it maintain'd a constant Opposition to the Rightful Sovereign, and that like Vice and Hypocrisy and the other Pests of Mankind, it spread and flourished most in turbulent times of *Anarchy* and Rebellion.

And I do not wonder that our Predecessors, in cold Blood, and taught by woful Experience, preferr'd Order and Decency in the House of God to the Pride and Infallibility of a *Pope* in every Parish.

I shall have one Reason to believe that the present *Presbyterians* have renounc'd those Principles, if I am not persecuted for this Freedom: But if I am, I have the Satisfaction of having discharg'd my Duty. And Thanks be to those Persons that contrived the taking the Sting out of the Excommunication.

F I N I S.



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